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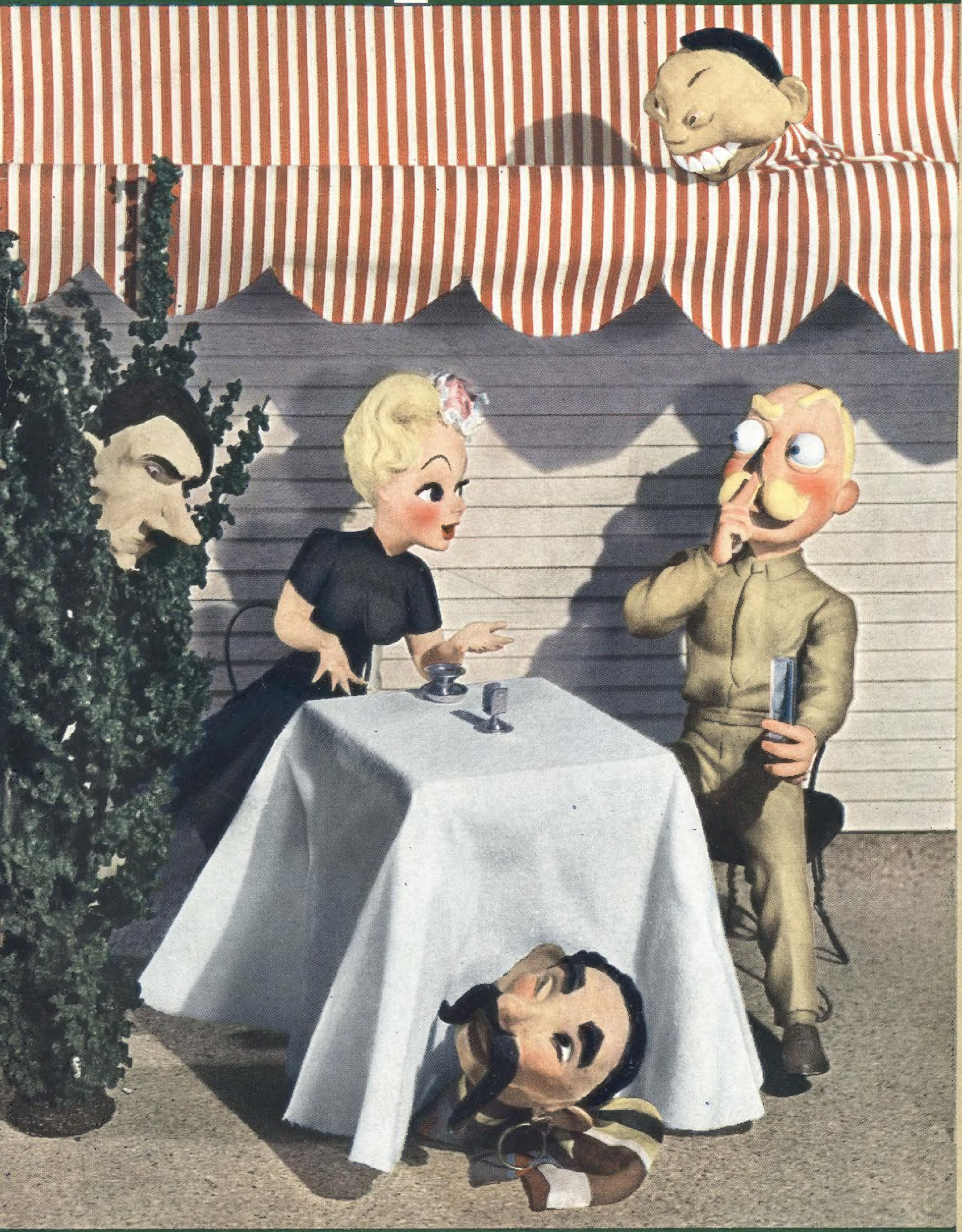

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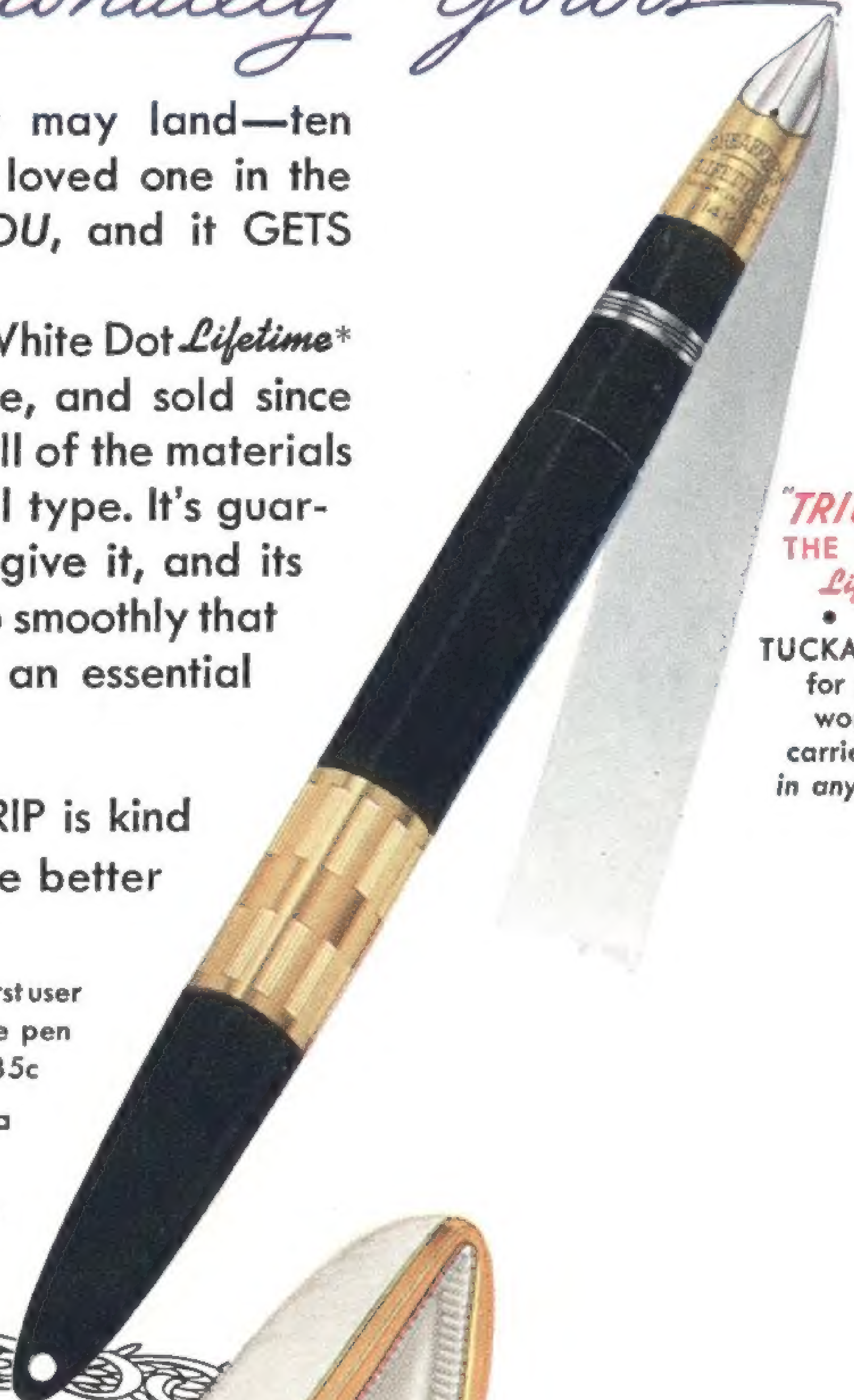

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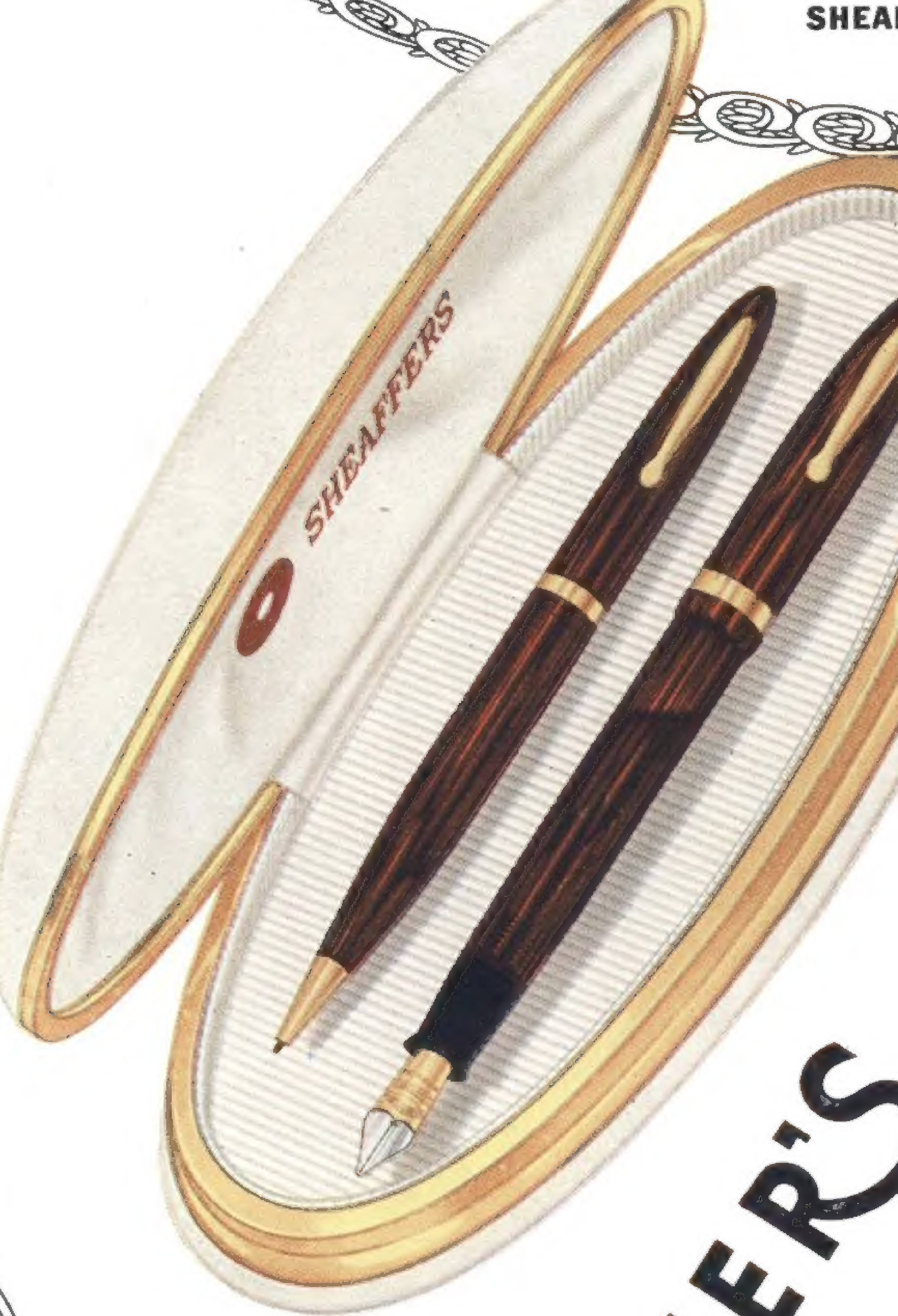

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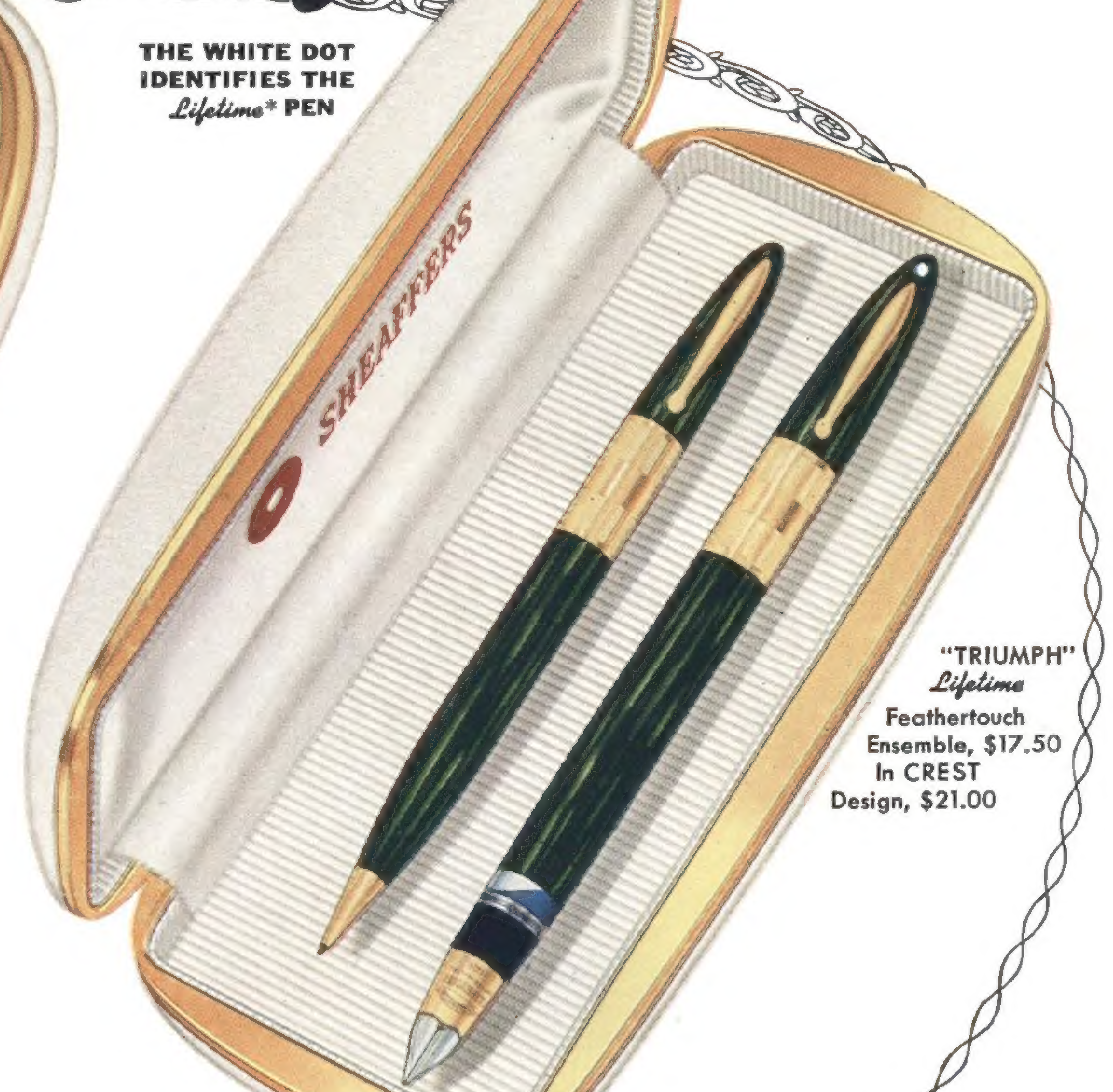

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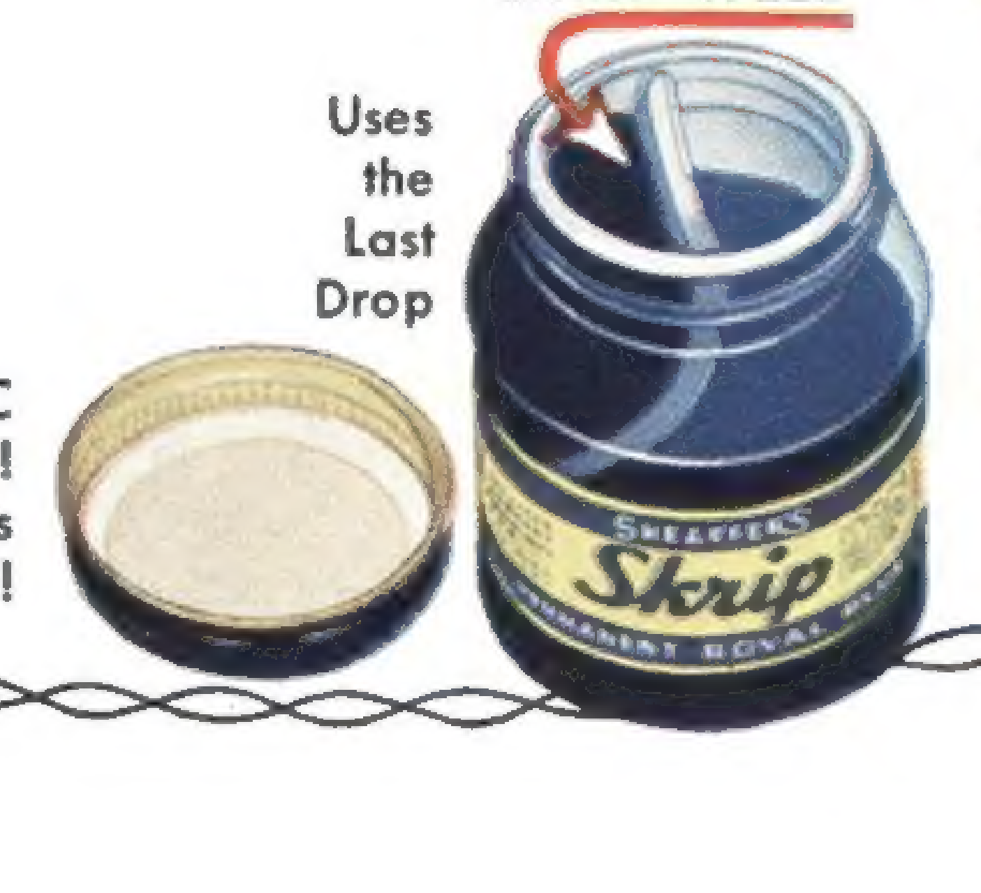

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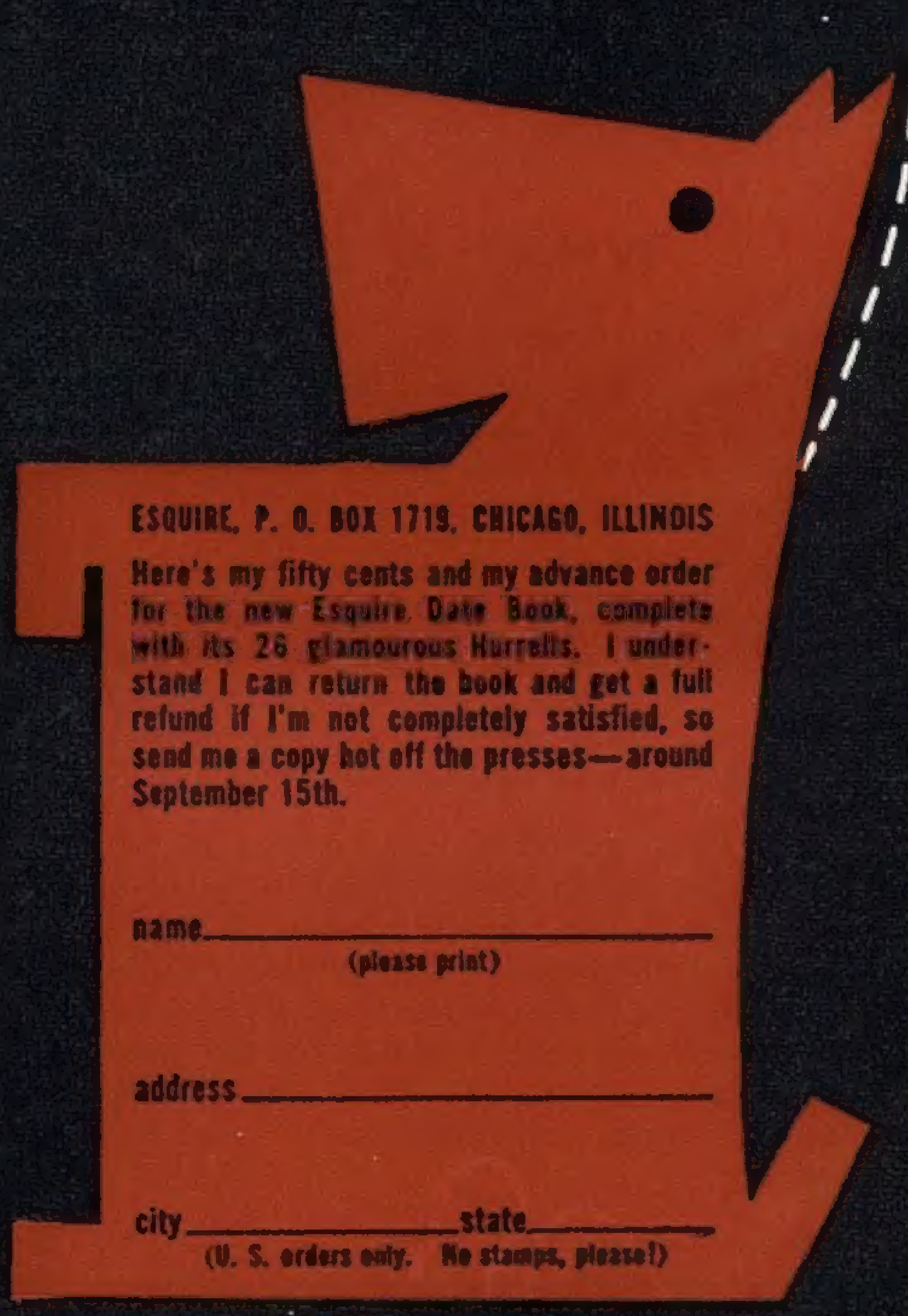

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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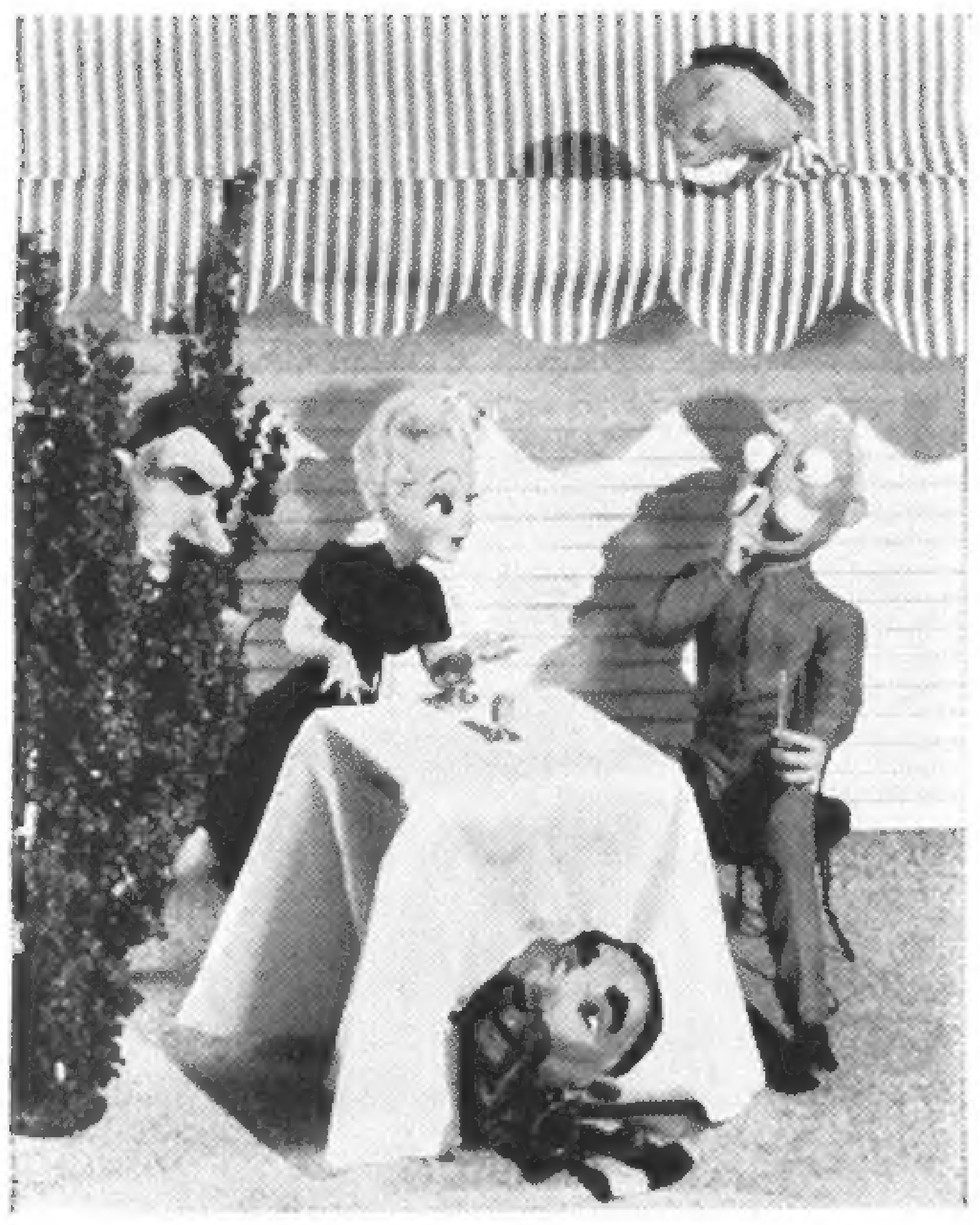

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ESQUIRE
September, 1942
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T.M.REG.

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EDITORIAL: Pay-off window for predictions past and present

About once a year we indulge ourselves, in this space, with a little flyer in freehand forecasting. In other words, we make predictions. It's a little habit that has never, to our knowledge, done us or anybody any harm or, for that matter, any good. But it has been fun, both at the time and in retrospect.

It was exactly a year ago, for instance, that we wrote for this same space in our issue for September 1941, the following item, citing two prophecies and throwing in, for good measure, one of our own:

"We've always had a tendency to rank astrology next below phrenology and palmistry, both as a science and an art. But who knows? Come to think of it, we recall now that the astrologists long ago said that July 1940 would be a very bad month for Hitler. When that month came, with France just fallen and England badly shaken after Dunkirk, the prediction looked ludicrously out of joint. And yet, who knows? Our own hunch is that July 1940 *was* a very bad month for Hitler, in fact we hope and believe that it will yet turn out to have been a fatally bad month for him. We think he lost the war then. For that was the time when, for reasons that must have seemed sufficient to him at the moment, he held off the invasion attempt, throughout the one month when it might have succeeded!

"Wouldn't it be funny if it should some time be established that the one reason he held off was that, in his often-reported superstitious fear of the astrologists, he hesitated to make a move of that magnitude for as long as they told him that his stars were unfavorable?

* * *

"Just about a year ago, in our sister magazine *Coronet*, we read the kind of prediction we enjoy. At the time it seemed hopelessly wide of the mark. And if you believe the experts, it still does. But listen to it, anyway.

"It is one of those cryptic prognostications, dating from about 1660 and ascribed to a Friar Jehan, who is supposed to have said that it would come to pass in the twentieth century. It ran to the effect that the land of the Black Eagle (Germany) would invade the country of the Cock (France), and that the Leopard (England) would rush to the Cock's aid. The Black Eagle would claw its antagonists almost to defeat but would turn, before finishing them off, to attack the White Eagle (Russia). There would then take place a struggle more terrible than words can tell, where the dead would be piled in mounds as high as cities. But the nation of the Black Eagle (also referred to in the prophecy as the country of Luther) would at last succumb and, deprived of all its weapons, would be divided into twenty-two separate states. Then, at long last, would follow the true golden age of mankind.

"Well, if this be wishful thinking—why not make the most of it and enjoy it? For, as *Coronet* commented editorially at the time, 'There is no law which says that we must listen only to the prophets of doom.'

* * *

"This is written on Bastille Day, and while writing this we have just listened to one of the 'prophets of doom' on the radio, saying that the end of the German-Russian war is now clearly in sight. Of course, prophets of doom have been a dime a dozen on the air for the last two weeks, since the morning of June 22 when that war began. Most of them began counting ten over the Russians' chances that very morning.

"We would have been more impressed by this one if we hadn't just happened to remember that on June 22, 1940, as the armistice between France and Germany was about to be signed at Compiegne, he said 'The British Empire has nine days left to live.'

"It was then that we decided to bet against the experts, as a means of trying to figure out what might be expected to happen next, in a state of affairs where only the unexpected seems safe to predict. As a system, we recommend it. It has already won us several small bets.

"So, having just heard that the end of the German-Russian war is now clearly in sight, and fully aware of the fact that before this achieves print you may well have read of the fall of Moscow and Leningrad, we now cheerfully choose to devote the rest of this white space (for which, thank goodness, we are not charged space rates) to a climb out on the following limb: Based on no information of our own, and only the profoundest disrespect for the value of the information we have had to date, we hereby record our conviction and belief that both a Russian Army and a British Airforce will be fighting Germans, in Europe, on New Year's Day."

* * *

We like that last one even better now than when we wrote it. In fact, we'll just let it ride again for this year—simply revising the last sentence to record "our conviction and belief that both a Russian Army and a British *and an American* Airforce will be fighting Germans, in Europe, on New Year's Day."

Today, on this Bastille Day 1942, as this is written, it is fashionable to predict a very long war. A few weeks back, based on a batch of long awaited good news from the battles of the Coral Sea and Midway, and on the delay in getting a lot of long-feared bad news from the Russian front, it was fashionable to foresee a very short war. In fact the same people who were saying just a few weeks ago, that the war would be over in six months are now saying that they doubt that it will be over in six years.

We couldn't agree with those people either then or now. Of course, they are experts and we are not. (Nothing seems harder to lose than an expert standing on military matters.) But we would like to put on paper, here and now, the extent and nature of our disagreement.

When those people were telling us, with a very wise air, just a few weeks back, that the war would be over in six months, we could never think of any better answer to make than that *we hoped it wouldn't*. This answer always earned us the kind of look that suggested that we might be a fit subject for investigation by the FBI, if not for lynching forthwith. But our answer seemed to us to be at least logical, if admittedly not brilliant, because we could see then, as we can see now, how we might *lose* the war in six months, but not how we could win it.

Now those people are still giving us much the same sort of looks, because we persist in believing that the war will not last another six years.

We figure that if this war, which is to the whole world what a five-alarm fire is to a large city, were to last another six years it might just as well last sixty, or six hundred, or six thousand. For after six more years of this war, which has not yet reached its climax and cannot reach it until mid-July 1943, there wouldn't be enough left of anybody or anything to worry about when it might end.

The rate of destruction (that has not yet been reached in Russia, and has never even been approached anywhere else) that will be achieved by *next* Bastille Day, will be a rate that the world could neither maintain nor endure for any time-span measurable by more than months.

Today, at places like Willow Run, some few men may now be able to foresee the dim outlines of the shape and extent of that destruction that is yet to come. It is not in the same league with either Coventry or Cologne.

Our own guess at the length of this war would be to stick a hat pin into next year's calendar almost anywhere within two weeks before or after the month of November 1943, aiming at the exact middle of November rather than at any day nearer the middle of either October or December.

The only way we would feel inclined to qualify that prediction would be to tell you, in fairness, that mid-November 1943 is the date we've had picked, in our own inexpert book, for the ending of this war for almost as long as the war has been on. We've been talking that date since the days of the Sitzkrieg, when the liveliest war news out of anywhere was Bob Casey's accounts of the exploits of the French flyer Albert, *le screwball*, whose daily stunts were hugely and equally enjoyed by soldiers on both sides of the Maginot Line.

So this prediction may claim the double distinction of being perhaps the least informed, and the most stubbornly held, opinion of all the many, expert and amateur, that have been propounded in the last four years, even though it has thus belatedly occurred to us to endow it with whatever dignity is still enjoyed by print.

* * *

So much for the forward look, and now, if we may, for just one more look back.

In these columns almost two years ago, we said something we'd like to say again. The time was mid-September 1940, and the occasion was the London Blitz. As it was written the experts were expecting hourly the invasion of Britain that they had so long been expecting daily.

Please permit us to say it again:

"Hitler has the mastery of Europe now. Whether he adds to it the mastery of John Bull's own little island is not, in the long run, particularly important. What is important, and what seems to have been forgotten in the general anxiety over the outcome of the Battle of Britain, is that a man can be Europe's master and still be the world's prisoner.

"England's Empire is world wide. Let the Empire stand and England itself cannot fall beyond hope of rising again. In other words, England could lose the Battle of Britain, that is raging as this is written, and still win the Battle of the Empire that has not yet begun.

"That's why there's as much truth as there is monotony in that time-tattered bromide to the effect that 'England always loses every battle but the last one.'

"An American, tired of being told that same thing after Norway, and the fall of the Low Countries and Dunkirk, and the Battle of France, stopped one Englishman in the middle of that same old phrase, with 'Yeah, but what if you should lose the last one?'

"The Englishman, who had obviously never thought of that, pondered it a moment without batting an eyebrow, and then with the air of explaining something to a not quite bright child said, 'Well, you see, in such a case we'd simply have to go on with the dreary business until we came at last to a battle that we could win.'

"Throughout this past summer most Americans have hoped and wished that England might win, without really believing that she could, or at least without being able to see how.

"They keep talking about England's back being to the wall. How could England ever hope to win back all that lost ground, even supposing for the sake of argument that she could hold off the Germans in the Battle of Britain? How, they want to know, could she ever get in, to drive the Germans back down out of Norway and back up out of France and Belgium and Holland?

"Well, the answer to that one is easy. She couldn't. For England has even less chance, we should think, of beating the Germans now, militarily, than they have now or before or ever again of beating her economically.

"But fortunately for England and for us, she doesn't have to.

"That's the big point, that is unaffected by bombs on Buckingham Palace or anywhere else in the Island. England doesn't have to get into Europe again, to win this war. But Hitler has to get out. And battering Britain itself from now till doomsday would not alone be enough to turn that trick.

"Duff Cooper realized that, when he went on the air during the depth of the darkest day in the Battle of Flanders, and reminded Englishmen everywhere that Hitler *had* to win that battle, whereas England could lose that one, and many more, and still win the war. Of course, Duff Cooper was speaking propaganda but it was good propaganda. It was the best. The truth."

* * *

We said that, then, by way of pointing up attention to an article about a British regiment in that issue, as "an explanation of why that article was written, after the vanishing of all European fronts on which English soldiers might see action, and put to press at a time when most people seem to feel that England's own days are numbered." But we went on to explain that the article was "a contribution to the understanding of British morale, that intangible thing by which, soon or late, the British have always won their wars and will, we firmly believe, *win this one, however often they may appear to lose it in the meantime.*"

We say it again, by way of pointing your attention to an article in this present issue which we also put forward as a contribution to the understanding of British morale.

It is *The "Death-and-Glory Boys"* by Linton Wells, on page 21.

Please read it next, if you haven't already read it before you chanced onto this page.

And please read it again, and again, whenever you may be tempted, after whatever other Tobruks the gods of war may still have in store for our side, to gratify Mr. Goebbels by saying anything out loud against the English.

We can't win this war in our bare feet!

- With freedom and decency at stake all over the world, the subject of shoes may seem pretty unimportant.

- But the fact remains, we can't win this war in our bare feet!

- That's why your Uncle Sam provides his Soldiers, Sailors and Marines with the finest footwear fighting men ever wore.

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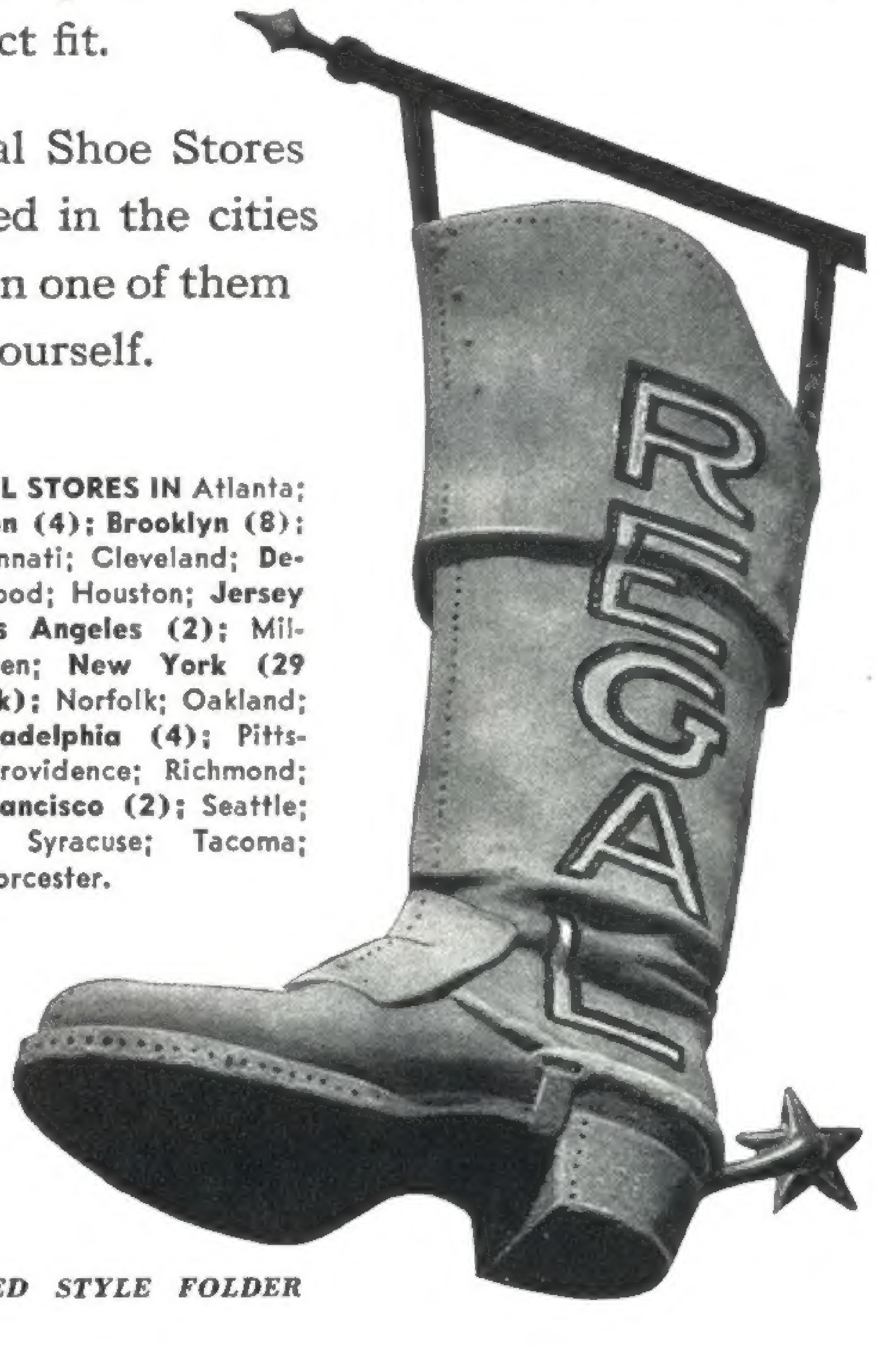

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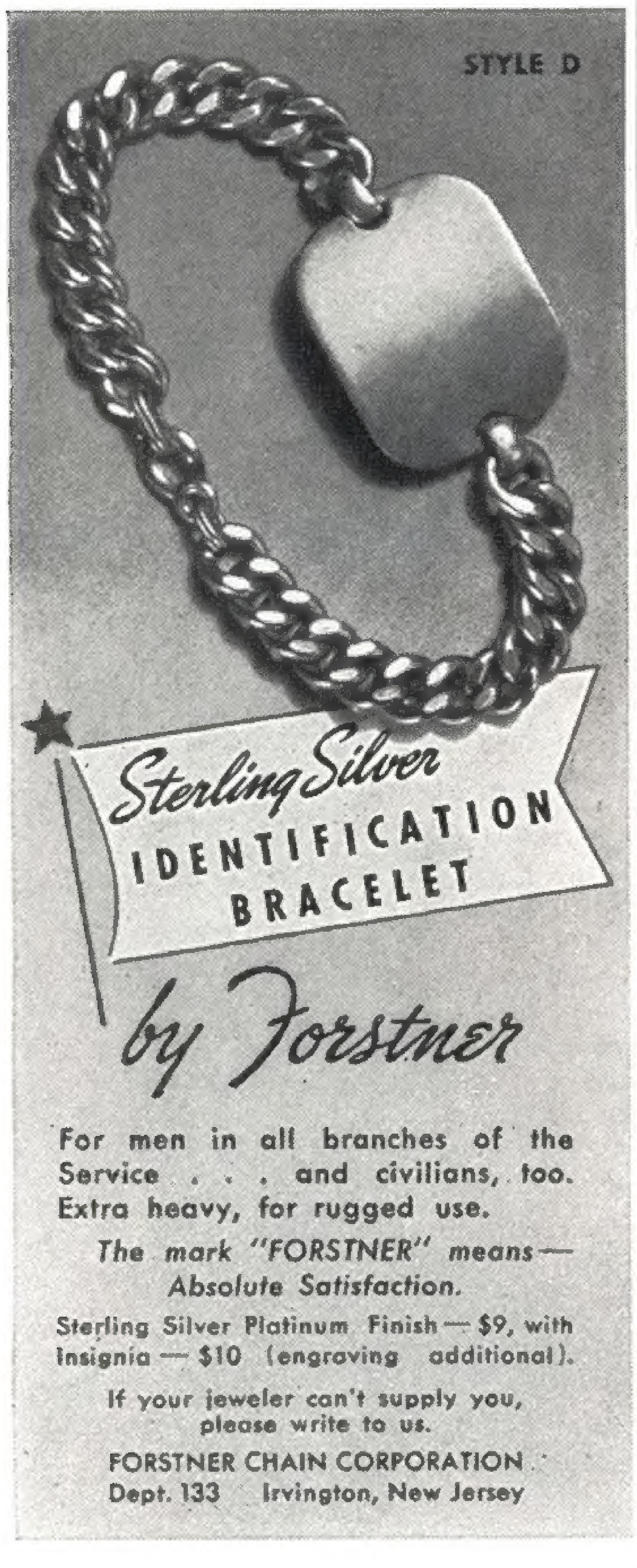

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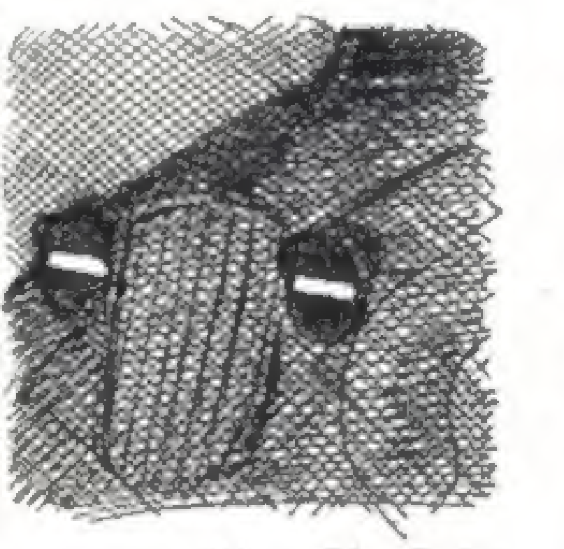
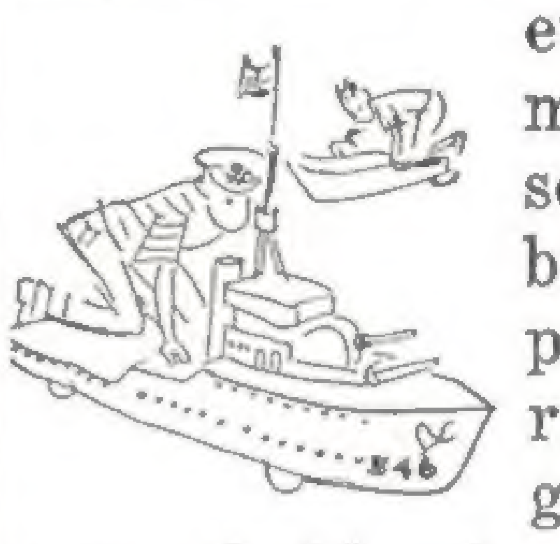
Talking Shop with Esquire

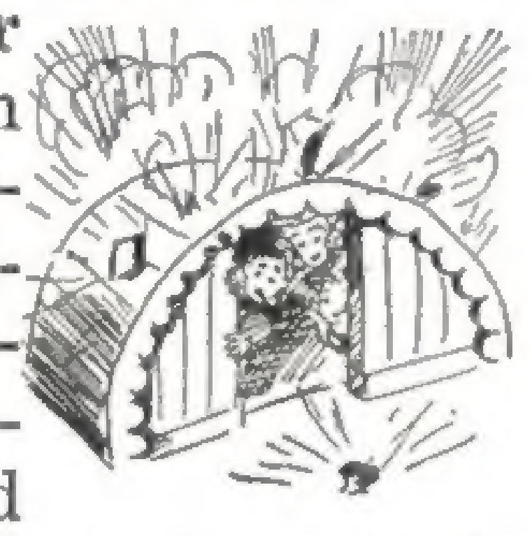
DRIVING IN THE DARK. Drivers of automobiles that must be operated during blackouts are scheduled to hear about this one — a mask for headlights. This affair looks at first glance like one of your girl's hats; what would be the crown goes over the light. The hood has a small oblong aperture in the center with a light filter slide that can be varied in density from clear white to jet black. Over the top is a visor that prevents any light from being seen from above.



TOYS FOR 1942. There are two aspects to the toy situation these days; first, they are more than ever taking on a military tone; second, they must be made of non-priority materials. This has given rise to a remarkably dramatic series of wheels toys that no child in his right mind could resist. All are big enough for the child to get up on and push around like a wagon. One is a battleship, with bridge, crows'-nest, and swinging gun turret; it's painted battleship gray with realistic painted surf breaking on the prow. Another is a camouflaged tank; another, a patrol boat. More on the fanciful side is a comical giraffe with ears that flash out the Morse Code when they are flipped up and down by remote control. These toys are on the expensive side, but Willie can dream, can't he?

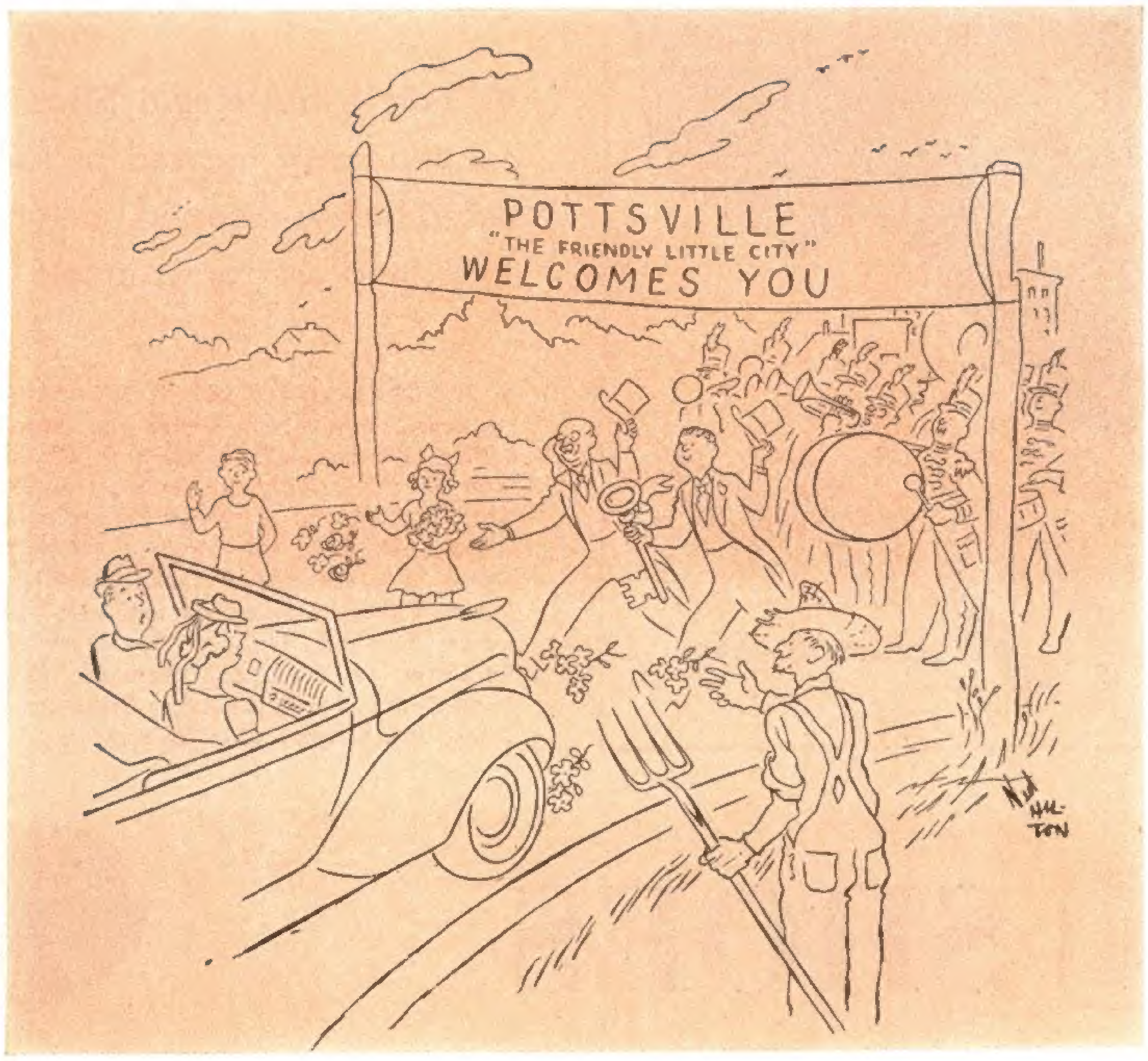


SHELTERING TIMBER. After the war, the children will probably use it as a playhouse. The purpose of the air raid shelter in question, however, is strictly serious. It is constructed throughout of seasoned timber, and while not a single nail or a drop of glue has gone into its manufacture, it will withstand the pressure of ten tons of debris. The top is arched, built on the principle of the old Roman bridges. Two adults and a child can get in it comfortably without crowding, and with the feeling that even though the house topple around them, they will be safe.



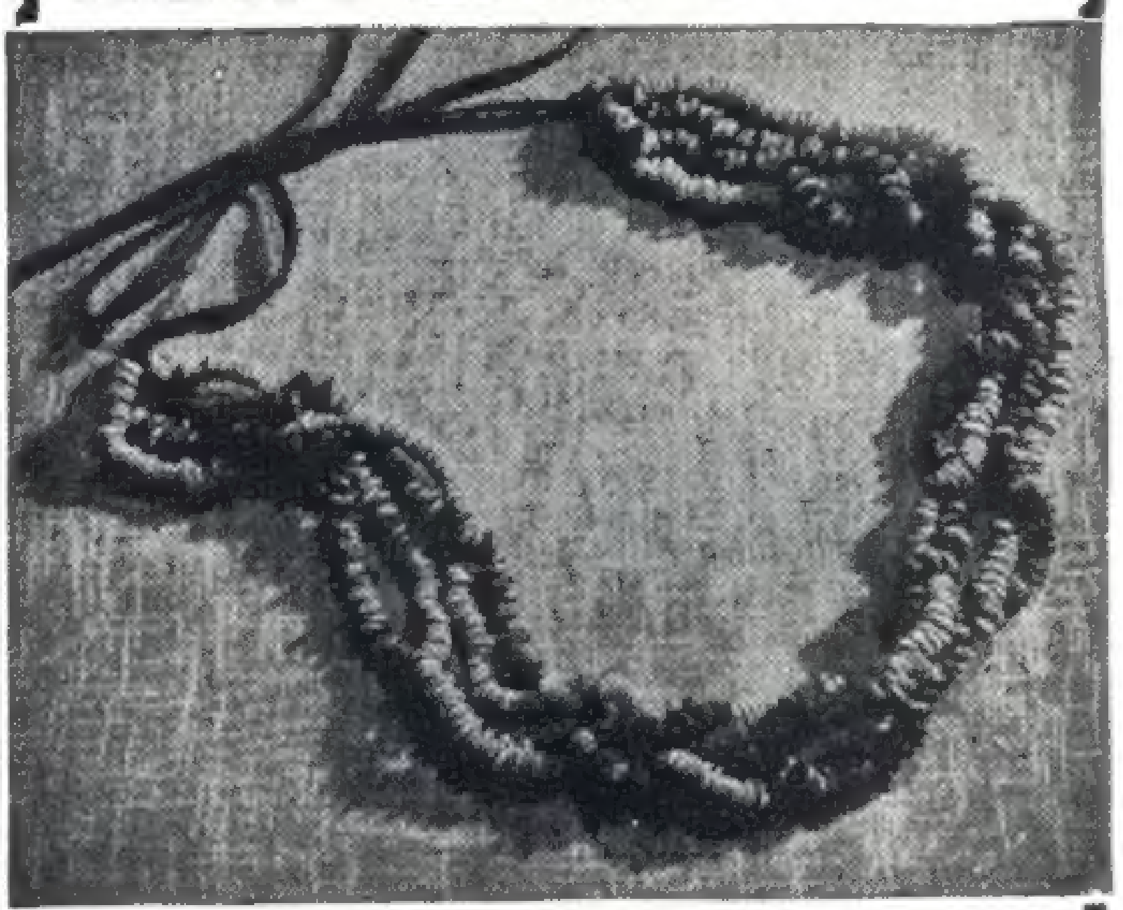
Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

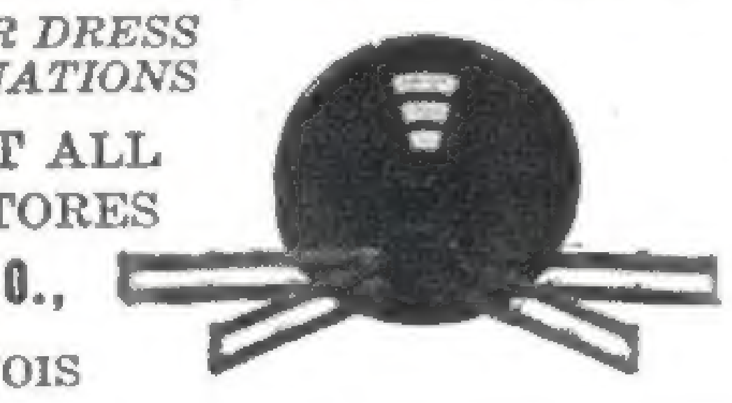


"Doesn't it strike you some of these little towns are inclined to over do it?"

NEW! LITE-UP LEI



You never can tell. You think you have a perfectly straightforward necklace, and it turns out to light up in the dark. This one does...it's made of alternate and varicolored strands of beads. Exposed to an electric light for a minute, it'll glow on and on indefinitely. Send $2.00 (plus 20c tax) to **The House of Gifts, Box 2008-Q2, Miami Beach,** Florida—then all you have to do is sit around in the dark, glowing like a mad thing! It's an original creation!



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by Henry Bellamann
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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

THE CAUSE IS DEAD—LONG LIVE THE CAUSE

I have just read with great interest your editorial on those who can atone for their too-long sleep by giving to United China Relief.

While I heartily approve of this method of atonement, I do hope that you will publish a correction of a miss-statement in your editorial. You wrote that the Spanish cause is dead and you gave no hint of how people could still help the brave men and women who participated in the struggle of the Spanish Republic against Fascism.

There is functioning today the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, with offices at 461 Fourth Avenue in New York. There is also the Exiled Writers Committee, with Dashiell Hammett as Chairman, and offices at 381 Fourth Avenue.

Mr. Hammett, who is well-known for his *Thin Man* stories and movies, has just recently written a terrifically moving appeal asking people to send money to the Exiled Writers Committee for the support of such eminent anti-Fascists as Anna Segers, the German writer, Ludwig Renn, who was in Spain during the war, Egon Erwin Kisch, nationally famous journalist, who was in Spain and whose brother is now in China as a physician, taking the place of the late Dr. Norman Bethune, who started "blood banks" in Madrid and then went on to China where he died because of the lack of antiseptics.

It seems to me that many of your readers might be interested in helping the brave anti-Fascists now in this continent—in Mexico, etc., who are badly in need of financial assistance and have made such a great contribution to the cause of democracy.

They can find out how they can help by sending money or asking further information from Dashiell Hammett at 381 Fourth Avenue, or from Dr. Edward Barsky, national chairman of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, at 461 Fourth Avenue. Both offices are in New York City.

MADELIN BLITZSTEIN
Philadelphia, Pa.

FINN FAN CLUB NOW ABORNING

Let us have more of the adventures of Mrs. Geranium Finn. Mr. Heth seems to have a delightful slant on a fantastic character and surely there must be bigger and better adventures of Mrs. Finn to relate. The entire family was amused.

Very truly yours,
Chicago, Ill. E. G. HEFTER

MEMO TO MARDEE

As in many cases—I may be wrong, but since we all have the right to speak our mind—I would like to express a certain amount of indignation, as I am sure must be felt by the great majority of your readers as a result of a certain statement appearing in the May '42 issue of your fine publication.

I refer to lovely model Mardee Hoff's statement—"All a man has to do to make a big hit with me is one simple thing—be a foreigner." In her estimation this European gentleman is more gallant than the American vintage. Of course, Miss Hoff advances the observation that a bit more polish has been added to the Yankee by the fact that he is now in the service and tends to carry on the traditional politeness of that service.

Yet, in spite of this—even we in uniform would like to call Miss Hoff's attention to one thing. Have you ever thought seriously as to why we are now in uniform. If I'm not mistaken, it's because of certain European "gentlemen." Men of flawless manners—who undoubtedly never forget to hold a coat or open a door—but at the same time a man who may be holding a bludgeon in his other hand.

Lady—wouldn't you much rather enjoy your future with a boyish American—who now and then forgets to open the car door for you—or maybe even calls you "button nose" now and then . . . than with an irreproachable rogue who will smilingly toast your inestimable beauty while you sup of his poison wine.

I'll admit that the picture is painted a bit dark—yet it's illustrative of my point. To convince Miss Hoff that she is wrong is not my point for she probably has little or no regard for my opinion—all of which is okay—but just the same Mardee—you're really on the right side of the ocean even though there may be some doubt in your mind.

My wife, whom you class among the "luckiest women in the world" will attest to my faults and altho she is not as familiar with the polish of the continental as you may be—I'm certain that she with a great many other attractive young ladies will be more than happy to overlook those faults for the American mannerisms that really do allow you to be handled with care.

FRANCIS C. GILLON
Camp Roberts, Cal. 2nd. Lt. F. A.

JOINING THE FINN FAN LINE

The old inertia keeps us from pushing a pen every time you publish a good one, but this reader is moved to call for more sidelights on Ruby Street. This Heth hath a quality for writing fantasy that is a welcome relief from the usual hackney of Harlem interpreters. I say let's have more of Ruby Street or at least of contiguous thorofares.

Gary, Indiana. W. D. BURGER

ON A LONELY SOLDIER BY AN AUTHORITY

It would make a lonely soldier happy if you would insert the following in your letters from readers column. Perhaps someone would write him, I'm sure it would make him happy. I know it would 'cause I'm him.

I am 24 years old, 5 ft. 6 in. tall, 145 lbs. Black curly hair, eyes brown. Love to write but haven't anyone to write to, except 3x a week home. Please see what you can do to help me. I'd appreciate it very much.

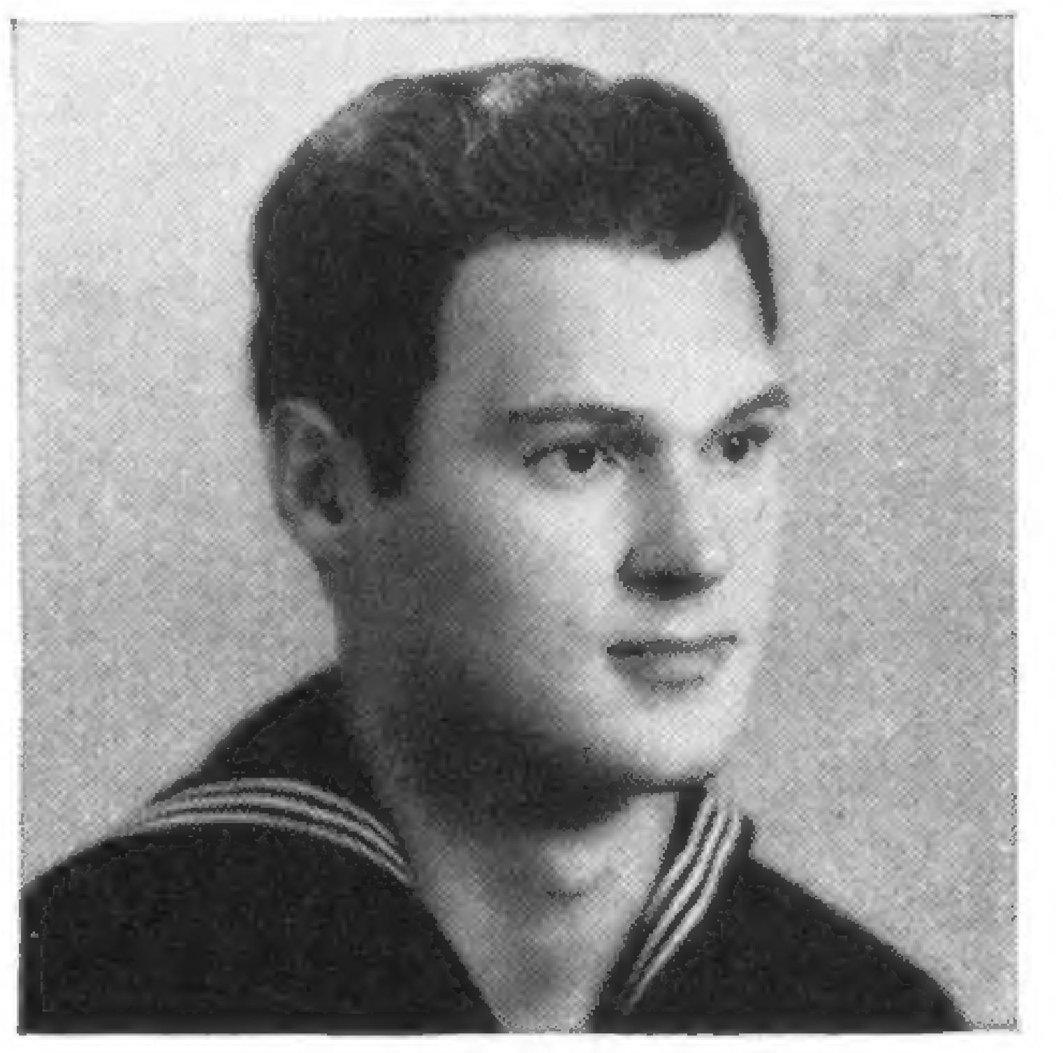
Sincerely,
PVT. HAROLD GOLDIE
Battery "F" 17th F. A.
Camp Blanding, Fla.

Received your most welcome acknowledgement of my letter in today's mail. Mere words can't possibly describe my gratitude to you. I hope to see it in print sometime soon, at least before we pull out, you see rumor has us leaving for ———. We don't know. In the event that the rumor is true, well, I'm sure anyone who would be kind enough to write me, I'm sure their letters would be forwarded on to me. If we do leave, letters then would be doubly welcome. I assure you once more, that I will answer all letters received if it takes me the duration and six months. Keep well and happy. Best of luck.

Sincerely,
HAROLD GOLDIE

P. S. For your kindness, I'll get you a Jap.

PENNINGTON ON WOMEN



INTERVIEWS ON WOMEN WITH THE UNITED STATES NAVY
Homer Frederick Pennington, Jr., SK1c, U. S. Navy

A not so recent addition to the ranks of the U. S. Navy, but coming along fast just the same. An adept swimmer, golfer, boxer and rider and a collector of liquor bottles, not empty ones and they don't have to be unusual.

Sailor Pennington on Women: About 95% of the women I know want to do nothing, when it comes to dancing, but jitter-bug, 50% of those know little or nothing about it. Not being a jitter-bug myself I am in no position to criticize, but!!! I love them just the same. Now when Miss Crane spoke (on page 155 of the June Esquire) about men staring at *women* did she never sit in a cocktail lounge and watch the women eye every man who walks in, even though she is with another man? Every woman I have ever seen (and there have been many, and in far flung places of the world), no matter how eligible the man she is with may be, is always looking for something better. Now to get on to the subject of the tired business man, has she never heard a woman say how she has bent over a hot stove all day? And when the date wants to go to a movie, invariably she is too tired. I can see nothing in Miss Crane's article that I can agree with, so you may convey my message to her.

Vital Statistics: Name: Homer Frederick Pennington, Jr. SK1c, USN. Age: 26. Station: Submarine Repair Unit, SMB, Pearl Harbor, T. H. Home town: Kansas City, Mo. Height: 6 feet 2½ inches. Weight: 190 lbs. Hair: Dark Brown. Eyes: Brown.

COY PROPOSAL TO L. H. JOURNAL

I'm going to sound off with an idea that is terrific and has been proven most responsive. Hold your hat, here we go on the wildest idea ever conceived, yet universal in appeal.

You will be the first to get the story behind the story. If you will but gaze on page 4 of the July *Ladies' Home Journal* you will view a fair likeness of the undersigned plus a plaintive wail in the form of a letter. "Wanted—A Wife" is the dominating theme of that letter.

Here's how it happened: The boys in the office were sitting around chatting about the war situation. We couldn't solve the serious problems involved there so after baseball and racing the subject turned, as it eventually does, to women. Here we had a group of intelligent, professional men, unmarried, who couldn't figure out why it was so difficult to find the right girl to wed. All angles were discussed and it boiled down to the fact that we being between 30 and 36 have become too choosy as a result of too much female companionship. Trying to find the individual virtues of several embodied in one charming, well poised young lady.

I commented that according to a story I had read in the *Journal* the girls think that all the best men are married. The boys thought it might be a good idea to send a letter to the editors of *Journal* asking for a glamour girl. After much persuasion I accepted the job. The results of that letter have been well nigh fabulous. Letters have come in from all over the country, Canada and even Mexico. Telephone calls by the hundreds, invitations to dinners, the theatre and week-ends in the country. The caliber of the girls were mostly of the intelligent type. Clever and humorous and pathetic were the letters. I even got mail from men who were in entire accord with my idea.

And this is where Esquire enters the picture. Mostly men read this mag and women the *Journal*. Why can't the thousands of men, who find it impossible to meet the girl of their dreams, through other channels contact me or the *Journal* editors for addresses of women who are keenly interested in meeting them. This is not a nation-wide marriage bureau idea, but something that the Nation needs in these times of stress. It will do much to increase the morale of both sexes. There are still plenty of men around, eligible, who are not yet in the Armed Forces.

Before this gains too huge proportions, I'd like to get the views of the readers of Esquire.

Sincerely yours,
Brooklyn, N. Y. I. IRVING WEISSLER

SO YOU'RE GETTING YOUR MONEY'S WORTH

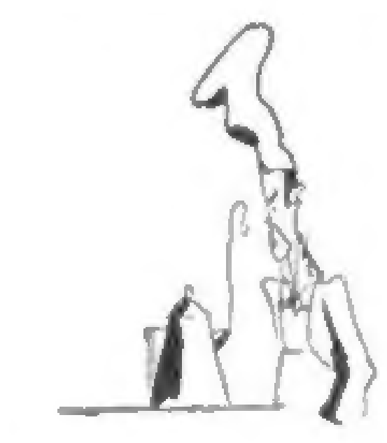
Thot you'd like to know that out our way your Fashion Photographs are getting bigger laughs than your cartoons.

Sincerely yours,
Berkeley, Calif. CYRIL G. WEIGLE

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ILES BRODY

There's no denying that Iles Brody has the right idea when he encourages eating patriotically by avoiding waste, but as a long time friend of Esquire, permit me to whisper a few timely facts in his ear.

In the first place, I think he misses the boat when he says that the same coffee can be used satisfactorily more than once, by the simple process of drying it out, airing it, and then adding a little more. It is an established fact that the real essence of the coffee is had from it the first time it is used, whether it be by the drip or percolated method. By adding a little more fresh coffee you get "coffee," but Brody can't possibly believe what he says about its being nearly as aromatic as the first. Sure, Ersatz coffee is fine in Germany, but who wants it here.

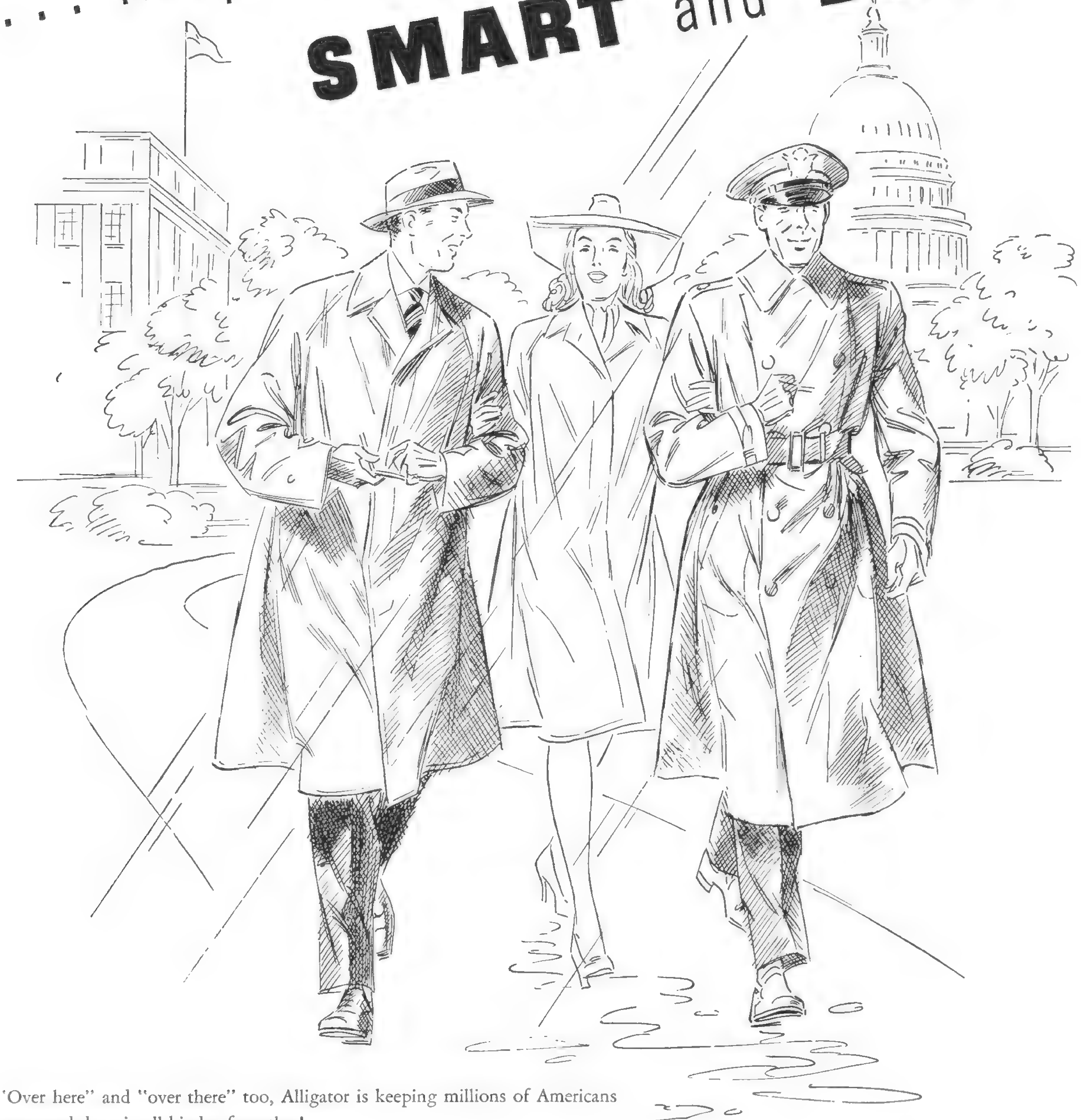


The other point he should have brought out I think is that waste in the kitchen can be entirely avoided by using some intelligence in making purchases. My garbage can never contains the things Brody talks about, because I buy my meats, fish, vegetables, and fruits in convenient packages from which all waste has been stripped previously, and I trust put to good use. These are quick frozen products, available anywhere, and if you don't think they are fit for a gourmet—well you're wrong. I read only the other day, where scientists say these quick frozen foods retain their vitamins and freshness indefinitely.

I thought your July issue was swell, especially the contribution by Gilbert Seldes—*No More Parades*. Edwin Blumenfeld's *The Holbein Girl* was O.K. too.

Sincerely,
Larchmont, N. Y. H. M. FEELEY

. . . Keeping America **SMART** and **DRY**!



"Over here" and "over there" too, Alligator is keeping millions of Americans smart and dry—in all kinds of weather!

Like most folks, you probably know Alligator's style and dependability firsthand—from wearing your own Alligator year in and year out. And, like all Alligator owners, you're especially glad *today* that your raincoat *is* an Alligator—with such long, lasting service "built" into it. If you don't yet have an Alligator, visit your dealer now. See his selection of fine Alligator Rainwear, in both waterproof and water repellent fabrics.

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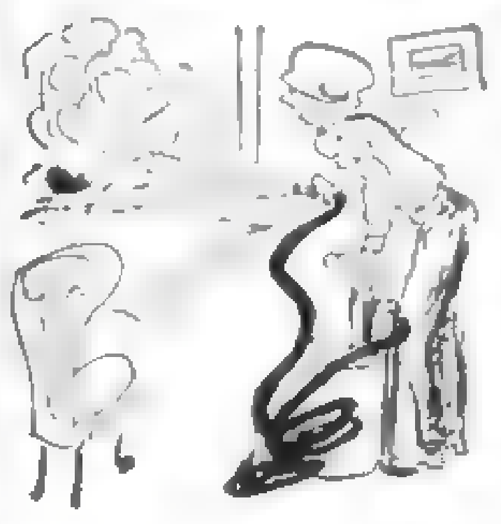
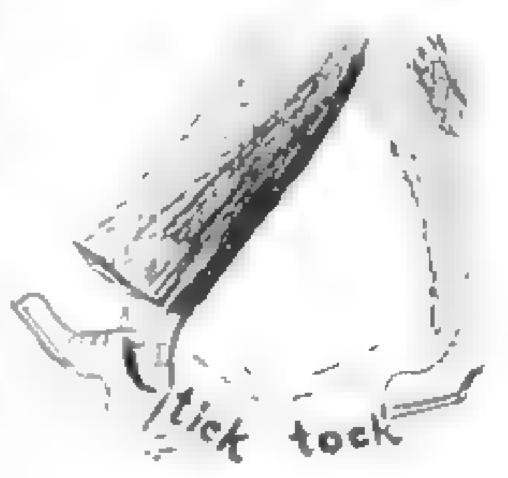
Talking Shop with Esquire

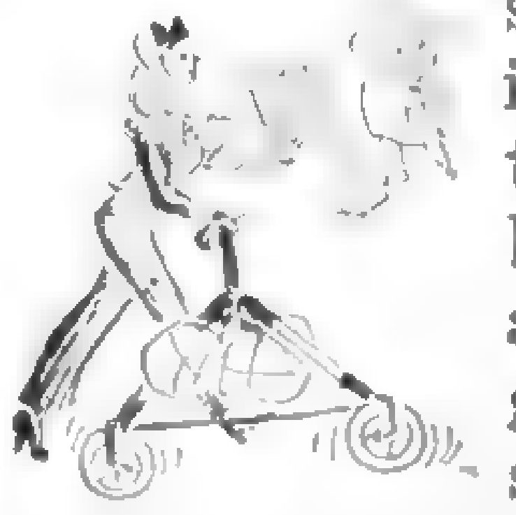
BOMB STOPPERS. To add to your supply of defense equipment, just in case of incendiaries – a one-man stirrup pump made almost entirely of wood, and quite inexpensive. It operates pretty much the same as other stirrup pumps except that the plastic hose, which throws a spray of some twenty-five feet, is to be operated by the same person who is doing the pumping. You lean on the pump to hold it steady. Another putter-outer to do away with the incendiaries that chance (but we hope not) into your back yard, is a powder that is sprinkled on the fire to kill it. Comes in a long, easily-handled tube.



TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP. Walking to save tires is not only good for you, but it can be turned into a game if you keep score of the miles you cover every day. Your personal mile gauge is a watch that tells distance instead of time. First you get somebody to measure the average length of your stride; then you "set" the watch accordingly. By ticking off every step you take, it accurately clocks the miles you walk.



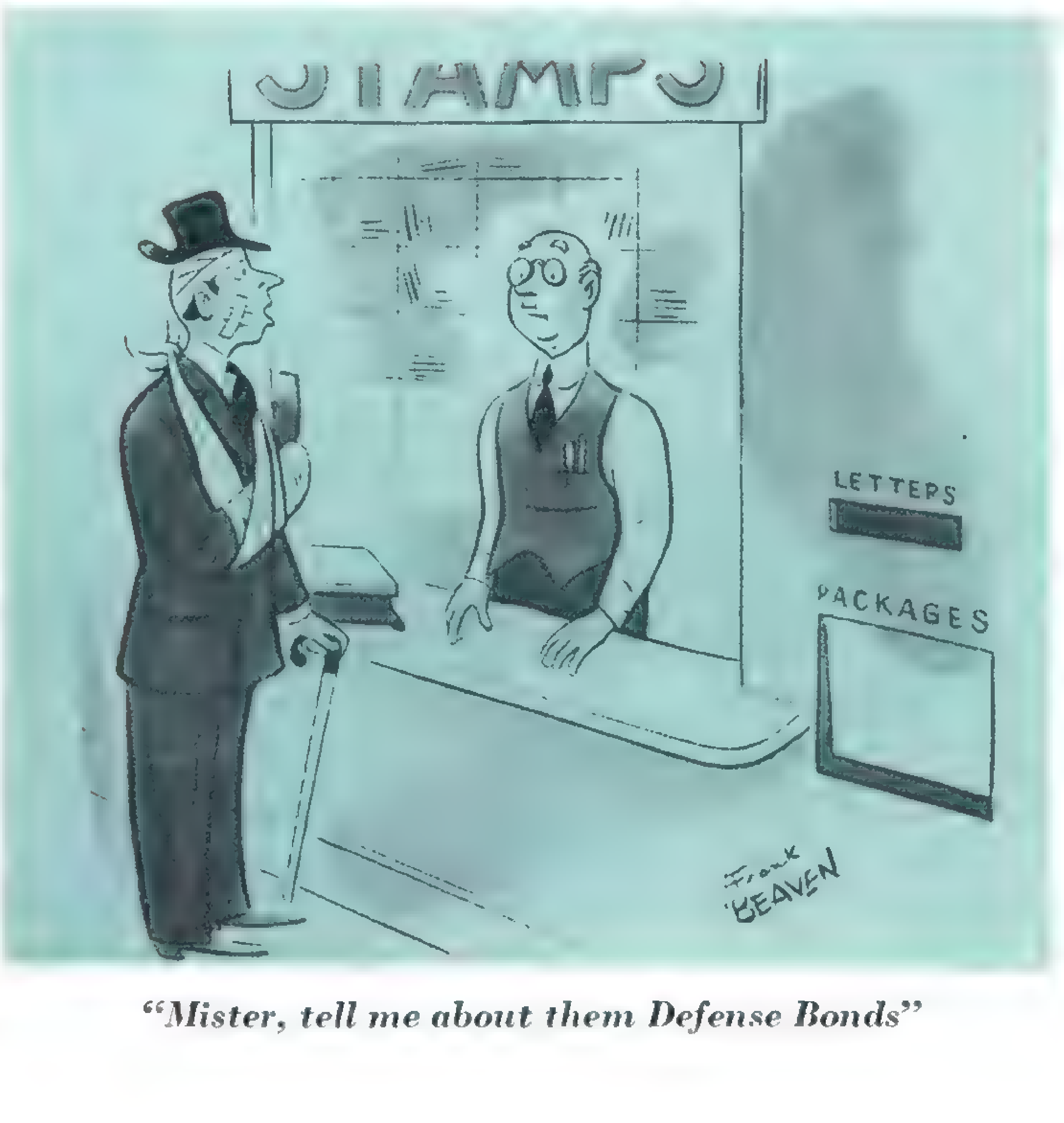
GROCERIES ON THE HOOF. The light of your life is now walking home the steak and spinach instead of stowing it in the car. So that she won't break her lovely arm over her bargains from the super-duper, get her a cane-like thing that has two legs and two wheels which are locked together until there are bundles to be carried. Then a simple maneuvre separates the wheels and lines them up like a bicycle's; shopping bags are hung from hooks at the top, and packages are rolled home, guided by the cane-top handle.



HAND WORK. For hard-working guys and gals comes an end to grubby fists. To wit, a big jar of a cream that is applied to the hands before they tackle a dirty job, like gardening, painting, or machine work. The cream is worked lightly into the skin, where it remains like an invisible glove for several hours. An ordinary soap and water hand-washing will remove all the grease and dirt that usually remain imbedded in knuckles and under finger nails. This cream can be safely used on the baby.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



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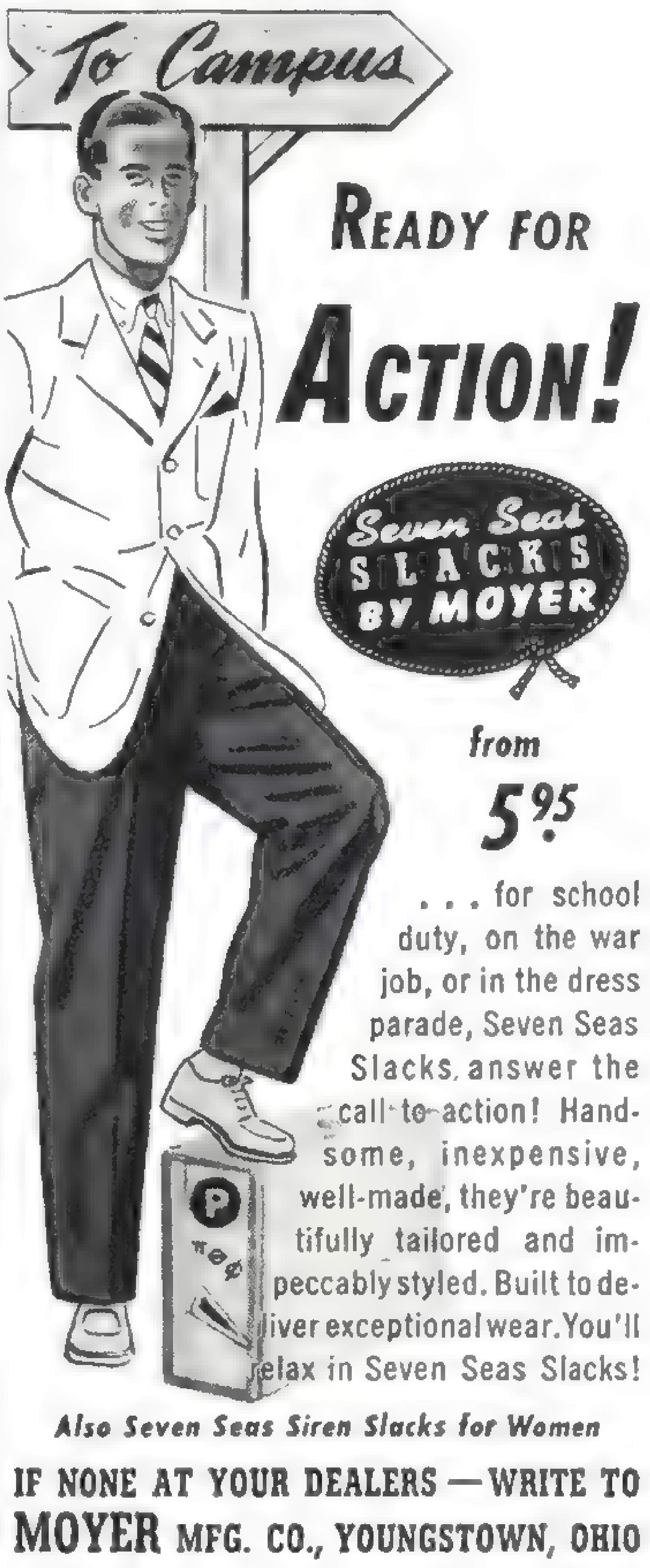

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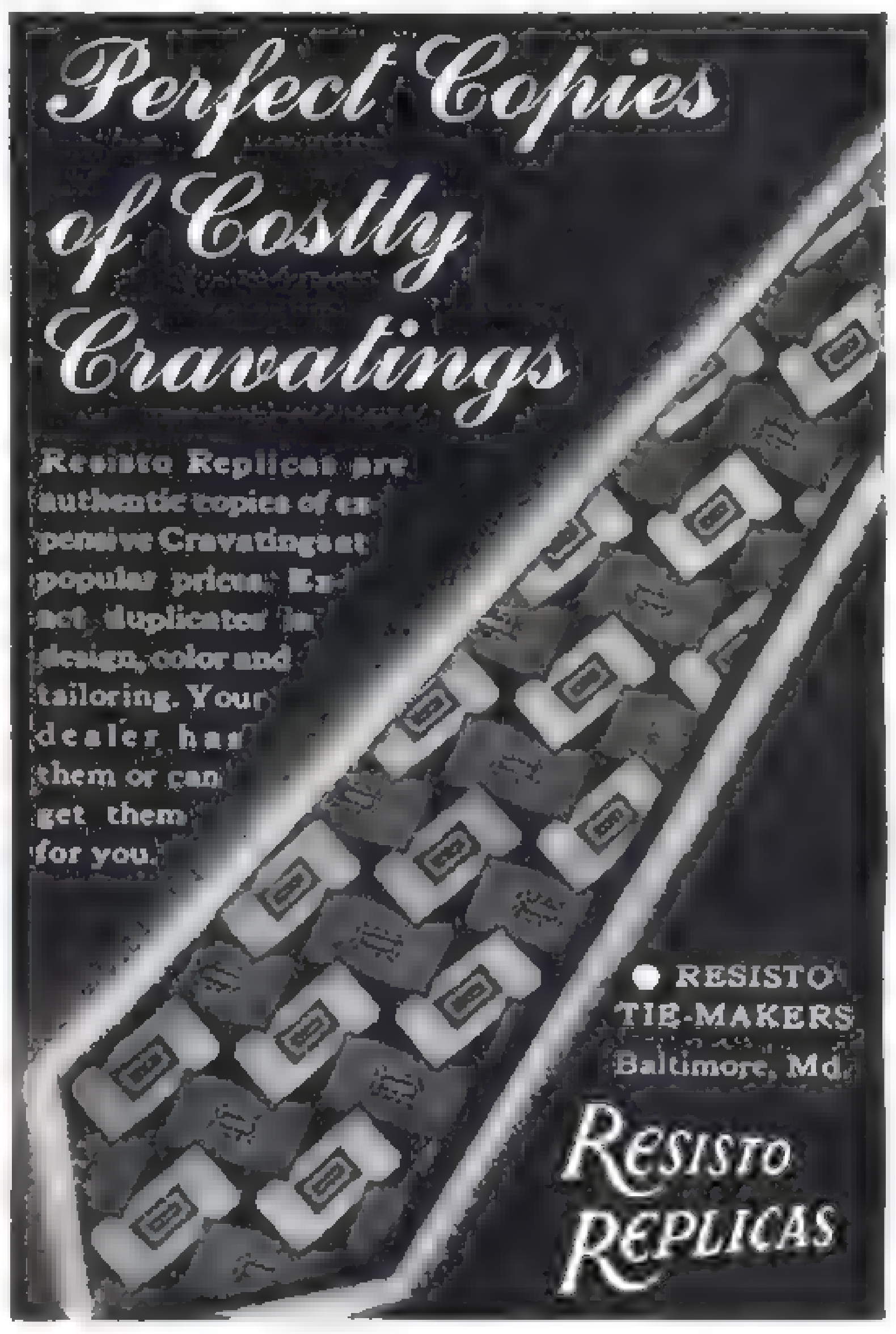
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No matter what make of car you drive, you can reduce your gas consumption 25% by following a few simple but all-important rules. Coronet shows you how, in eye-opening detail, in an authoritative article by Paul W. Kearney. Read "Keep It Lean" in the August Coronet, get rid of that gas-scavenger under the hood of your car, and you'll be patriotically practical!

also in the new august Coronet . . .

World War II in Pictures, by Wm. L. Shirer — the author of "Berlin Diary" selects the 66 most dramatic events of this war as shown in outstanding news photographs, then weaves them together in a running commentary which brings into focus all the confusing elements of World War II. See this double-length picture story in the August Coronet—it's a review of history in the making, presented by one of the best reporters of our time.

Death Takes No Holiday, by Michael Evans — the "—And Sudden Death" of industry, the shocking truth about the brutal toll taken by industrial accidents. It takes a strong stomach to read this article, an even stronger will to stop these daily tragedies . . . but this is once-in-a-decade writing you can't afford to miss. We dare you to read "Death Takes No Holiday!"

august issue

CORONET

now on sale at all newsstands

Painting the Town with Esquire

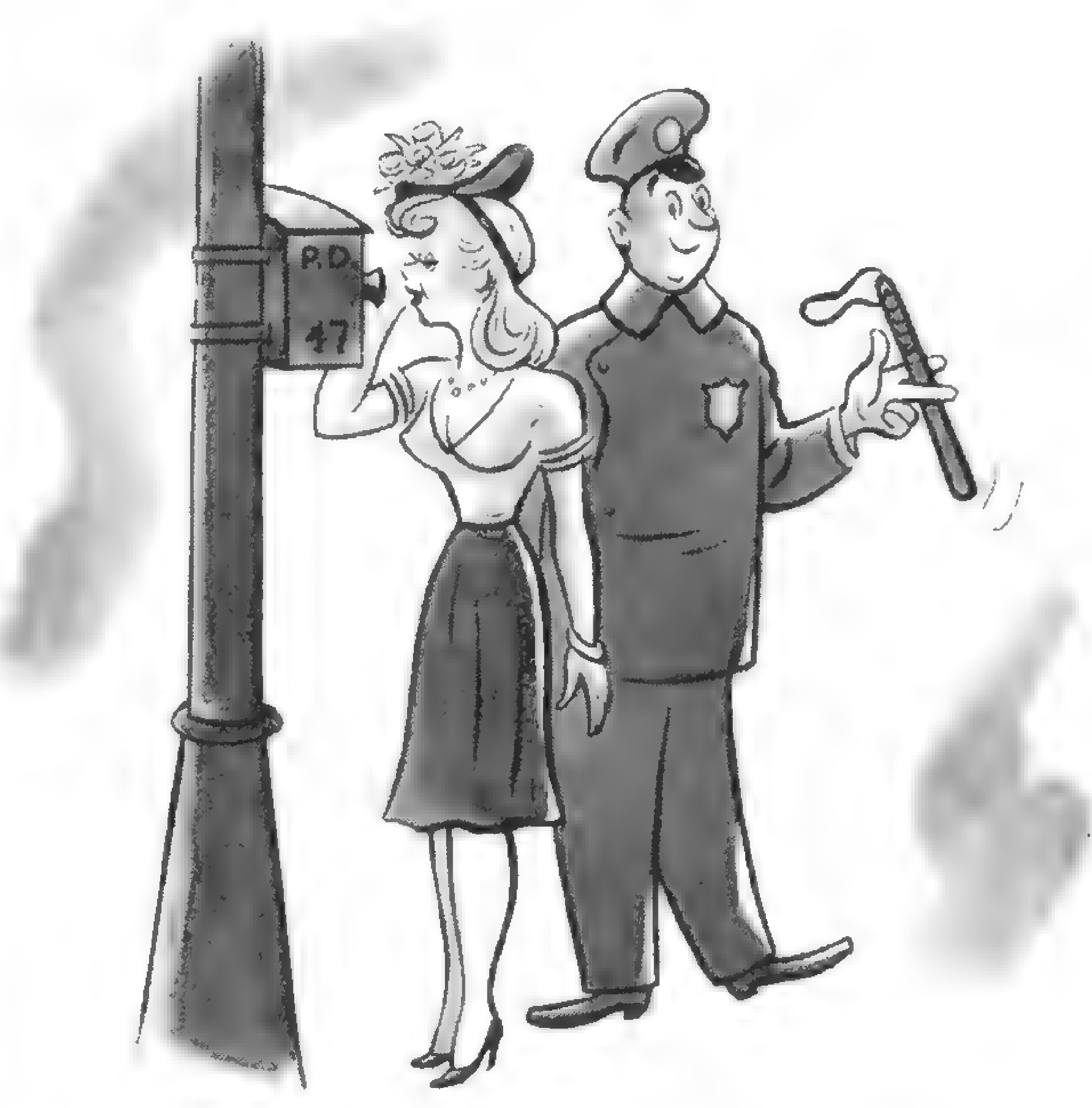
DETERMINED that summer's shank shan't slacken, the Waldorf-Astoria has come up with trusty enchanter Xavier Cugat and his rhythm task forces afore whom Lena Romey and Miguelito Valdes gave lyrics the thrushoff, and other entertainers are seen and heard from. Consequently the floor of the Starlight Roof is solidly bastioned with wine buckets. That extra breadth of smile on the countenance of grand marshal of service René Black is in reference to his having been Cugat's discoverer, nine years ago. How popularity does accumulate!

PSYCHIATRISTS, researching in the East Fifties, figure that the Gin Rummy epidemic will get worse before it gets better. (Waiter, deal us another round of collinses) . . . Missing appetites are cleverly retrieved at the Swiss Pavilion Restaurant, where host Paul L. Burger can always think up something you'd care to peck at . . . Raucous but not rude, those Sunday celeb fests at Leon & Eddie's salon de shrieks. All songs pasteurized on the premises.

CRUSTACEAN AND FINNY fare of the freshest is demolished in no laggard manner at rigging - and - tackle - adorned Gloucester House, 59 West 51st St. Helmsman Edmund C. Lillys, scion of a fishmonger dynasty, knows his way among Guilford clams (portly), lemon sole, pompano, Bostonian scrod, Maine lobster, and soft-armored crabs. Cooked to order before your eyes, these and other Neptune notions are set forth on well-scrubbed ashen tables, of which, alas, there are only about 20. Champing coveters are additionally goaded by the sight of blonde wines and super-quality Baltimore beer.

SUPPOSEDLY WISE MEN of Broadway are still blinking at the lesson in showmanship that Lou Walters of Boston has taught them with his terrifique Latin Quarter at the top of Times Square (entrance 200 West 48th). Huge yet sociable mooded, this spectacular glamor institute offers surprisingly good food, distinguished drinks, attentive service, an inviting dance floor, and a sumptuous two-act revue in which there isn't a split second of dullness. Confidentially, it's more Montmartre than Left Bank, but who cares? For here is the nocturnal Paris that Americans thrilled to, apaches, cuticle displays and all. Indeed, Manhattanites are reacting as though this were the first time they saw Paris the way they wanted it.

For further information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Avenue, New York. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.



"Officer Rourke's secretary speaking!"

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* of all brands above 15c, WALNUT is America's largest seller—30c a package air-tight lb. tin $2.25—sample on request

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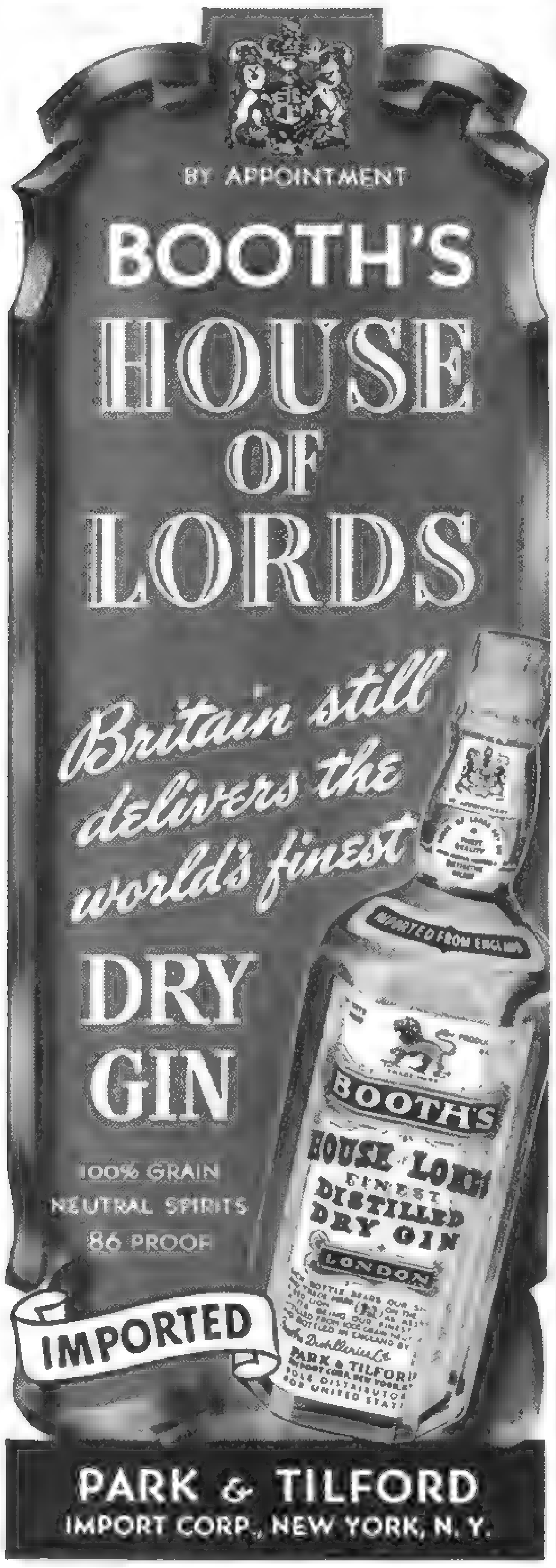

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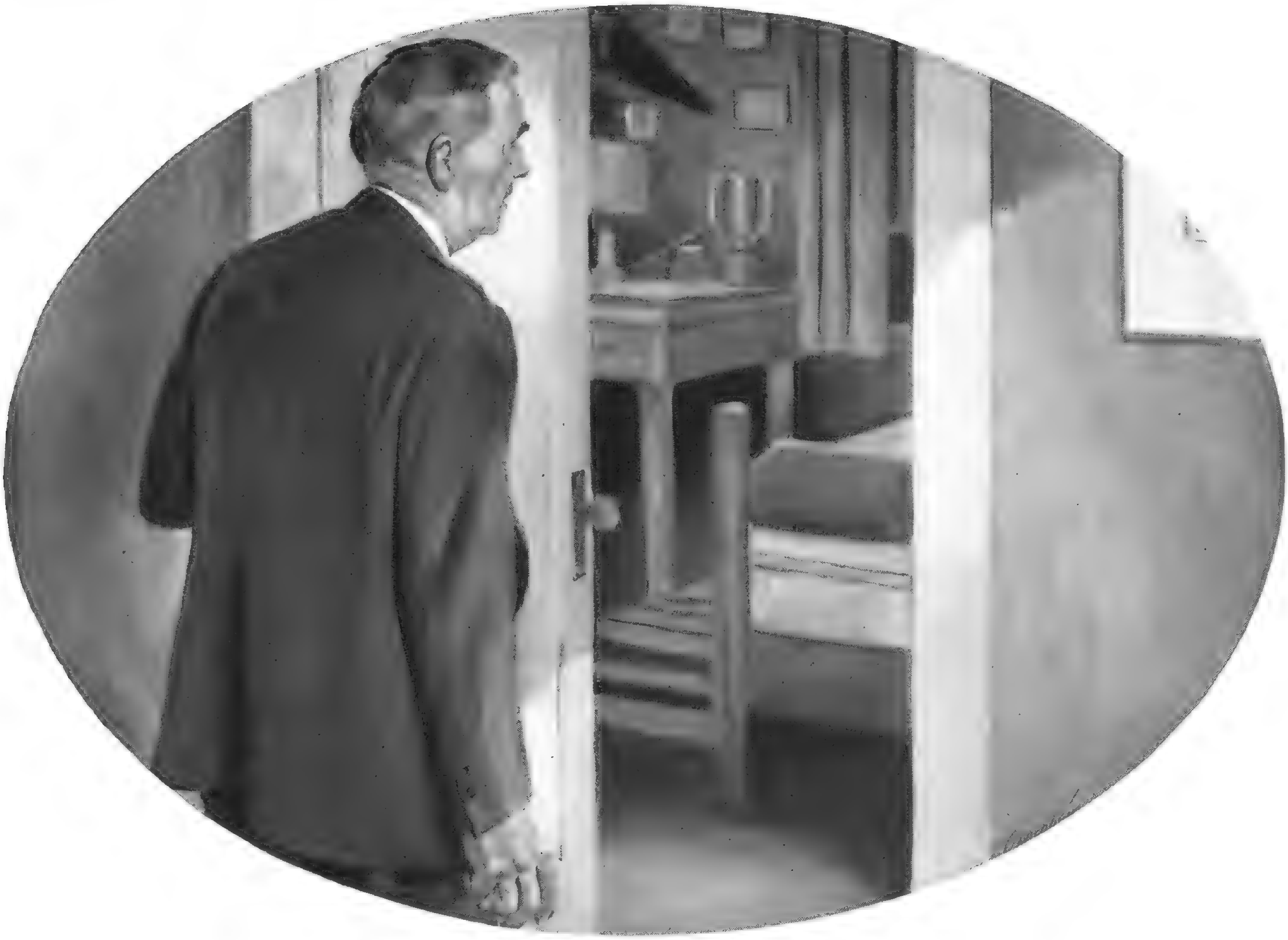

the empty room...

This is my boy's room.

This is where he slept.

This is where he dreamed a child's dreams.

This is where he saw a man's visions.

Here, in this empty room, are faded pictures of team mates and heroes . . . books scribbled over with notes and exclamations . . . the gloves and spiked shoes we hung up for good before he went to war . . . the silver cup he won at Sea Bright . . . bright pennants . . . and all the careless memoranda, the echoes of his days.

* * *

If fathers could only pour their hate through the hot barrels of smoking guns, and write the records of their grief with bayonet steel!

They said I was too old to fight, though I'm only fifty. But, if I'm too old to sight and drop a stick of bombs, I'm not too old to lay my money on the line for war savings stamps and bonds!

Maybe I am too stiff and slow to fly, but I've got control enough to keep my car speed under 40 . . . so they can keep their fighting planes above 400!

And if I can't march thirty miles a day with a full pack, I can walk two miles to work and back to help save gas and rubber!

No, I'm not bitter any more because I won't win this war behind a gun or on a ship or in the sky.

I've come around to thinking that here at home we've got the job of passing the ammunition along, of sacrificing little things, of giving up and going without, of looking ahead to "less" instead of "more." Somebody's got to do the necessary, undramatic things...and I guess that's what older men are for.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

ROCKEFELLER CENTER NEW YORK CITY

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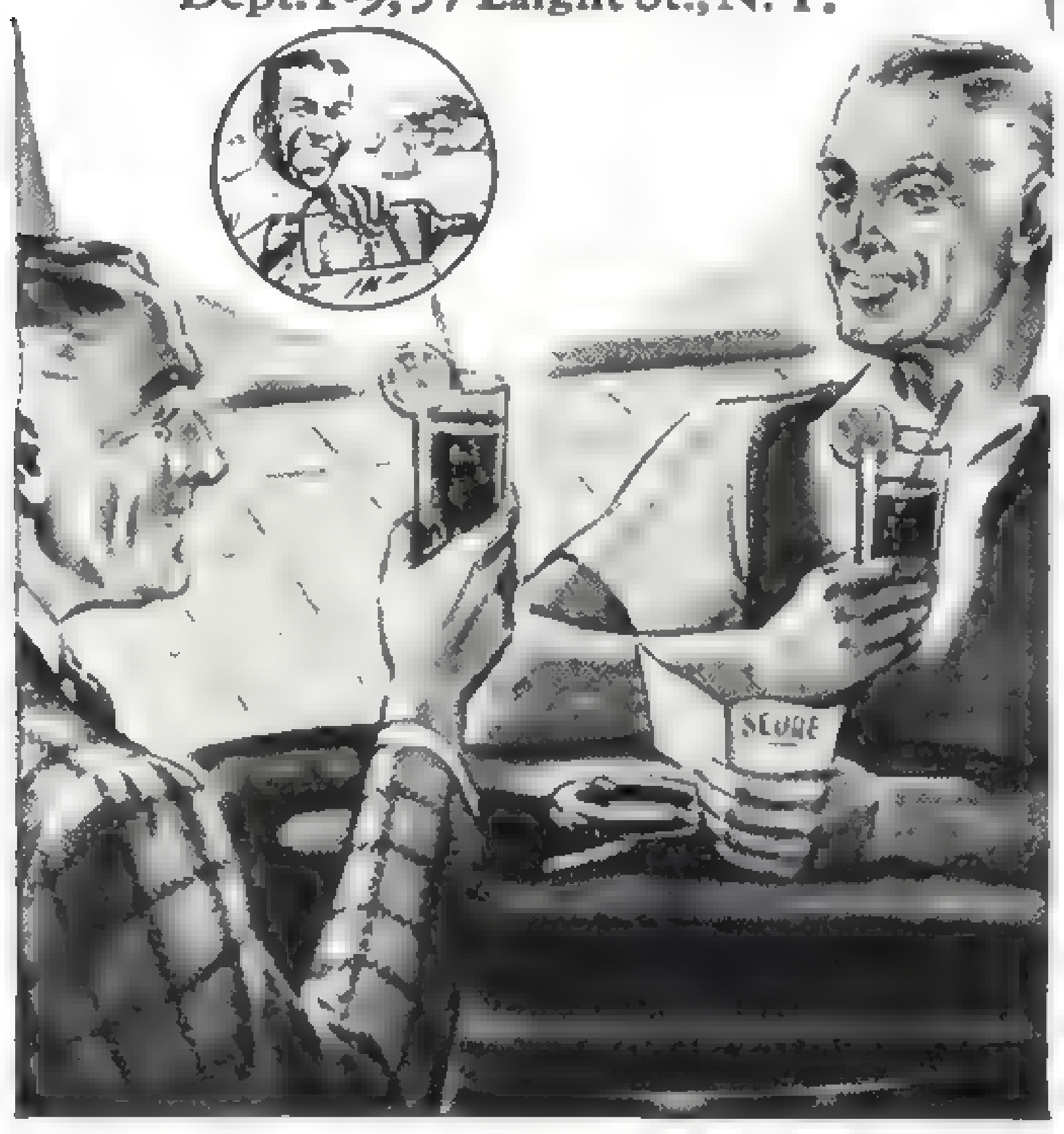

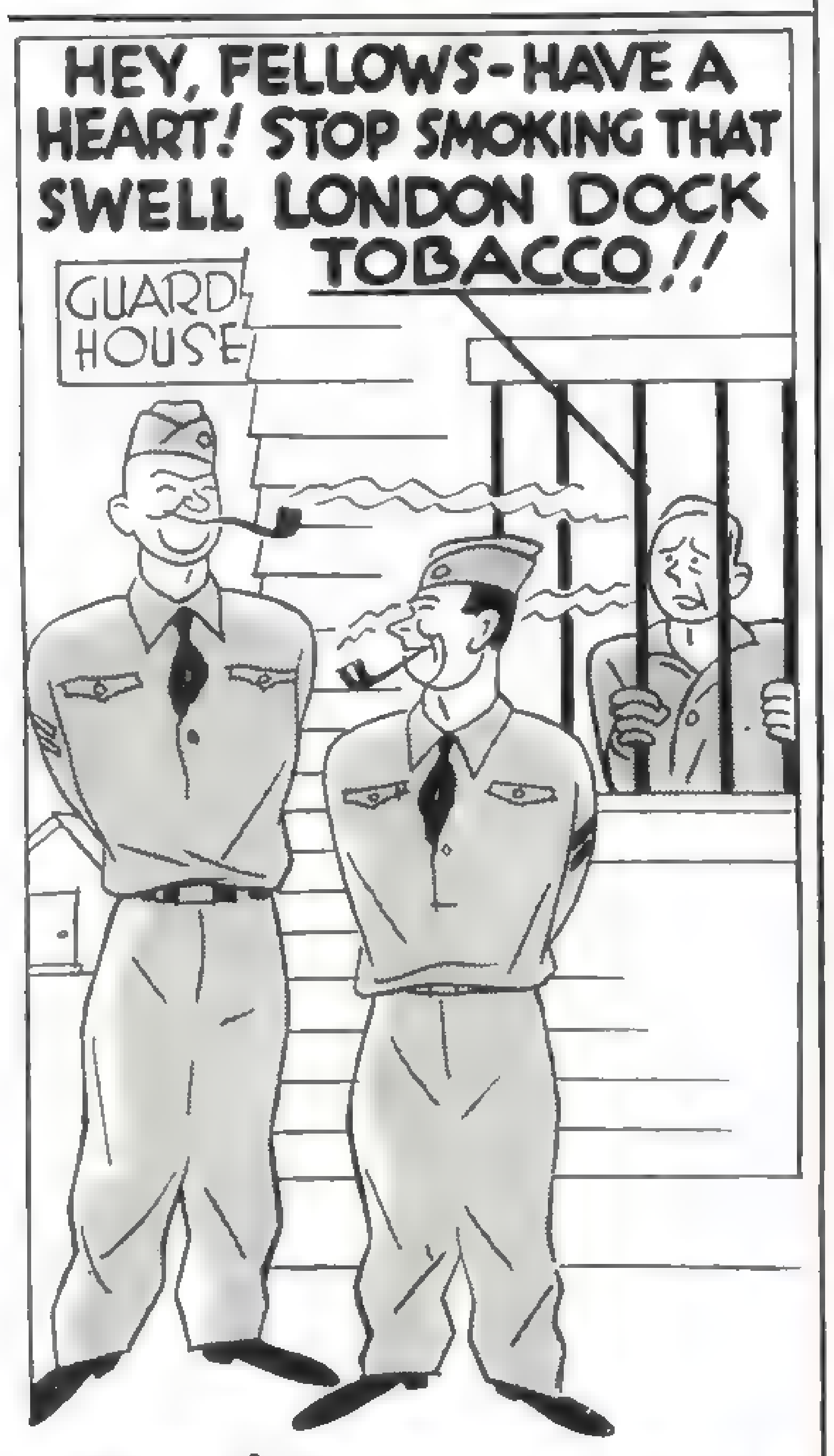
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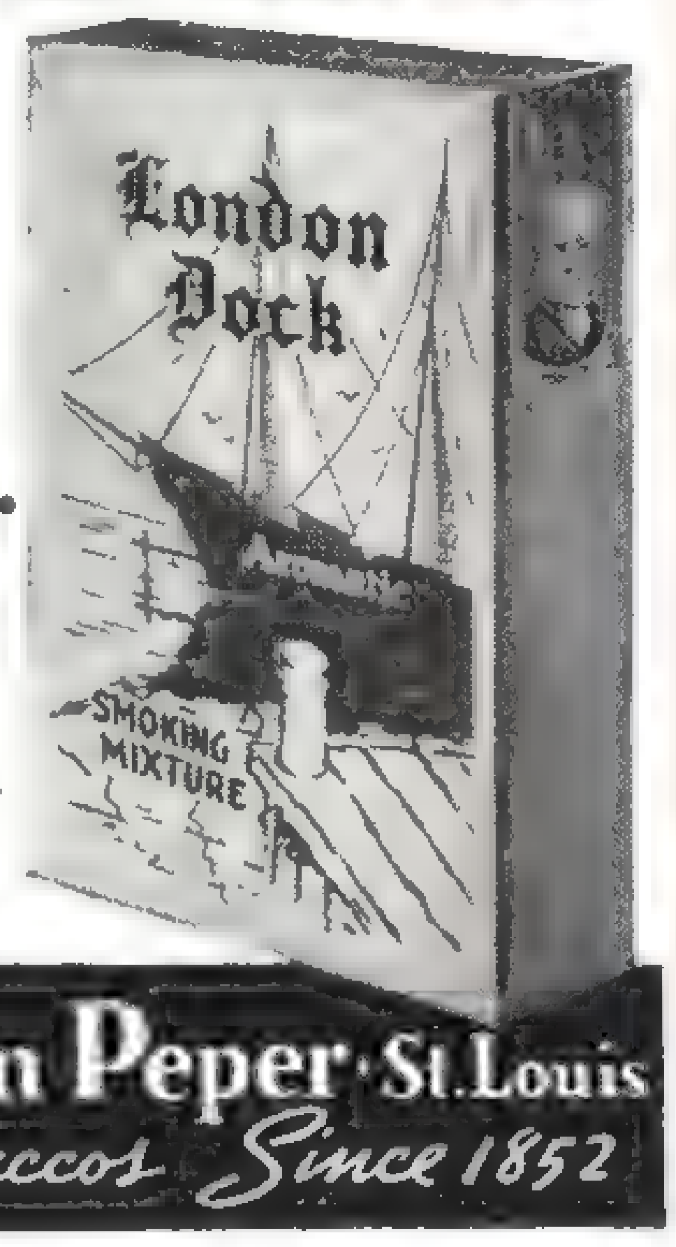

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Painting the Town with Esquire

THAT OLD DOWAGER Nature has been giving out green looks in envy of the superior fresh air breathed by ensnugged confabbers at Jack & Charlie's "21" and close-packed steppers at the Stork—atmosphere cooled precisely "to the point" as though it were a choice bottle of sparkler. Inhale freely and by midnight or thereabouts you're really quite refreshed.

WARTIME WAIVERS of attire rules at the town's stateliest spots have caused quandaries as to the meaning of "informal." Men of umpty-million dollar decisions wistfully beg counsel of Miss Lovelyvoice, telephonic taker of reservations for tables, who intimates tactfully that Sir Patron will be presentable in whatever raiment he has seen fit to don. Chances are it's a towel, anxious inquirer having just stepped out of the shower; in which case the advice hardly covers the situation.

WE, TOO, get drawn into these costume dramas. So, on the basis of observations in best places, we have assembled some hints on habiliments, as follows: White ties, tails and toppers are definitely out for the duration. The dinner jacket, hitherto rated as semi-formal, is now formal. In hotel and restaurant parlance "informal" means dinner jacket not required—but not precluded. This summer by personal preference the white or midnight blue lightweight dinner jacket, midnight blue dress trousers and correct accessories, are being worn by many men. More general, however, is the custom of wearing a lightweight suit such as gabardine, tropical worsted, or similar type. Such a suit, either light or dark in tone, is supplemented with white or modestly colored shirt, striped or figured tie, and dark brown shoes. (Sport shoes, while not unknown, seem a bit extraneous unless worn for the purpose of touting New York's status as a resort.) With the arrival of cool evenings, similar customs will prevail. Our crystal ball assures us that the dark dinner jacket and suitable accessories will be in the ascendant on many occasions but that, even so, men in business suits will feel at ease.

THIS REGALIA revolution, which some would call alarmingly slackward, hasn't drabbed the pomp and punctilio of de luxe dining and entertainment. The celestial Rainbow Room, for example, has gone "informal" without marring its mood in the least. Frequentation of its current show is strictly fabulous.

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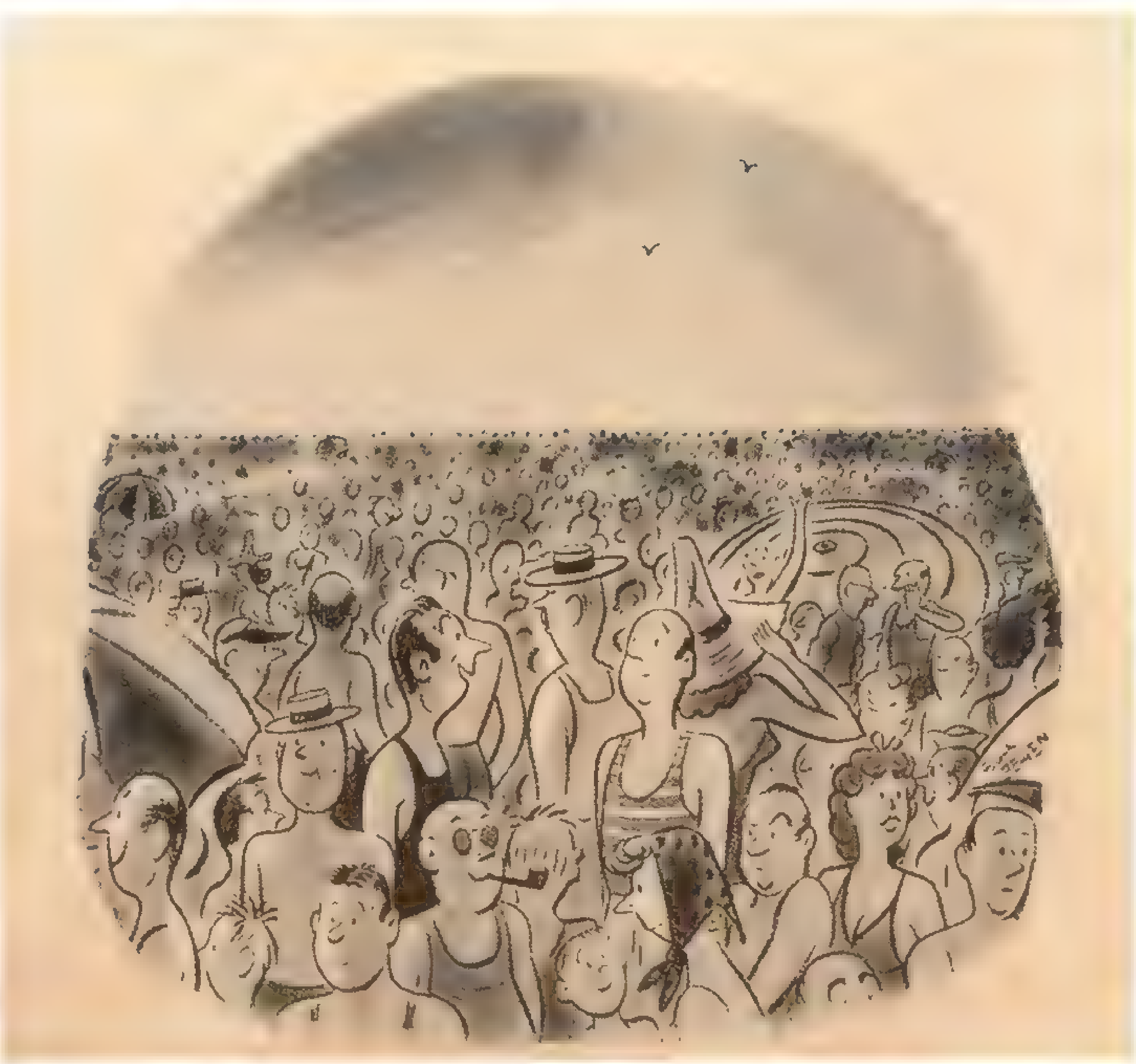

"A fellow who got into the water yesterday said it was fine then!"

The **PLAZA**
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It is not merely the location, facing Central Park, that draws travellers from every corner of the nation to the most scenic of New York City's important corners. At the Plaza, fine living is not expensive and the strategic location means economy of time as well . . . for the Plaza is near smart shops and theatres and the subway at its door offers quick transit to every part of the city.

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For style leadership, for fabric quality, for protection, campus leaders select Rainfair Storm Coats. Here are . . .

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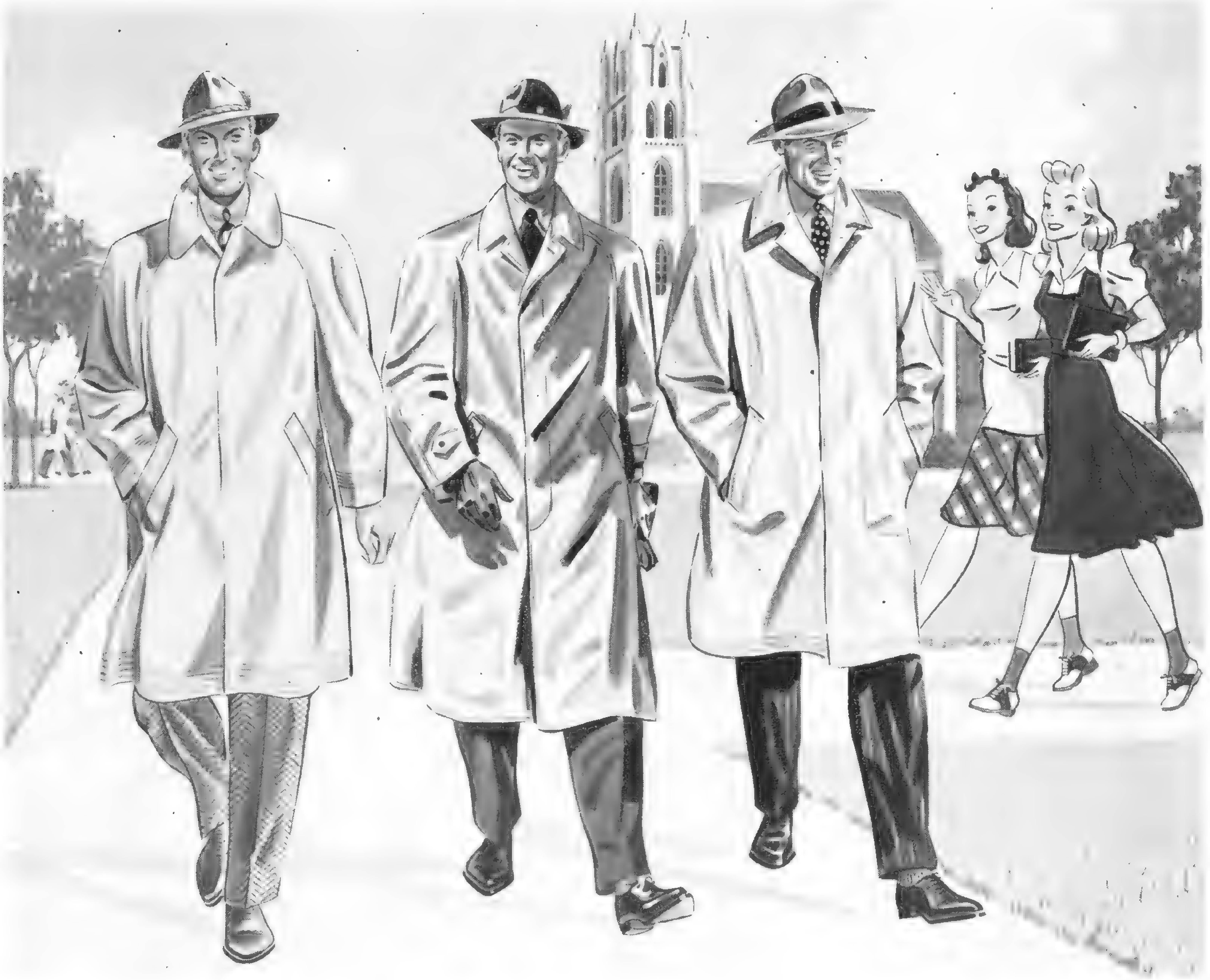
Look to Rainfair for topcoat smartness plus showerproof protection in the year's best models in rainwear. All Rainfair Storm Coats are showerproofed by Cravenette . . . they *protect* your other clothing, and *protect* you, in changing weather. Best of all, *they replace similar garments made of wool thus helping the government in its wool conservation program!*



ZIPRAIN—Nonchalance *plus* in this English style knee length Storm Coat . . . made of fine-quality Piedmont gabardine, showerproofed by Cravenette. Talon fastener on fly front. Slash pockets, railroad stitching on cuffs and bottom, full iridescent rayon lining! Colors: Bleached bone or light olive. Sizes 32 to 44. Regulars, longs. . . . **$13.75**

GRAFTON—Definite "favorite" for men of ALL AGES! Balmacaan style, Piedmont gabardine Storm Coat with fly front . . . expertly tailored . . . and finished with sleeve and deep yoke lining of lustrous rayon. Showerproofed by Cravenette. Colors: fawn, light olive, taupe or green. Sizes: 34 to 46. Regulars, longs, shorts. **$11.50**

TACKLE TWILL—*This rugged fabric used by leading teams for football pants. Chosen by Uncle Sam for first Paratrooper uniforms.* Balmacaan style with raglan shoulders. Deep yoke and sleeve linings of lustrous rayon. Made showerproof by famous Long-Life Cravenette process. Keeps its water-repellent qualities when dry cleaned! Colors: eggshell or tan. Sizes 32 to 44. Regulars or longs **$16.75**

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Sigmund Sameth

Sigmund Sameth, who wrote *Lifeboats That Really Save Lives*, avows his interest in things nautical began at the age of seven, with a full-rigged barkentine model which looked impressive enough on the mantel but wouldn't stay upright afloat in the bathtub. He later mastered the three L's (lead, latitude and lookout) as owner and sometime skipper of a Newfoundland schooner named the *Annie S. Clark*, a sixty tonner. He says the *Annie* did a meager and highly unprofitable codfish business until just before the war when he sold her.

•

Loring A. Schuler originated in New England; worked on the *New York Evening World* in the famous Chapin days; was editor of *Country Gentleman* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. He now lives in Berkeley, California and says he's in the junk business (the Bureau of Industrial Conservation of the War Production Board) for the duration; his headquarters being in Washington, D. C., and his scene of action in Texas, Louisiana and Oklahoma.

•

William A. Krauss recalls four restful years at the University of Virginia and five restless years on a newspaper before he sailed to take up residence in Haiti. He writes: "I live in what was the plantation house of an experimental rubber estate, hard by the fine dark-blue Gulf of Gonave; and all alarms are softened by distance. I should like to work in a small plug for our new houseboy, Pepi-Altee of Aux Cayes, whose graceful serving at table is matched in value by his skill with the rada drums; on the strength of a recent story sale, his salary will be boosted from five to six dollars monthly."

William A. Krauss

•

Don Lang, co-author of *They Do It for Meat*, says he received his higher education possum and coon hunting along the Patuxent River in Maryland. For many years he has been on the air over both major networks, telling his animal stories, and his first novel, *On the Dark of the Moon*, is a story about two raccoons. He considers his major accomplishment so far is to have survived the Pasteur treatment twice, after having been bitten by mad dogs.

Wallace Irwin

Wallace Irwin says: "I was born in 1876 in Oneida, New York, then famous for a colony of people with unconventional ideas. My father followed silver mining in Colorado, and I was an assayer in Cripple Creek during my sabbatical year. Cripple Creek burned to the ground that winter and I was one of the boy deputy sheriffs, riding forty-eight hours without sleep in a pretense of keeping law and order. My contribution was to mistake a National Guard colonel for a lurking gunman and shoot off his cap. I went to Stanford because my father found me quite useless for work. Chinatown fascinated me so that I neglected my first job of reporting for the *San Francisco Examiner*. I had made friends with Wong Foo, then boss of Chinatown, who invited me to a state banquet. The guests were toasting each other in Chinese and seemed delighted about something. Later I discovered a big tong war shooting had been staged. Wong's clan had routed the enemy and I was scooped by another paper while lingering at Wong's banquet—arranged as an alibi for certain important Chinese." Mr. Irwin says he prefers hard labor to sport—which may account for the satiric overtones of *Murder at the Thirteenth Hole*, page 55.

•

Francis Beverly Kelley has devoted most of his career to press-agentry of circuses—first Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, then Hagenbeck-Wallace and back to Ringling, where he directs radio publicity. He graduated from Ohio Wesleyan in '28, was a reporter for the *Indianapolis Times* and press agent for Clarence Darrow for a time and (between circuses) did a hitch of theatrical publicity (*The Green Pastures*, *The Old Maid*, *etc.*). Most of his published articles and fiction have concerned the big tent and he wrote a book about elephants, *Fun by the Ton*, published by Hastings House last year.

Struthers Burt

Struthers Burt, the novelist, has been in turn a newspaper reporter, an English instructor at Princeton, and (since 1910) a ranchman in Wyoming, living in North Carolina during the winter. He was educated in Philadelphia, at Princeton and Oxford, and during the last war was a member of the air service. His most recent novel, *Along These Streets*, published by Scribner's, has been a best seller.

•

Born in Barcelona, Spain, Xavier Cugat appeared as a concert violinist at the age of twelve, and came to the United States a few years later for a series of recitals. Fourteen years ago he gave up music for caricaturing but deadlines depressed him, so he organized a Latin-American orchestra and has been promoting Latin-American music and artists ever since. Last summer he was awarded the Honor de la Cruz Roca of the Republic of Cuba, and the other Latin-American countries have officially expressed their gratitude for his efforts. At this writing he has finished his first motion picture for Columbia, co-starring with Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth; the score for the picture is by Jerome Kern and Johnny Mercer.

Xavier Cugat

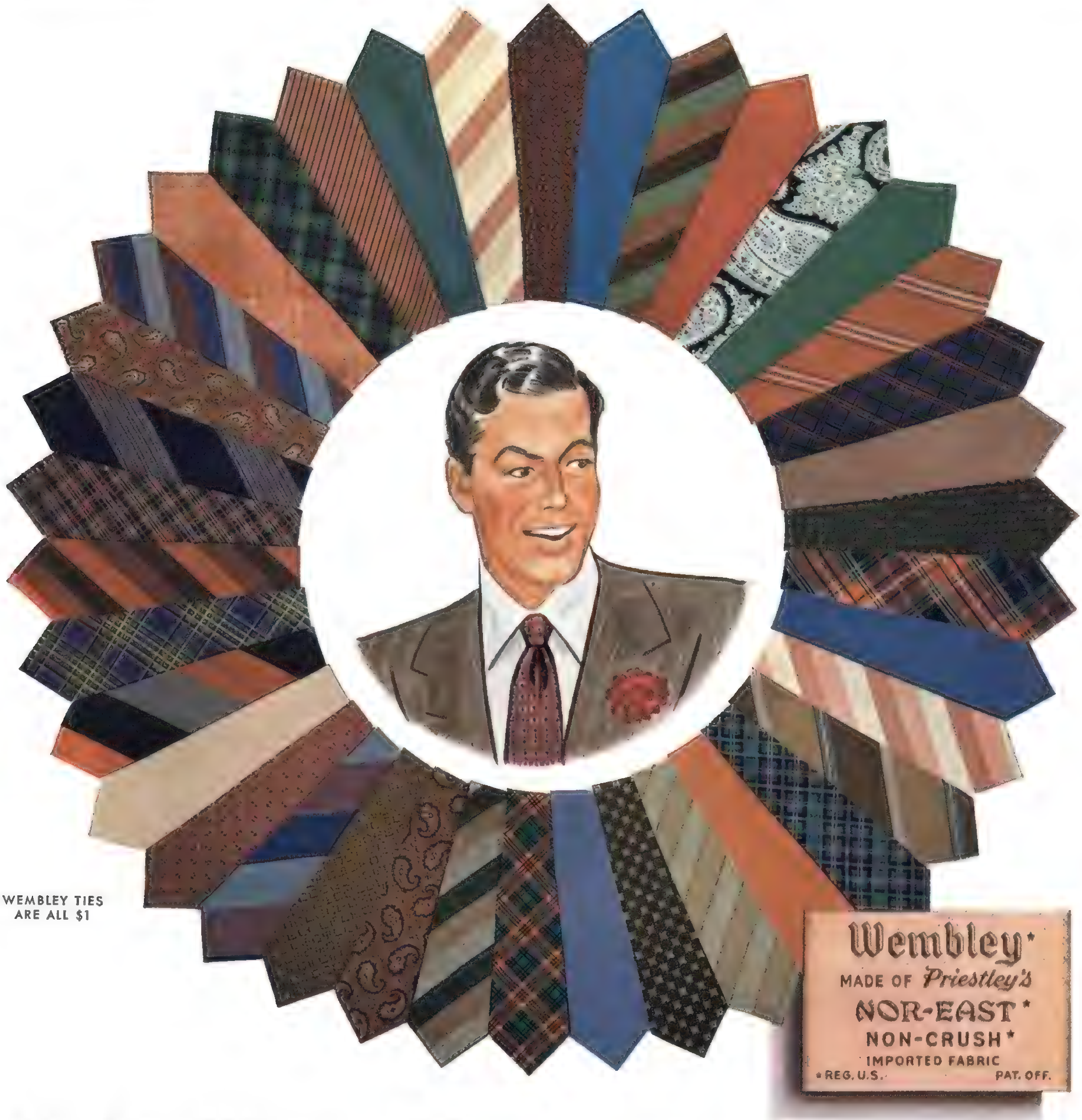
•

Edward James Mathews was recently commissioned as Lieutenant in the U. S. N. R. with a job in the Chief of Naval Operations Office in Washington. He says he has fished ever since he can remember, paints a little and writes a little, mostly for *Life* and *Fortune*. He was educated in private schools in New York, St. George's School, Newport, Rhode Island, and the Yale School of Architecture. He has done many architectural jobs around New York and elsewhere and was employed as a designer for Rockefeller Center.

•

A graduate of the University of San Francisco, Will Connolly got his first newspaper job with the *Call-Bulletin*, then joined the *News* where he covered baseball during DiMaggio's growing pains ('34 to '36). In '36 he was hired by the *Chronicle* to do a humorous column on sports, and he's been there ever since. He is thirty-six, married, and has a son aged sixteen months.

Will Connolly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'43: *Ties! He shows you rich, rare treasures—colors that tempt you to buy dozens. And then . . .*

Sister: *And then?*

'43: *He says, "They're all one dollar." I still think it's all a beautiful dream . . .*

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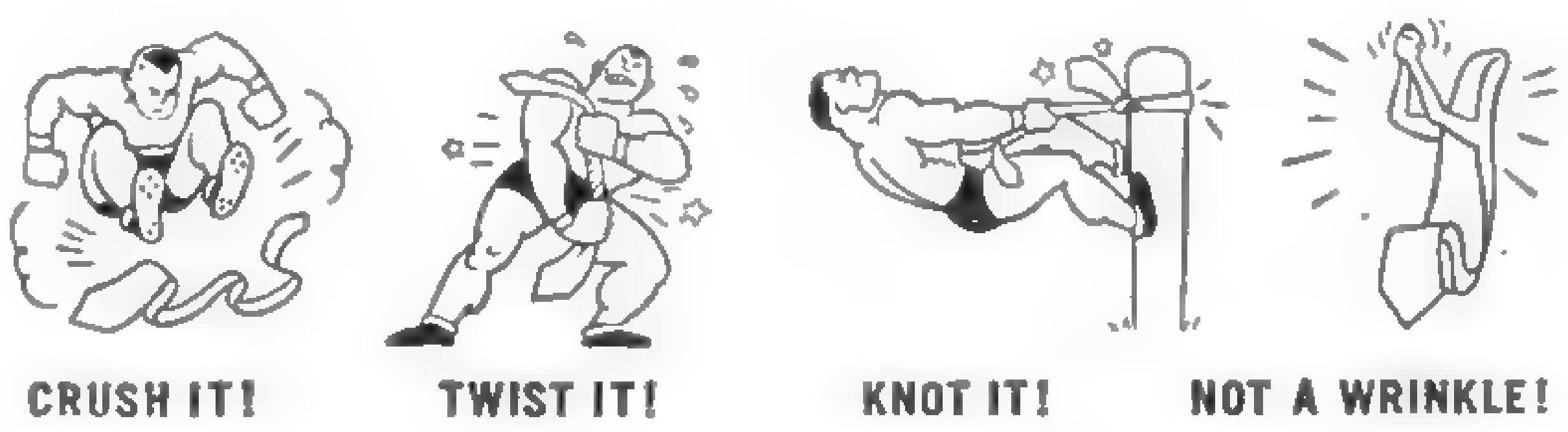
CRUSH IT!
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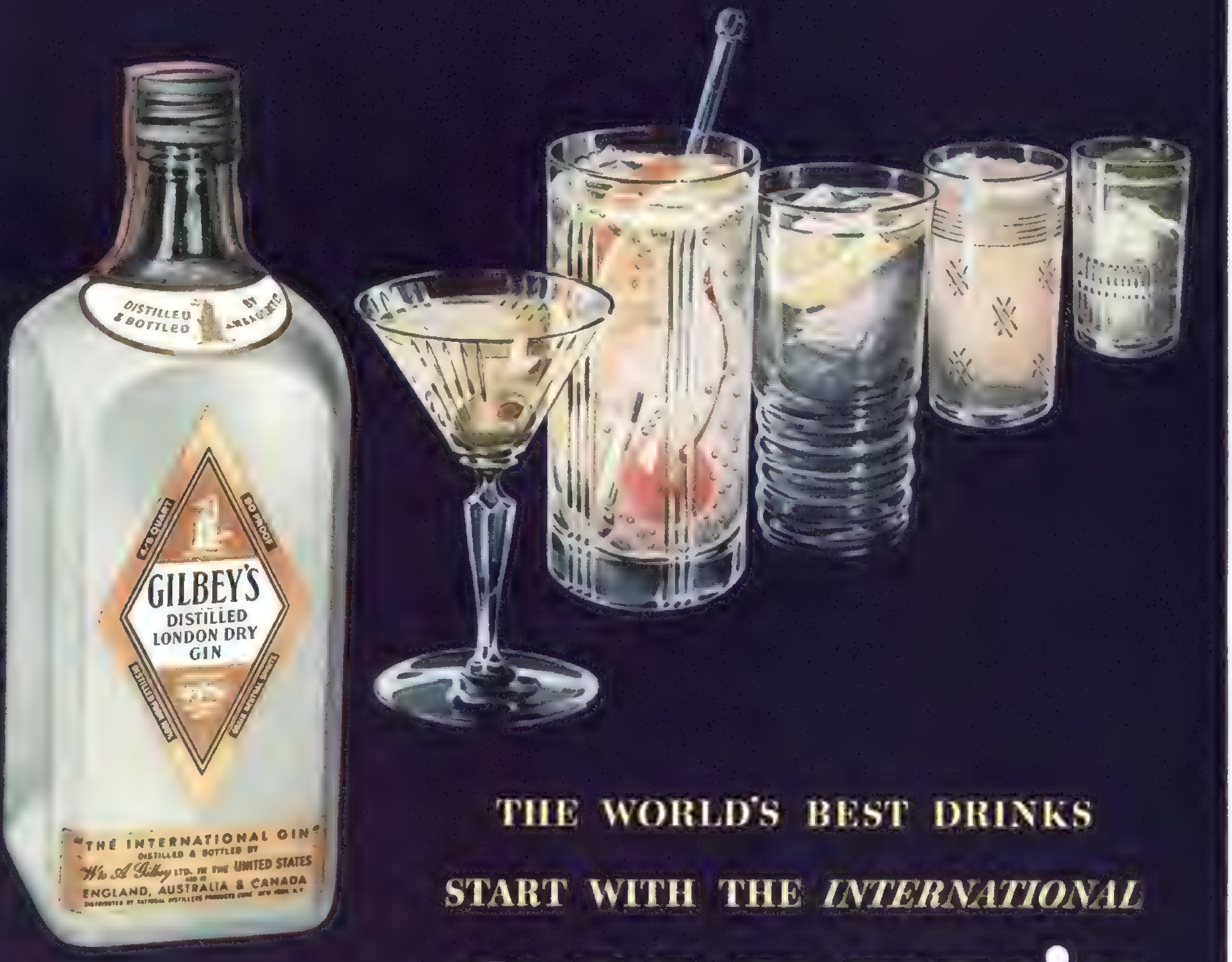
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The "Death-and-Glory Boys"

Describing the hazards of the British RMS experts, brave young men whose job is to render mines and bombs harmless

by LINTON WELLS

• ARTICLE •

LATE one night this last spring a telephone call was hurriedly put through to London. It was the air warden of an English south coast town and his message was urgent. "Nazi raid . . . damage slight . . . no casualties . . . but a German mine, unexploded, is lying on the upper floor of an important factory. If it goes off, the whole building will be wrecked."

Within five minutes a car with brilliant red fenders was careening along the road, its headlights blazing in defiance of black-out regulations. Policemen, seeing the triangular white-and-black insignia on its side, gave it priority over even the most important military traffic. For its driver, a young naval lieutenant, was rushing to one of the most hazardous and important jobs this war has created.

He was one of England's little-publicized "Death-and-Glory Boys," an incredibly courageous group of youngsters, whose job it is to devitalize mines and bombs by removing the mechanism which sets off the explosive. Equipped only with skill and nerve, these experts, whose average age is less than twenty-six have faced risks probably greater than any other in the war. The mortality rate tells the story. Of the first 500 deactivators forming the Royal Navy's Rendering Mines Safe —RMS—Section during the first two years of the war, only 38 are alive today.

The RMS was formed originally to cope with a Nazi innovation in sea warfare—the magnetic mine. When, in November 1939, one of these "secret" weapons accidentally landed on the shore, where it could be examined, Lieutenant-Commander J. G. D. Ouvry was detailed to solve the mystery. Familiar with an elementary form of magnetic mine with which the British had experimented in World War I, Ouvry's first precaution was to remove everything metallic from the persons of his squad—keys, money, cigarette cases, even shoes, which might have nails in them, thus eliminating the risk of setting up a magnetic field. This safety measure subsequently was adopted in handling all mines. He then made drawings and paper rubbings of the mine's surface, so a local ironsmith could forge a set of non-magnetic tools.

When these were ready, Ouvry unbolted a rear section of the casing and removed an explosive-filled cylinder about the size of a water tumbler. This detonator was connected with a tube containing percussion compound which would set off the mine. For six and a half hours, nut by bolt, screw by wire, wheel by spring, he removed the intricate mechanisms of the mine, including a deeply buried second detonator and a "hell of a lot of other primers," to reveal "a devil's brew of 700 pounds of ultra-high explosive, delicate clockwork, and magnetic relays, ingeniously and beautifully made."

The knowledge Ouvry and his men acquired enabled scientists quickly to provide two antidotes to this new form of Nazi poison. One was the "de-gaussing girdle"—long coils of wire wound around ships, creating an artificial magnetic field. The other was a still secret method of locating and exploding the mines at sea.

Large numbers of accomplished craftsmen were needed for these operations and Captain C. N. E. Currey, R. N., was ordered to set up a new RMS Section at Portsmouth. Naval officers and civilian volunteers—all with electrical engineering knowledge—were assigned to three months of intensive instruction in the art of rendering mines safe. These men formed the nucleus of the group of 150 experts who were on hand when the blitz came on August 8, 1940.

That blitz—the worst bombing in the history of warfare—vastly expanded the work of the RMS. For thirty-seven dreadful nights, the Jerries zoomed over Britain in waves, dropping fifty million pounds of death and destruction. Sea mines became a secondary problem compared with the tons of explosives falling on England's cities. Bombs that exploded promptly and properly were devastating enough; but there were others—duds and delayed-action bombs—that paralyzed activity in large areas and constituted an imminent danger. Finally, there was Hitler's newest and most dangerous weapon—the land mine. Hanging from the shrouds of twenty-seven-foot parachutes, scores of these great aluminum cylinders, nine feet by three, floated down silently from Nazi aircraft. Designed to explode in twenty-two seconds after coming to rest, they would annihilate everybody and everything within a quarter-mile radius. Many of these mines, too, failed to go off on schedule, perhaps because their intricate mechanisms were jolted out of gear by the shock of landing.

To handle this new problem, Captain Currey quickly set up headquarters in London. As police and ARP wardens reported the location of menaces all over England, Scotland and Wales, Currey's "Death-and-Glory Boys" sped to the rescue by plane, car or train. Frequently, they were away from London five days at a stretch, operating two and three times a day. After each job, they telephoned headquarters for further orders. But as the raids intensified, more and more men failed to call in. At the end of the thirty-seven days of hell, only twelve of the original 150 men had survived.

Judging by what the "Death-and-Glory Boys" have gone through at one time or another, it's incredible that even twelve should have been spared. There is nothing on earth so unpredictable as a German mine and each has to be treated as a special problem. One rule is, "Treat 'em gently." Yet this is not always possible, for the dynamic sleepers

Continued on page 146

"They think it's candy, see? They gather around, mouths watering and then, 'Boom'!"

Detour on the Burma Road

John Hui knew the American proverb, "It pays to advertise," and said he could do the best spy job in Yunnan

by WALTER CLARE MARTIN

• FICTION •

FROM Dragon's Well at the upper end of the jungle detour to Vahtsu on the Burma Road is less than three hours by truck. So, I figured, if we could drop off our wounded at the old Dutch mission at Dragon's Well, we had a chance to reach Vahtsu by dark. If our crippled caravan did not reach Vahtsu by dark . . . I didn't want to think about that.

I did think about it, and about what Madam Chiang Kai-shek had said when Jack Timber and I and our native crew had rolled away from the batteries of Yunnan-fu with our cavvy of fifty empties. I remembered how the Chiangs and their friends had nursed Jack through the rat-bite fever. He had been stricken while cruising timber for the Generalissimo's engineers. The Chiangs had suggested that I give Jack a job and help him rebuild his health.

Those empties now were gorged with motors and plane parts we had loaded at Lashio. Our return run to Yunnan-fu was nearly half done and Jack was still riding beside me, warping the wheel with the devil's own skill, his hair, which was something not to wave at a bull, plastered over a bandaged skull with a mixture of mountain dirt and swamp spiderwebs. That was from the ambush we rammed into, just two minutes east of the border signboard and just two months ahead of Pearl Harbor.

We could see the red trickle from "Gabriel's Express," third truck back from the one we were driving. It was groaning with hastily patched-up men on a jolting bed of elephant grass. We could see in the cab just behind us a Yunnan lad of eighteen, wrestling with one hand the haywire steering gear while his other hand clutched the surgical wad I had blopped over the hole in his blouse.

"What the hell," snapped Jack. "We're still rolling! We're rollin' up to Vahtsu. There's camouflaged storage sheds at Vahtsu and not a soul to spy on us. We can hide there and work on the buggies."

We had bulled through lianas and knife-lopped fern for a hundred yards when Jack suddenly jammed on the breaks and grabbed his Garand from its leather boot.

There was a movement, barely visible, in the green jumble of fern; then our Lolo scout burst into the lane. His ropy black turban had been mauled out of shape; his cross-stick, or "snake-chopper," was bloody.

I jumped out and ran toward him. "How fashion, Mosu?"

There was fire in his eyes as he brandished his bloody snake-chopper. "All over dam' no good *va pien huei* walla walla big fire give bomber look-see, so my say big towel go boom-boom, then catch plenty nose-punch!"

Of all the dirty businesses connected with the Jap invasion of China, the opium traffic was the dirtiest.

"What's his yap?" roared Jack, as he came legging through the cut brush like a bull elephant starting on the rampage.

"He's trying to tell us there's a party of Chinese ahead. Maybe a bombed-out town on the prod. They're lighting fires, and he tried to stop them. From his looks, I'd say he started a riot."

"Towel! Towel! Towel!" Mosu cried excitedly.

"The tower!" Jack suddenly got it. If fire should attract the Jap buzzards, they might discover the tower, a hidden radio post, not yet manned but of tremendous importance. It had been erected in a malarial elbow of the uninhabited White Tiger ravine. The main idea of this post was to protect guys like us from maulings like the one we had just undergone.

Because of Jack's speed, we reached the place well ahead of our cavvy. Mosu was right; there were fires. Even worse, a clearing had been slashed out, and the refugees were lashing up houses. Weak stragglers and pack loads were still coming. A pregnant woman crawled in, her feet bleeding. A little girl with eyes like grape jelly, carrying a pet cricket in a tiny brass cage, sat by the exhausted woman.

A dried-up old coolie under a black lacquered grass hat, reminding me of a frost-bitten mushroom, staggered into the glade under a *ti'ao*, poled load, from one end of which hung a basket of pigs, and from the other end a basket of wife. The wife's feet had been bound in the good old days; so of course she had collapsed on the march. The aged coolie, the pigs, the wife and the pole sank in a heap beside the child with the cricket. Ten days they had wandered through the swamps. Many wounded had died on the march. Each time, when one died, they had paused to build a wood coffin; so the ghost of the dead would not chide them.

I was struck by the absence of young men and young women. They'd be with Chiang Kai-shek. They'd be at Changsha standing up to the grinning little gorillas who were tearing the bowels out of China. I could feel, more than see, Jack Timber's neck thicken at the sight of these pitiful brave folk in the clearing. Arm stumps; leg stumps; burned-out eyes; shot-off noses; a girl who couldn't cease moaning; a boy without hands to work with; a brain-shocked mother huddled by a small charcoal stove, feeling cold when the rest all were sweating. These were the "military objectives" so proudly hailed in the Tokyo press.

Jack walked back to Number Three, the Gabriel Express, to check on our casualties. Another pushboy had died, so Jack ordered him buried in one of the cheap coffins we always had with us. While they scooped a hole under a hummock of moss, I turned my

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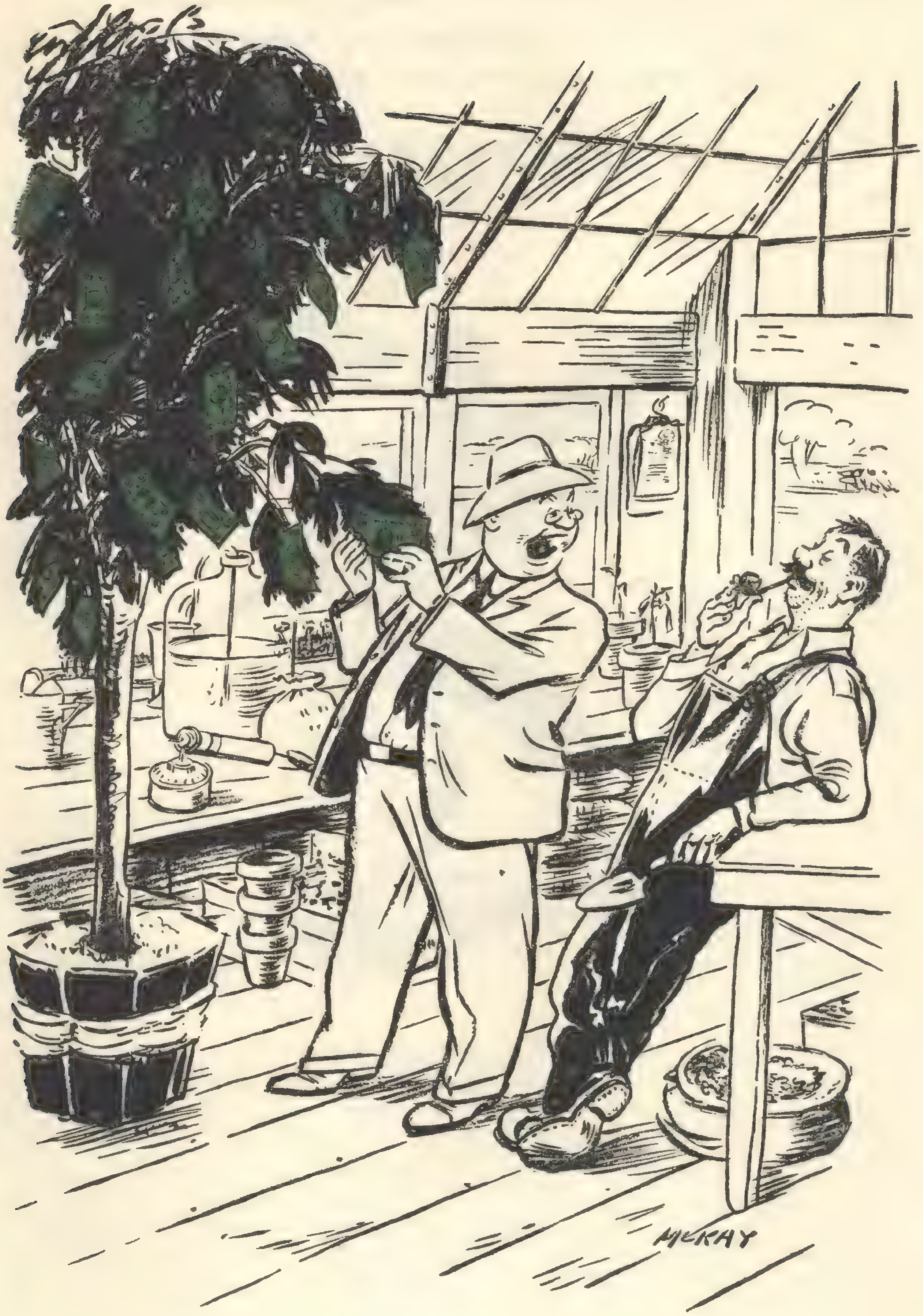
HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Third Field Battery—good morning ——"



"Good Lord, Bush! You've done it! Your salary's raised starting this week!"

Playing Fields of Eton

Contrary to Wellington's snobbish and muddled theory concerning the Battle of Waterloo, this writer maintains sports have never won a war

by STRUTHERS BURT

• ARTICLE •

℞

After I graduated from Princeton I went to Oxford, and not long after I left Oxford a number of my best friends, and grand and useful fellows they were, were killed needlessly, exposing themselves to rifle fire and high explosives, swagger sticks, actual or symbolic, in their hands. Robert Graves in his book about his service with the Welsh Fusiliers said a number of the better British regiments never did "quite acknowledge the last war socially."

It took the English as a whole about two years to get over that, and now once again it has taken them two bloody and unnecessary years to recover from the same state of mind; a state of mind shared in its larger implications by us Americans and which, not yet having had as much bitter experience as the English, a good many of us not in the armed services still cherish. Meanwhile as usual a number of magnificent young men, rich and poor, British and American, white, black, yellow and red, have been sacrificed unnecessarily, and Dunkirk, Hong-Kong, Pearl Harbor, Singapore, Burma and Corregidor have happened. One can also recall casually Bull Run, most of the early battles of the First World War, the Boer War, the Spanish War, and the Custer Massacre. At Bunker Hill and King's Mountain the English had the same attitude, but the American of that period hadn't; he wasn't a sportsman. For the most part he was a serious-minded frontiersman, a squirrel shot, a bear hunter, an Indian fighter, or else a small farmer or tradesman whose object was to shoot quick and get back to his work. The result was that the American army, although small and endlessly handicapped, and despite desertions and Kenneth Roberts, was at times amazingly effective; an army of bushwhackers, ambushers, deceptionists and sharpshooters, of commandos, which, when necessary, even took scalps.

The men of that army, at least, never made one mistake, they never confused war with sport, not even Washington who was a sportsman and a fox hunter. Washington knew that if he ever wanted to fox-hunt or farm in peace again it was necessary to finish off the war in which he was engaged, and besides, he had had the advantage of being with Braddock at Duquesne.

I never did like the Duke of Wellington, anyway. The only thing I ever heard about him I liked, and that's a wry and disagreeable story when you come to think about it, is his reply to a lady who having enjoyed for a while his glacial affections, threatened blackmail. The Duke wrote back; "Dear Fanny: Sue and be damned." Otherwise, he was a bad if unbelievably fortunate general and an obfuscated and arrogant man. Sent in 1814 as British Ambassador to France, he wrote his government when Napoleon escaped from Elba that the conqueror of Europe had acted upon "false or no information" and that Louis the XVIII would "destroy him without difficulty and in a short time."

Within four months Napoleon had crossed the Sambre and a few days later, the Duke, taken by surprise, shared in a victory which permitted him to make one of the most infamous and fatal remarks in English history and, by the same token, in American history as well. Everyone knows what it was—the Duke said Waterloo had been "won on the playing fields of Eton."

Or rather, that's a paraphrase. What he really said, sometime later watching a cricket match at Eton, was, "Here was where Waterloo was won." But no matter how he said it, or where, the Duke did five unforgivable things.

In the first place, he told a lie. In the second place, he spoke thoughtlessly, for subsequently he contradicted himself flatly, a fact the textbooks omit since it caters neither to national pride nor snobbishness. In the third place, he nailed down for generations to come the worst features of the English caste and military systems and, once more by the same token, of their paler counterparts, the American caste and military systems. In the fourth place, he further confused English and American thought, never a very difficult thing to do. And finally, and worst of all, he perpetuated war.

Rather a record even for a duke!

The American equivalent of the Duke's remark is the historic statement of the late William Jennings Bryan's that America needed no preparation for defense because, in case of need, "a million embattled farmers would spring to arms."

Times change, nations improve, and overalls give way to flannel slacks. The embattled farmers of 1914 were the embattled golf players of 1939. I remember that when I was at Oxford, Lord Roberts was going up and down the British Isles preaching preparedness and the majority of his listeners thought him "a tiresome old ass." Do you recall this classic stanza from the last war?

"I was golfing on the Downs
When the German army landed,
Every British soldier shot,
Every British warship stranded;
And the thought of England's shame,
Almost put me off my game."

Well, at this date, 1942, the English have got over that idea, but how about a lot of us—I mean, a lot of us civilians?

Just so long as war—until it happens—is regarded as a glorified and magnified form of sport to be taken up on the spur of the moment when occasion demands, which it never is so regarded by those actually engaged in it, nor by those nations prepared at the outset to make it, nor by any intelligent professional soldier or sailor, just so long will those nations who hate war and wish to end it, suffer initial

Continued on page 100

The Team of the Year

But Great Lakes' gallant eleven plays football to sustain morale, to raise recruits, relieve families stricken through naval war and to win

by NICK KEARNS

• SPORTS •
℞

Because of some spectacular success, at the close of every football season some team is nominated by popular acclaim "The Team of the Year." This year, owing to certain circumstances it is possible to name the team of the year before the season even commences. Without being victorious in all of its many games in huge stadia about the country—which even seems unlikely in view of all the top competition lined up—as in America's last war year of 1918, the team of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station will be the team of the year 1942—win, lose or draw.

I nominate this team ahead of its schedule as the foremost football team of the country not only because Great Lakes has in its "ship's company" many superb and well-known football players, but because of the needs and purposes that this team will fulfill—needs and purposes infinitely beyond those of any of the other teams annually performing this tough contact game all over the country.

Great Lakes will have a winning football team—not, paradoxically, for the purpose of winning football games. Certainly that great team will play to win, in the typical American fashion; and it will take pride in victory. But winning games will be only incidental to its greater aims.

Three major roles are fulfilled by this football team—the same as the other fine teams in other sports that have been built up at Great Lakes, the largest and finest naval training station in the world, for the duration of the war. The first objective of all of these teams is entertaining the recruits. It has been established by experience (and this policy is encouraged by high Navy officers and the President) that it is neither possible nor wise to attempt to force upon raw green men continuous and unrelieved work. Diversion is just as much a requirement of the hurrying, hard-working recruits as food and rest. The athletic teams at Great Lakes help supply that diversion. They give the men the pause that refreshes. Psychologically these periods of diversion are like the lubrication of an automobile or a machine; they relieve the friction, prevent excessive wear.

The second purpose of these outstanding teams is to aid in recruiting men. The Navy is very proud of its record as a voluntary force. The Navy believes that there is an advantage in volunteers. These fine varsity teams traveling around the country, displaying the finest types of young American manhood, create interest in the Navy. The games of these splendid players arouse interest in the Navy in the "Army conscious" Middle West. Onlookers feel that if the Navy is good enough for these star players, it is good enough for *them*. Statistics have definitely proved that enlistments consistently increased from twenty to forty per cent wherever the Great Lakes basketball team appeared last winter. And with larger crowds attending football games, these benefits will be increased many times during the gridiron campaign.

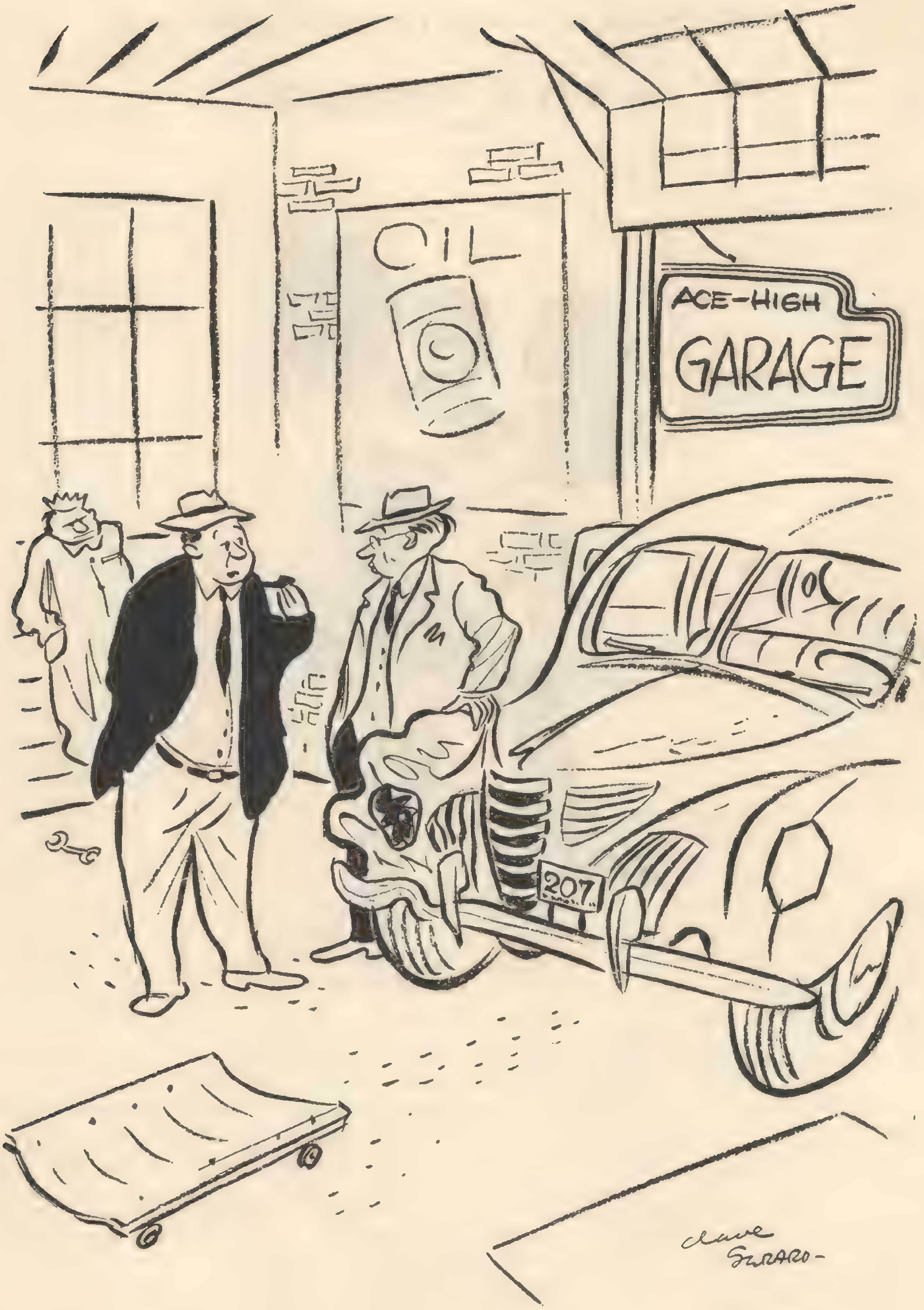
The third value of the teams lies in the money raised for relief of the families of those stricken in a Naval war that already has cost the United States far more than all the previous Naval conflicts of the country's history. About thirty-five per cent of our Naval forces come from the thirteen states of the Ninth Naval District. Therefore about a third of our casualties have come from this district, with the resultant heavy need for relief funds. That these funds can be raised painlessly in a period of many monetary pressures through the medium of athletics was proved by the record of the Great Lakes basketball team, which cleared over $14,000 last winter. Far more will be raised of course by the football team.

Yet even as a vicious war rages, conflict goes on within our own physical education ranks with regard to the utility of sports in war, and the types of sports to be employed. There is the calisthenics group, after the German pattern; and there is the typically American competitive system. Strongly in favor of the competitive program is Lieutenant Commander J. Russell Cook, athletic officer at Great Lakes, who organized and directed the American Legion Junior baseball program before returning to active duty in the Navy. Then and now, Commander Cook has found that games are invaluable as an aid in the principal purpose of the training program which is calculated to bridge the gap between civilian and military life as fast as possible and send to sea men who are mentally, morally and physically sound. The games help bring the men together in their companies, fostering that intangible mass enthusiasm and resoluteness known as morale.

"Through competitive sports," Commander Cook explained, "we not only condition our men to make them physically fit for the struggle ahead, but we teach them the fighting spirit. To calisthenics and our physical hardening routine, we add athletic competition to give our sailors the teamwork, hard play and unity of physical purpose needed to win the war. We are convinced that the Navy way of building winning warriors is the American way."

The three objectives to be fulfilled in each period of training were described by Lieutenant Commander H. B. Edgar, an Annapolis man who returned from Guam just before the outbreak of the war. The first purpose of the program, he said, is to teach the hundreds of recruits arriving daily from the recruiting stations all over the United States the fundamentals of seamanship. By this system a man's apprenticeship for

Continued in center of page 107


OIL
ACE-HIGH
GARAGE
207
dave Gerard

"Afraid a new fender is impossible—but we could smash up the other one to make it match"

Death in Short Pants

While history argues against gas as a very formidable weapon we'll probably use some kind before this war is over

by ROBERT W. MARKS

• ARTICLE •

PROPHETS of Armageddon have been shouting, for some time, that high horror is in the air, in gaseous form, and that holy smoke is just around the corner. Poison gases, the like of which we have never sniffed before, are promised by jubilant Jobs and Jeremiahs; and we are warned that our time is borrowed time.

The cold facts, however, appear to confound these hotheads of holocaust—although it does seem probable that some form of gas will, sooner or later, seep through the lattice work of our ivory tower. Fronts are stabilizing, Nazi backs are turning; and ample stocks of poisons are on display in the lethal markets.

We have lung irritants, or *suffocants;* available. We have skin eaters, or *vesicants;* nose irritants, or *sternutators;* and a very good buy, today, in special gases for the eye—in case you're voyeuristically inclined.

We also have arguments to suit every purse—theses holding that the new gases are the most horrible devices ever conceived in the mind of psuedo-civilized man; theses maintaining that gases are the most human of all war weapons, temporarily inconveniencing the enemy, and nothing more . . . so that war can be fought on the basis of parlor strategy, a peccadillo among gentlemen, a contest of symbols and challenges diplomatically exchanged.

The second group would have us believe that the gases will put modern battles on the same footing as the friendly wars waged in Renaissance times, wherein rival groups of mercenaries would surrender when a given opponent would say, "Gentlemen, you are surrounded; be good enough to hand over your cross-bows."

But aside from all philosophy and speculation, all literary furbelows, and high calls for a new Dante to chronicle a new inferno, gas has played no particular part in the war—up to this writing. It is true that the comic-opera Italians, in a gay, *bel canto* spirit, sprayed a bit of flesh-searing mustard gas on the barefooted Ethiopian natives; sprayed it blithely *pro Dei, pro gloria, pro patria.* Yet no full-scale, or even large-scale gas offensive has so far been hinted at.

The natural question is: Why this delay? Fear of retaliation is no argument; and certainly no deterrent for the Germans. For, if the prospect of nemesis could have any effect on the quaint, fanatical Nazi mind, every Storm Trooper would be in the loving care of a psychiatrist.

The Treaty of Versailles, which considerately outlaws gas, can also be brushed aside as an argumentative piece of hush-hush. A fine regard for the niceties of international law can scarcely be looked on as essential to German character.

Nor have the Russians, realists as they are, taken any initiative in the field of gas. And the Russians, it is patent, have no patience with quibbles, with Munichs, with Alphonse or Gaston.

It would seem to follow that there is something wrong with the gas itself. Maybe it isn't as efficient as Mr. H. G. Wells and other prophets of horror seemed to think. Suppose we go into the laboratory, adjust our masks, and sniff a few filtered chemical facts.

For a weapon to be of any practical value in combat, it must kill, maim, terrify, or enervate. This holds for everything from tomahawks to Tommy guns, from poisoned wells to poison pens. It includes projectiles, panzers, and political propaganda.

Gas, it must be admitted, does all these things; but only under certain ideal conditions. And ideal conditions are as rare as albino albatrosses.

An ideal gas would be odorless and colorless, making detection difficult—delaying preventive measures until preventive measures would be no more than academic details. It would be heavier than air, sticking to the earth—not clouds. It would be lethal in small concentrations, making it unnecessary to smother the victims to get results. It would be unaffected by humidity or moisture, retaining its strength despite rain, fog, or heavy dew. It would hang around for days, shaking an airy fist at decontamination squads. It must be easy and cheap to manufacture; otherwise industry would have to shake itself to pieces in order to generate enough to do any good . . . or harm.

Happily, or unhappily, there is no ideal gas. At this stage in the game of chemical warfare, there is an efficiency factor which militates against each.

Chlorine, the gas the Germans released on that historic April 22, 1915, at Ypres, was a fizzle. It won an easy, early victory by reason of its surprise value, then lost its military virtue. During this first great gas attack of the war, the Germans blew off 5,700 cylinders of chlorine during a period of three minutes, and along a front about three-and-a-half miles long. It was most effective. Five thousand Frenchmen were killed outright, fifteen thousand were gassed, six thousand were captured, intact. Then the Germans ran out of gas.

All of this had been the creation of the great German chemist, Fritz Haber, the man who developed the process for extracting nitrogen from the air, and a man who was later exiled from Germany as a "non-Aryan," whatever that might be. Haber had been fought by the German General Staff, who argued that a chemist had no place in the war, except as a servile researcher in the field of explosives.

The second great chlorine attack occurred along a seven-and-a-half mile Russian front, along the Bzura-Ravka River, on May 31,

Continued on page 134

Joe's
GARAGE
DRIVE IN
W8818
29-427
Joe's
Garage
McKAY

"Maybe it's the fluid drive!"

Later Than Midnight

The Reverend Mr. Cromwell enjoyed those late visits to the *Sentinel*, his solitary walk through the shadowy, deserted streets

by WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

FICTION

THE Rev. Mark Cromwell despised bedgoing in any season, but it was especially in summer, when the nights were doubly pleasant, that he delayed the inevitable retirement to the latest possible minute. There was no one to rebuke him if he burned his lights until dawn. But the routine of his distant boyhood would never be completely eradicated. Through those early years his parents had said: "Nine o'clock! Well! Bedtime." The phrase had never varied. Eventually the youth who was to become the Rev. Mark Cromwell had, without conscious thought, evolved the notion that persons who stayed awake after nine o'clock were violating a necessary code of society. Even in his fortieth year he was unable to hear the ninth hour strike without an uneasy twinge.

"I am far, far too busy," he would say defensively, half aloud, staring through the wide, old-fashioned windows of his study. And if the night was gentle and warm—cloudless, perhaps, with a good moon—he would be suddenly aware of a reckless tingle down his spine.

Quite recently he had come upon a new justification for the deferring of sleep. When elderly Mr. Bulstrode had been killed in the collapse of the balcony at the Lyric Theater, there had been no one to write the church announcements for the *Daily Sentinel.*

It was the Rev. Mr. Cromwell who joyously swung himself into the breach. His other affairs usually occupied him until eleven o'clock. From eleven to midnight Mr. Cromwell organized and neatly typed the church announcements. He headed each page "From Mark Cromwell"—simply that—and he was careful that his paper should be white, his space double, and his news story brief, accurate, wholly to the point.

Then he put on his brown felt hat and walked the seven blocks to the *Daily Sentinel* office. He breathed deeply of the crisp night air, remarking to himself upon the mingled scent of trees and soil, calling to his own attention that dark houses mottled by shadows are frequently more attractive than the same houses in the stark light of day. Sometimes he smoked, but more often he waited until he had mounted the steps to the *Sentinel* city room before lighting his pipe. He found it pleasant to sit on the edge of a desk and, for five minutes or so, gossip with the night editor, a pale young man who was by way of being an agnostic. Sometimes he stood for a brief space before the Associated Press ticker (pudgy hands clasped behind him, short legs spread as if to resist the upward swing of a ship's deck), watching the letters fall one by one to tell—here, now—what was happening in far places.

This had been going on, this newswriting, for almost a month, when occurred the night of the misfortune.

On that special night the Rev. Mark Cromwell ate his dinner of meat loaf and carrots, prepared without inspiration by Mrs. Biddle, his housekeeper, and entered his study with a disquieting feeling that he would, before midnight, know indigestion. He detached his clerical collar, put aside the black linen stock, and sank gratefully in the deep chair beside his bookshelves.

At half past ten he uncovered his typewriter and settled to work on the announcements for the news columns. Rain splashed lightly on his windows—summer rain. The sound was refreshing, cool. Mrs. Biddle, bonneted, looked in then to say good-night. "Good-night," said Mr. Cromwell. "Mind the rain."

"Thank you," Mrs. Biddle murmured. "I have my umbrella."

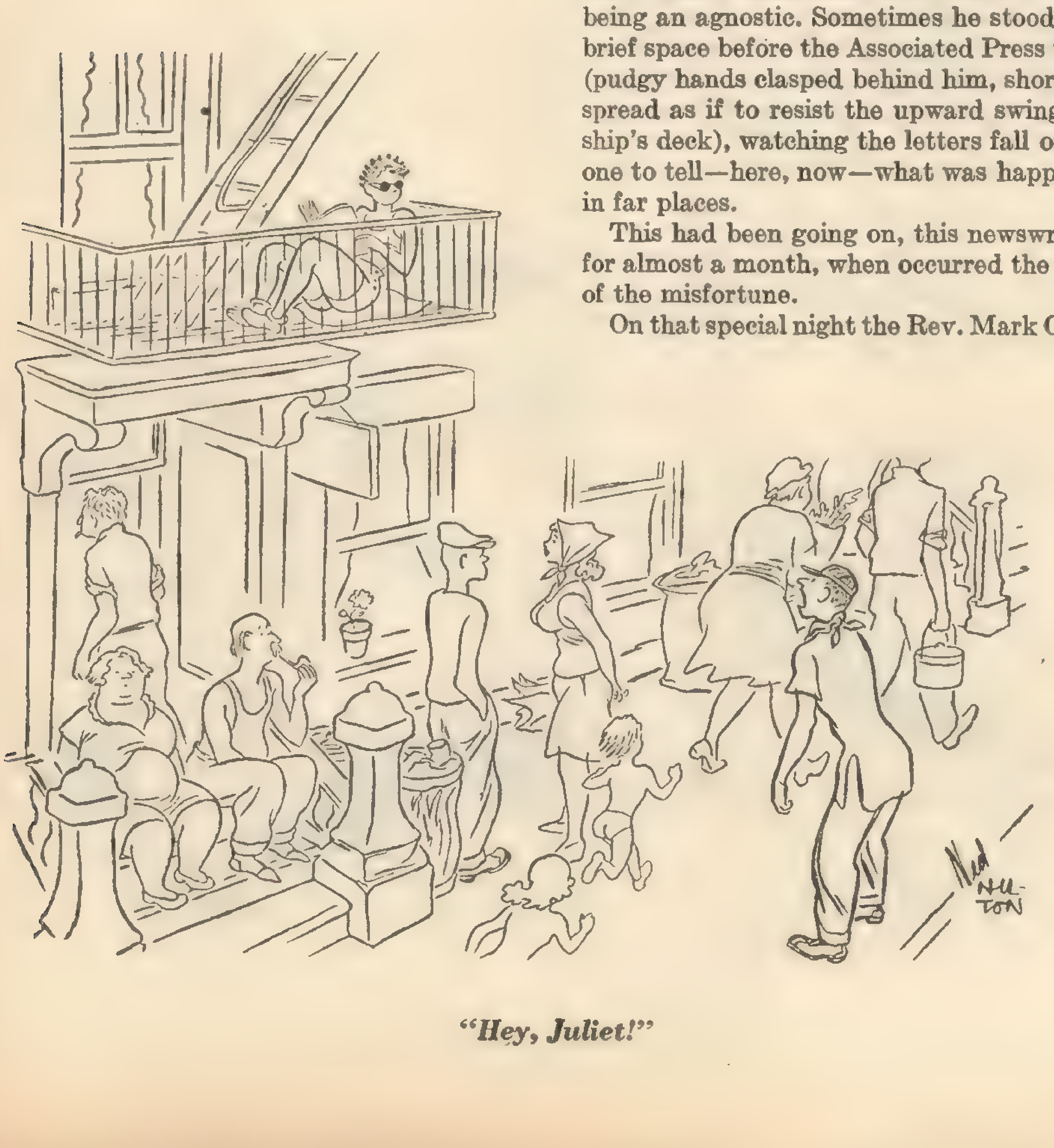
She smiled affectionately—she was really fond of the Rev. Mr. Cromwell, in a motherly way that did nothing to improve her cooking—and she went away.

After he had heard the porch door close, Mr. Cromwell returned to his notes. Sermon topic: "Nothing is Secret which shall not be made Manifest: Luke viii, 17." How true, he observed; he'd make something good of that. Special young people's service at eight-fifteen Sunday night to hear a program by the choir of the Mount of Olives Baptist Church in the Negro quarter south of the courthouse. Sunday school outing to Blue Pond Wednesday afternoon. . . . Industriously Mr. Cromwell pecked at his typewriter, pausing to erase cleanly when his fingers struck upon wrong keys. At eleven o'clock he went into the kitchen for a glass of milk. At half past eleven the copy for the *Sentinel* was completed to his satisfaction. He clipped the sheets together, folded them precisely, and stood up.

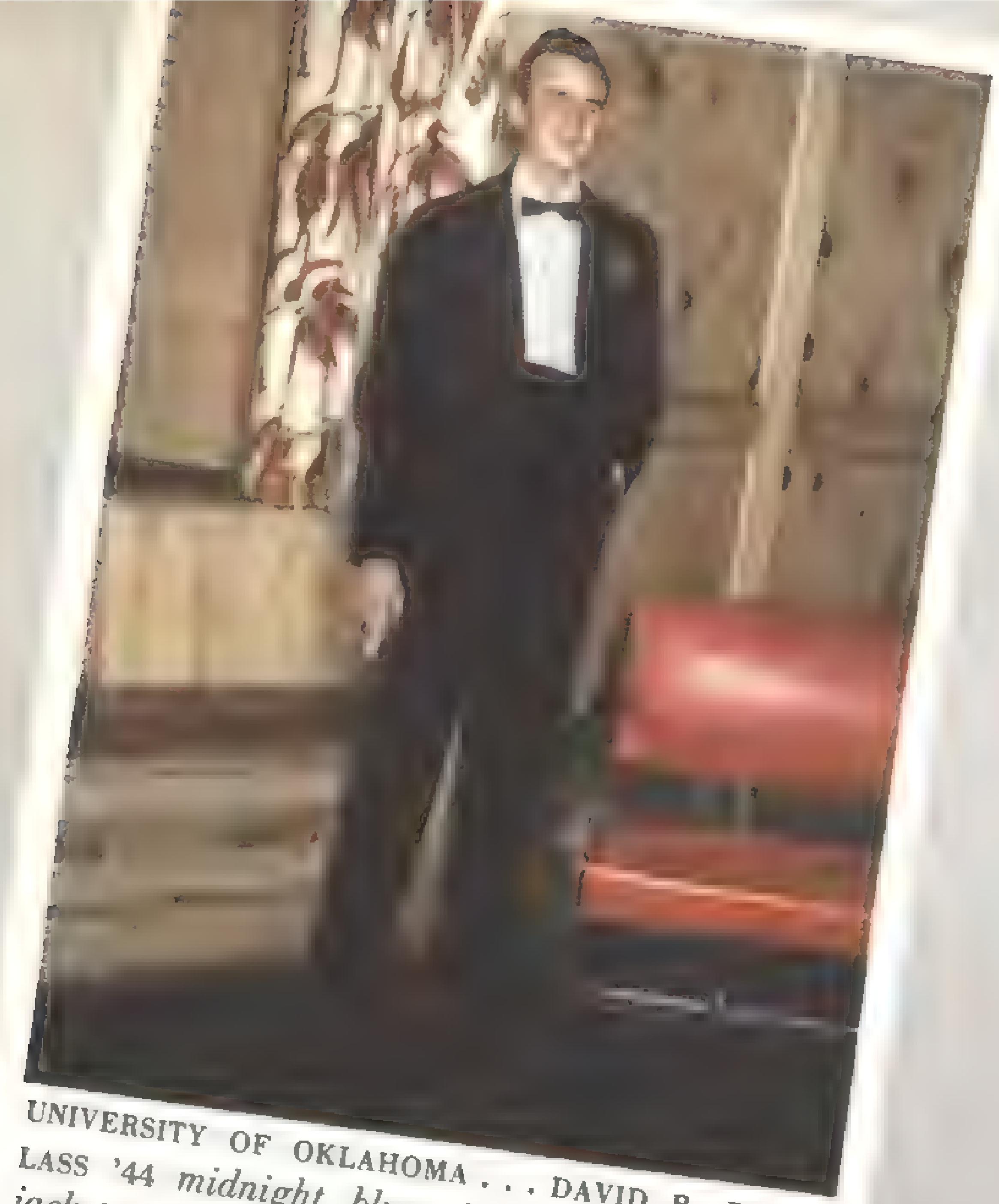
It would be pleasant to venture into the storm, to walk rapidly, head up, in the rain. He glanced at his discarded collar, distastefully. No need for that. He'd wear his raincoat buttoned to the neck. And his hat? Better not wet the trim brown felt; rather, he'd find his cap, which should be somewhere in the hall closet. The cap was spotted and untidy, to be sure, a disgraceful old cap no longer good for much. But who would see him on the streets at this rainy midnight? And he could stuff the cap into his pocket at the door of the *Sentinel* city room.

The streets were deserted. Splashes of light shone like silver on the wet black pavement. He lifted his face to the dark sky and let the rain wash over his cheeks. Lights were burning brightly on the second floor of the *Sentinel* building. Mr. Cromwell, panting hardly at all, climbed the narrow stairs and pushed open the door marked city room. The discordant chatter of typewriters rushed out to meet him. The Rev. Mr. Cromwell enjoyed

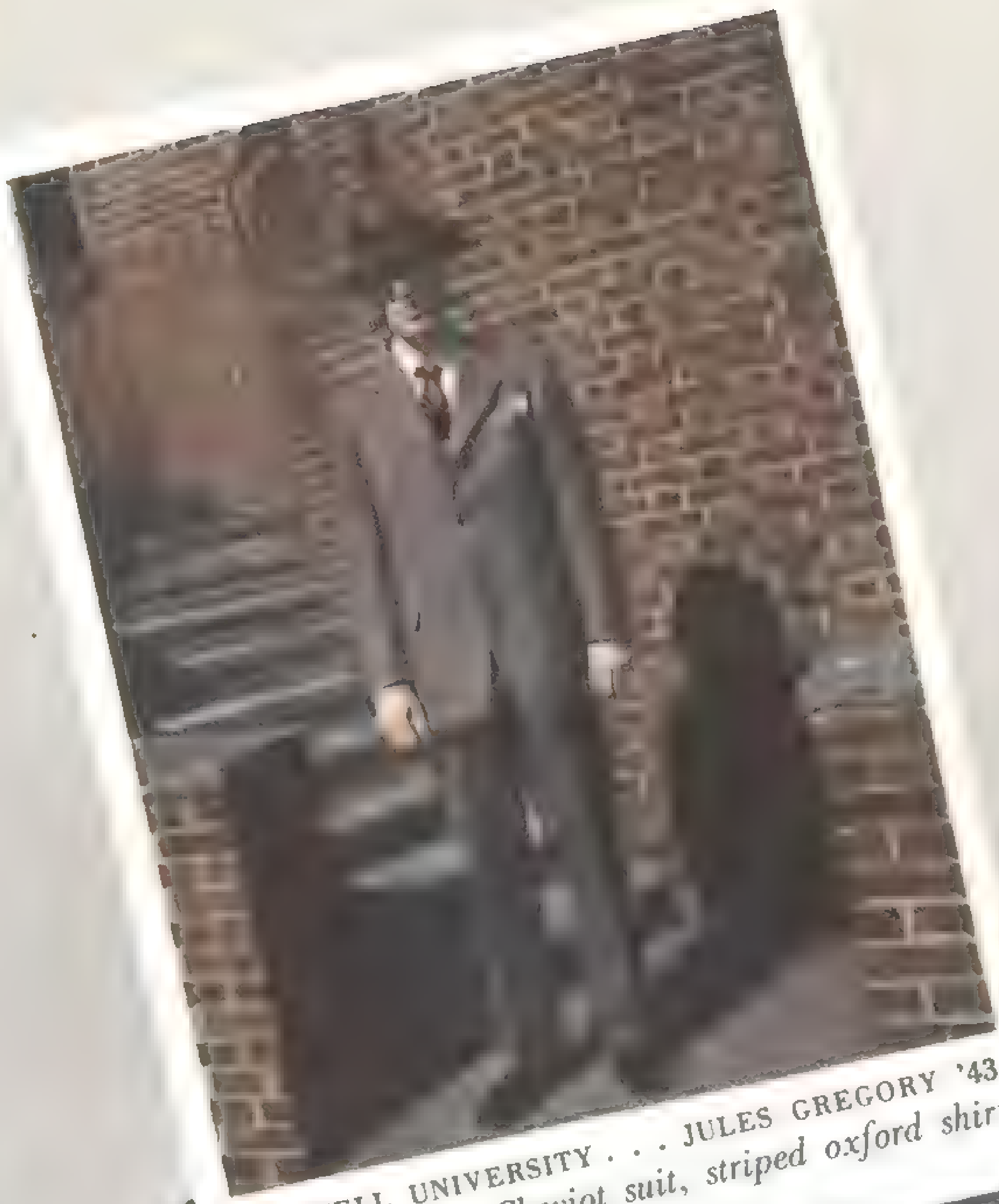
Continued in center of page 149



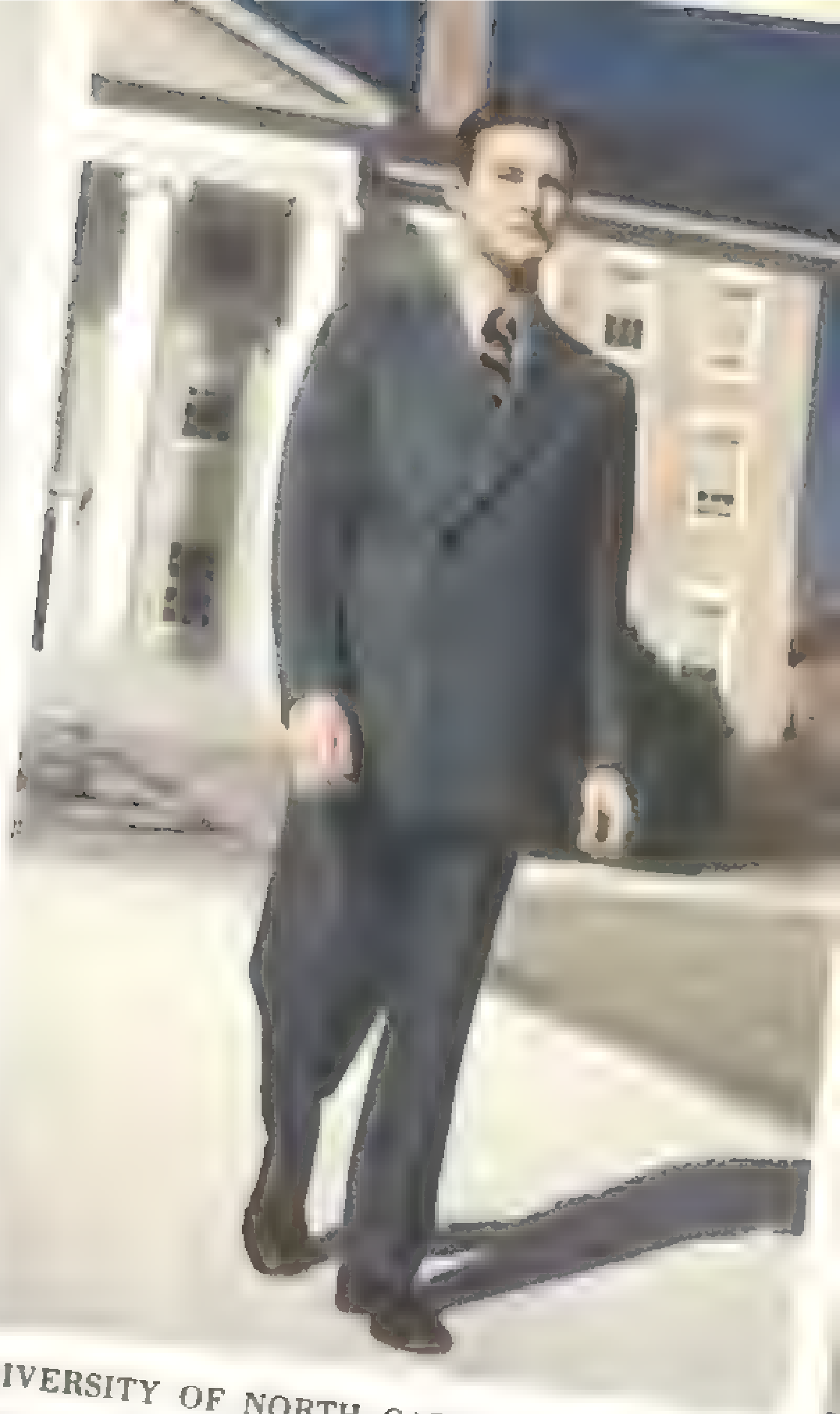
"Hey, Juliet!"



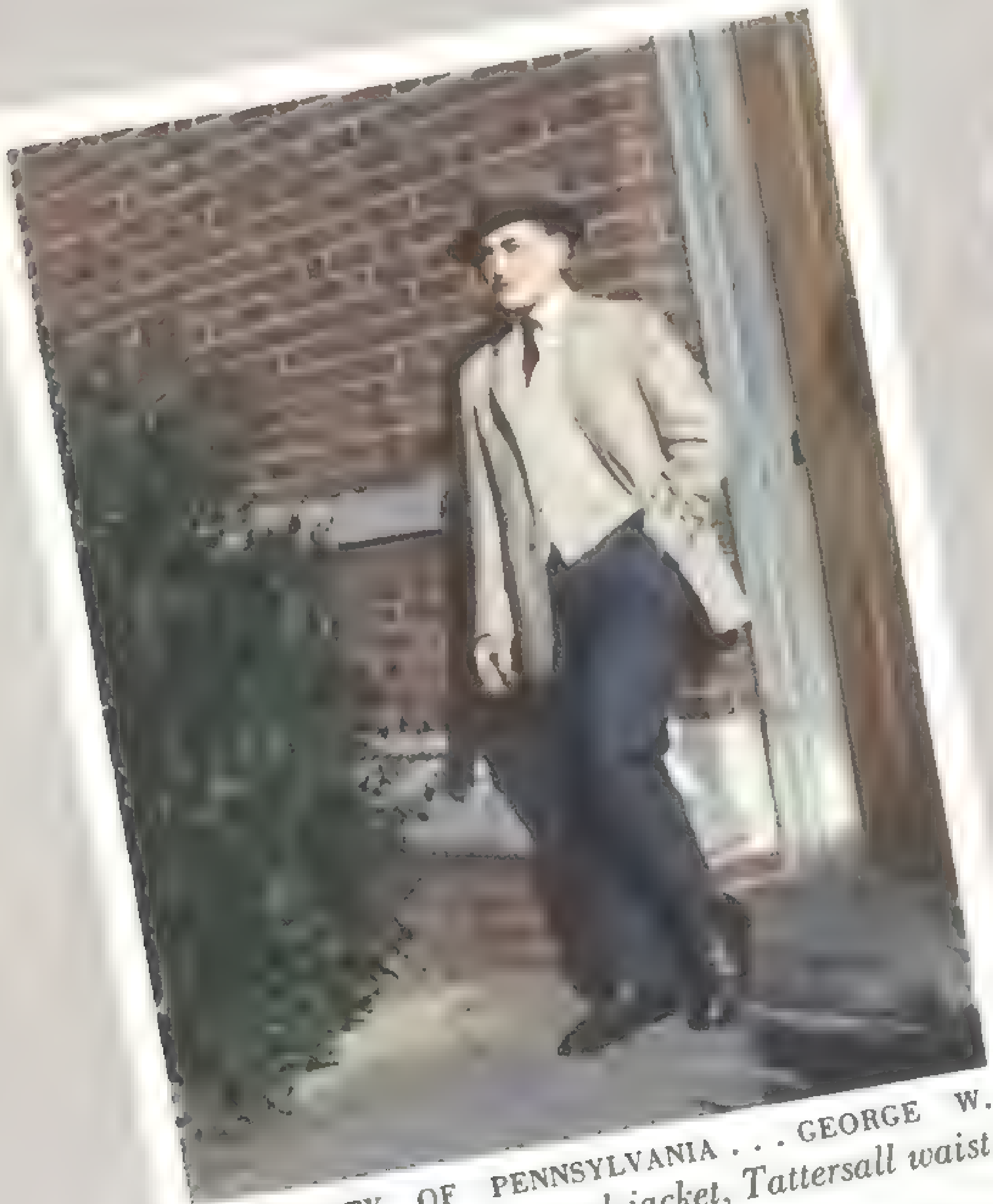
UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA . . . DAVID R. DOUGLASS '44 *midnight blue single breasted dinner jacket.*



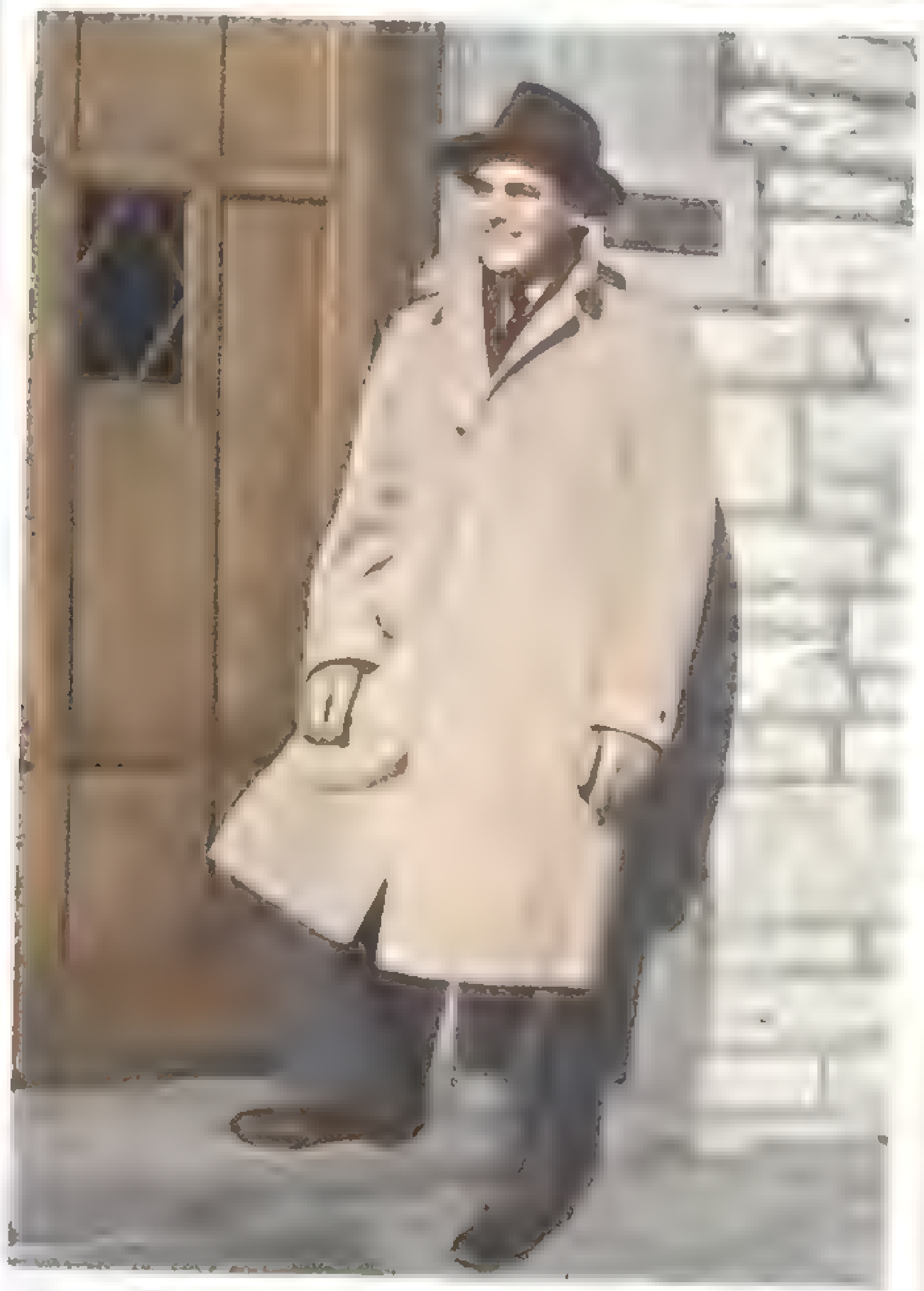
CORNELL UNIVERSITY . . . JULES GREGORY '43 *greyish brown Cheviot suit, striped oxford shirt and wool tie.*



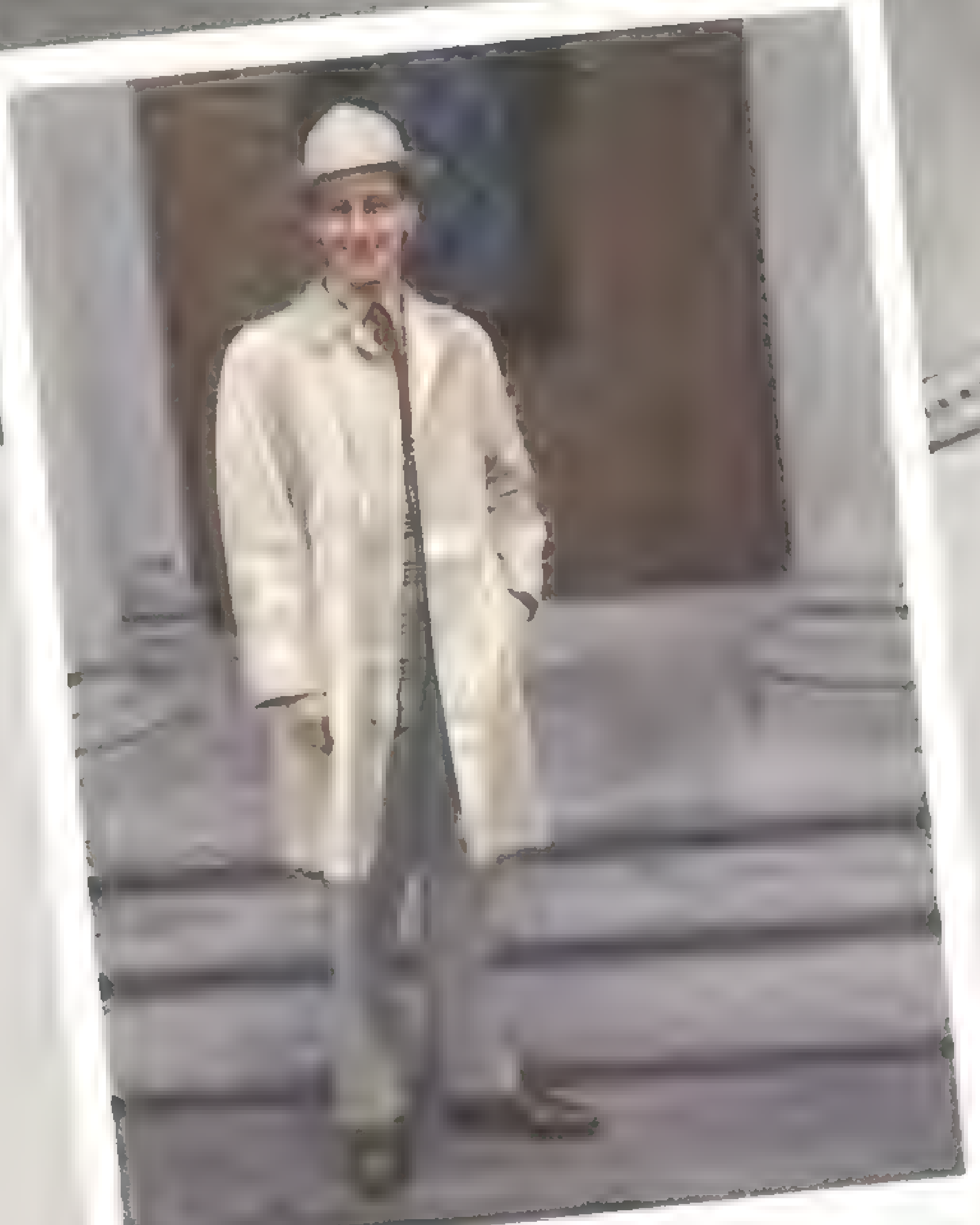
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA . . . FRANK ALSPAUGH '44 *striped blue worsted dress-up suit.*



UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA . . . GEORGE W. HAIN '42 *striped Shetland jacket, Tattersall waistcoat and flannel slacks.*



NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY . . . FORREST VOSS '43 *tan fly-front topcoat, knitted wool muffler and pigskin gloves.*



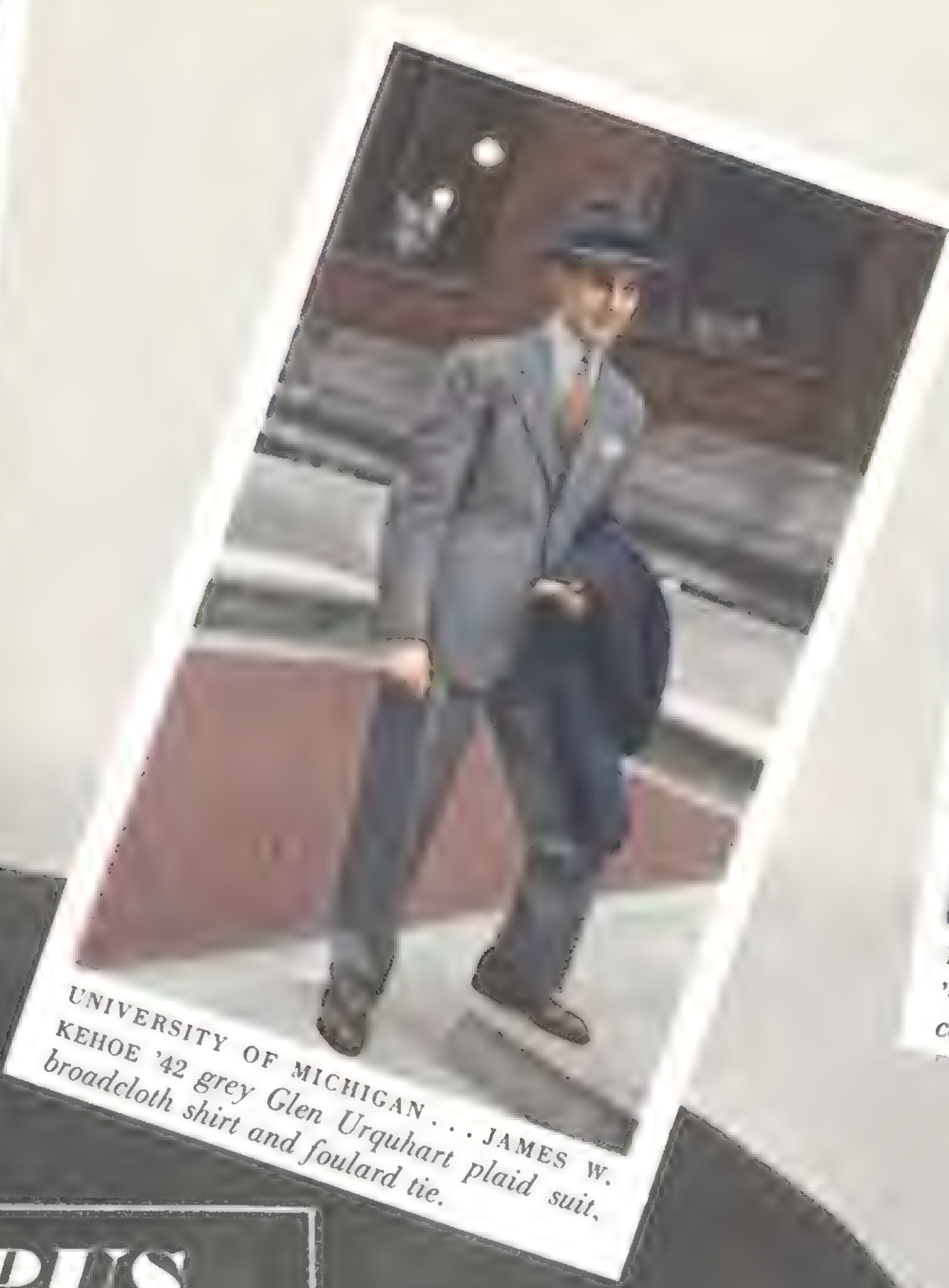
UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA . . . BOYD MACDOUGALL '42 *processed tan cotton raincoat and hat.*

LOUISIANA S
MOREY '43 *t*
stitched swea

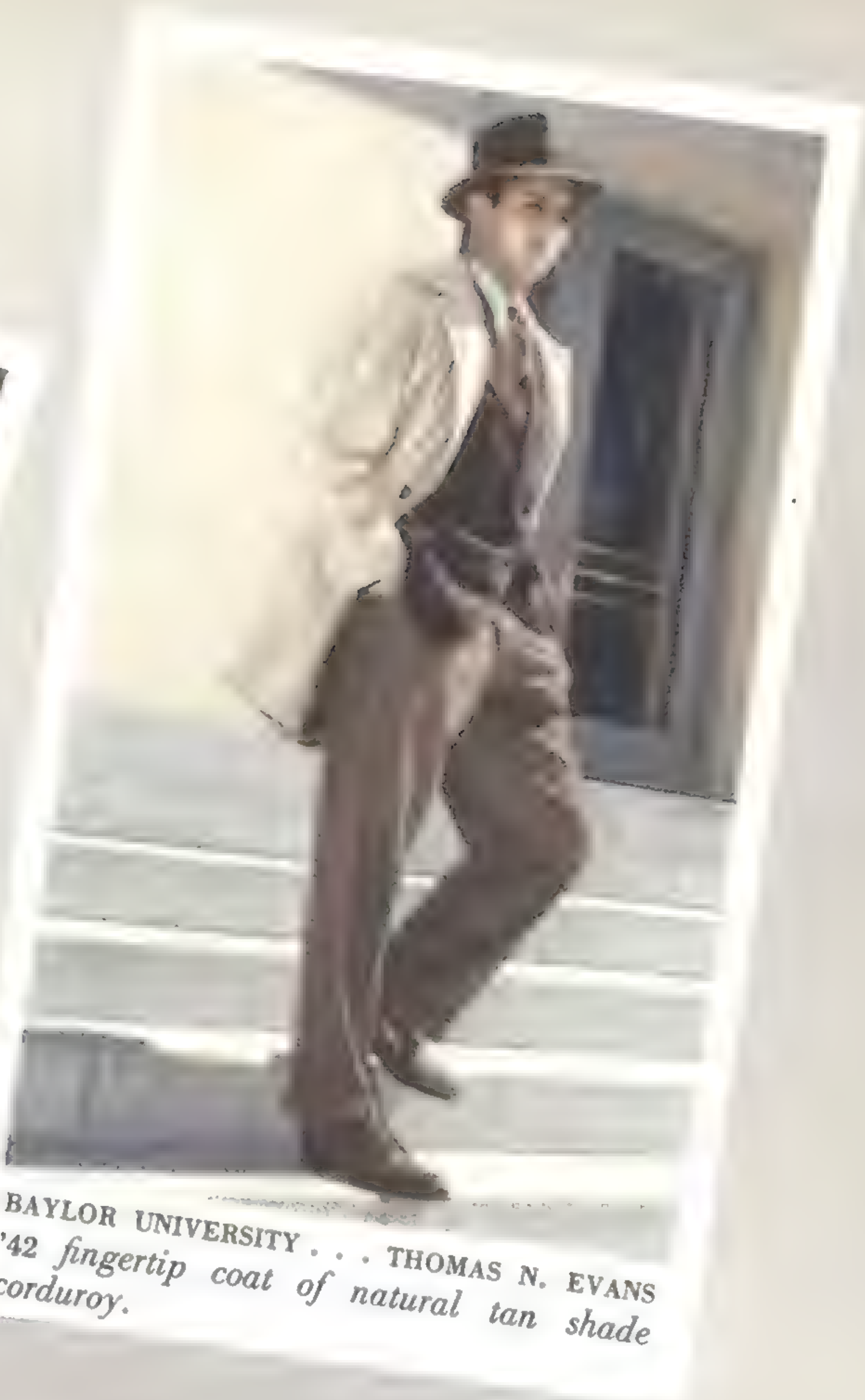
Esquire campus awards*..

The students shown here were selected by popular vote among many thousands of undergraduates at eleven of America's leading universities, in a competition sponsored by Esquire in cooperation with the college newspapers on each campus. Each competition virtually amounted to a popularity contest in which good grooming was an important element. This represents a good cross-section of what university men throughout the country will be wearing this year when they are in civilian dress.

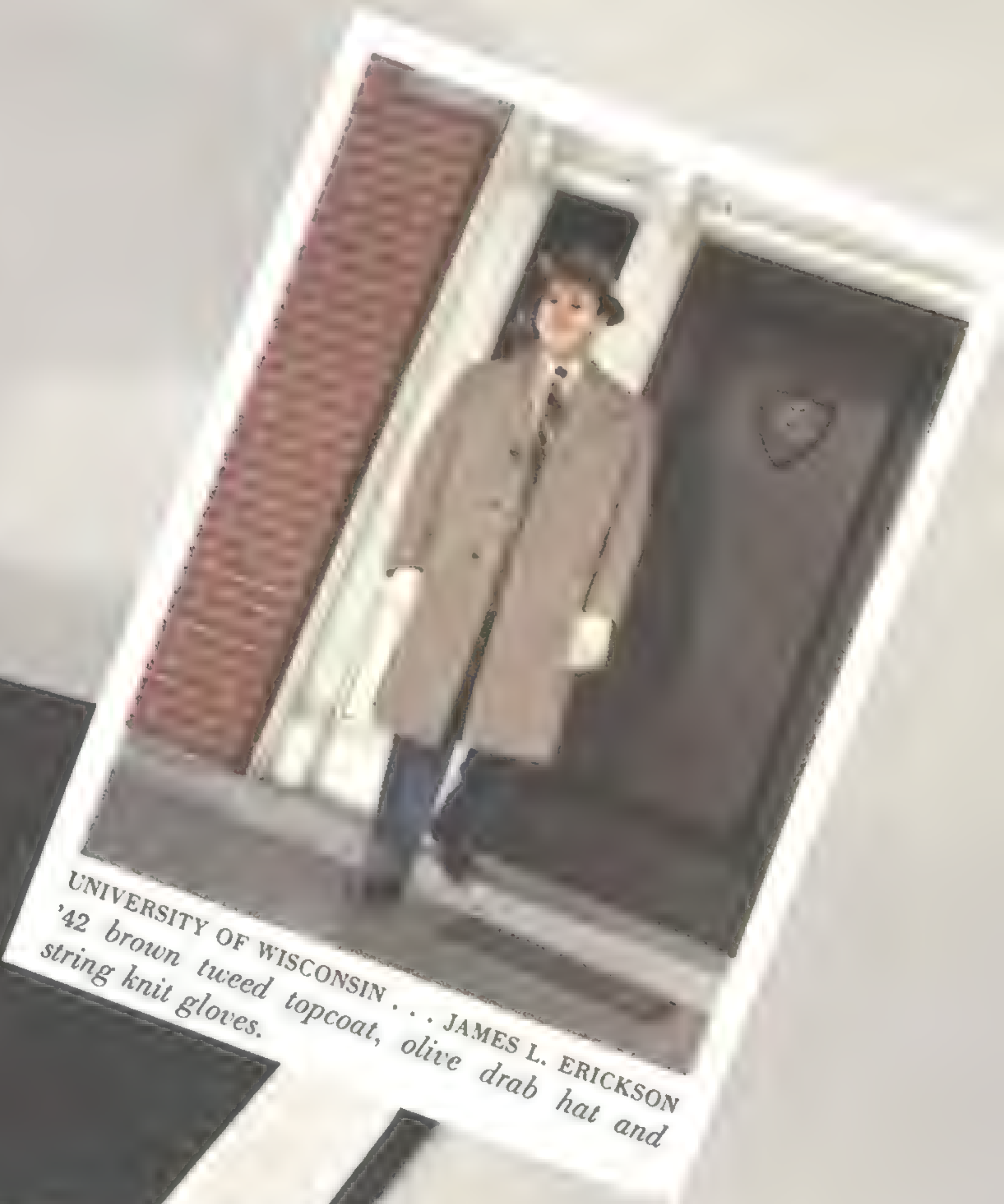
**Some of the students shown are wearing clothes purchased before the WPB rulings on cuffs, etc. went into effect.*



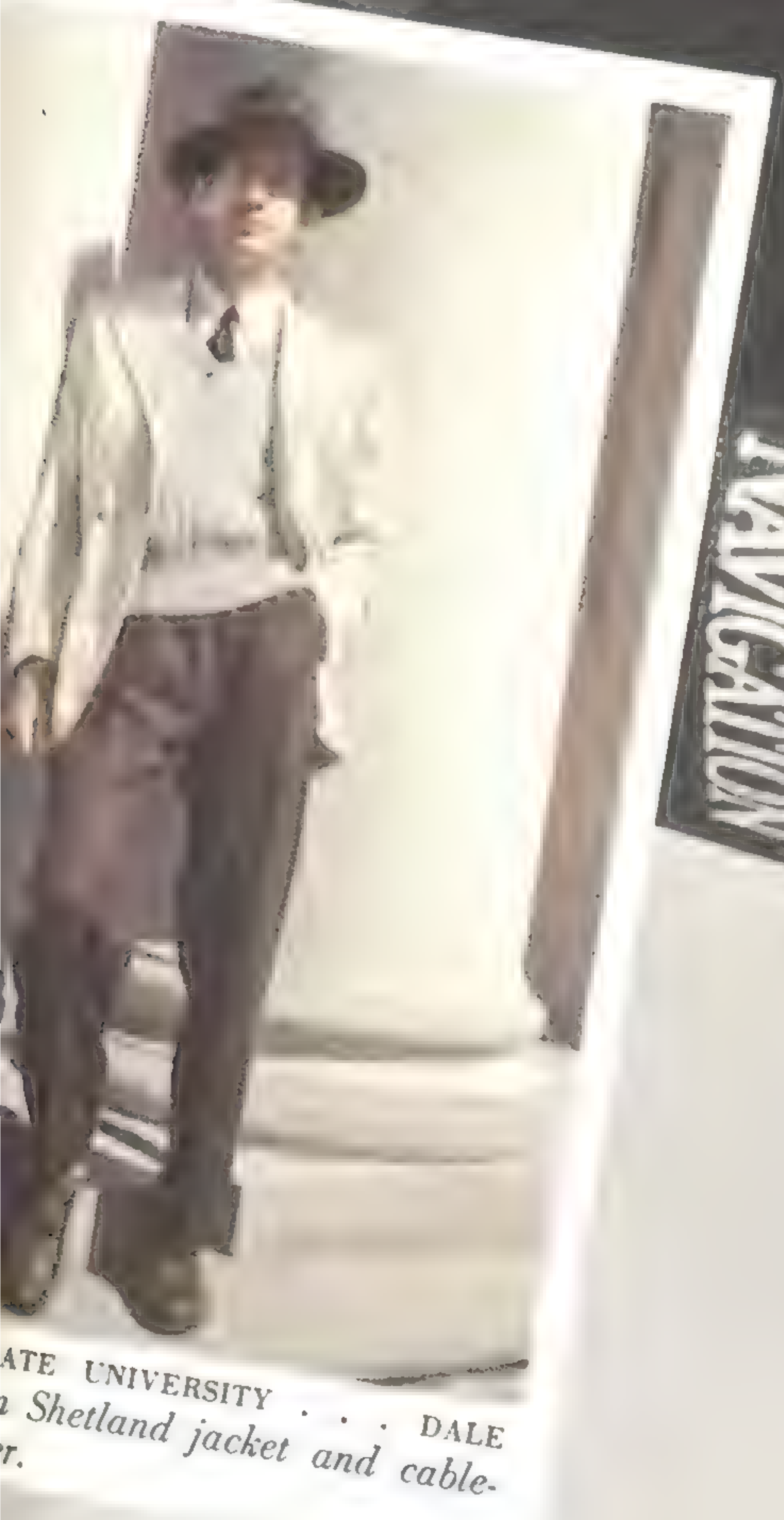
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN . . . JAMES W. KEHOE '42 grey Glen Urquhart plaid suit, broadcloth shirt and foulard tie.



BAYLOR UNIVERSITY . . . THOMAS N. EVANS '42 fingertip coat of natural tan shade corduroy.

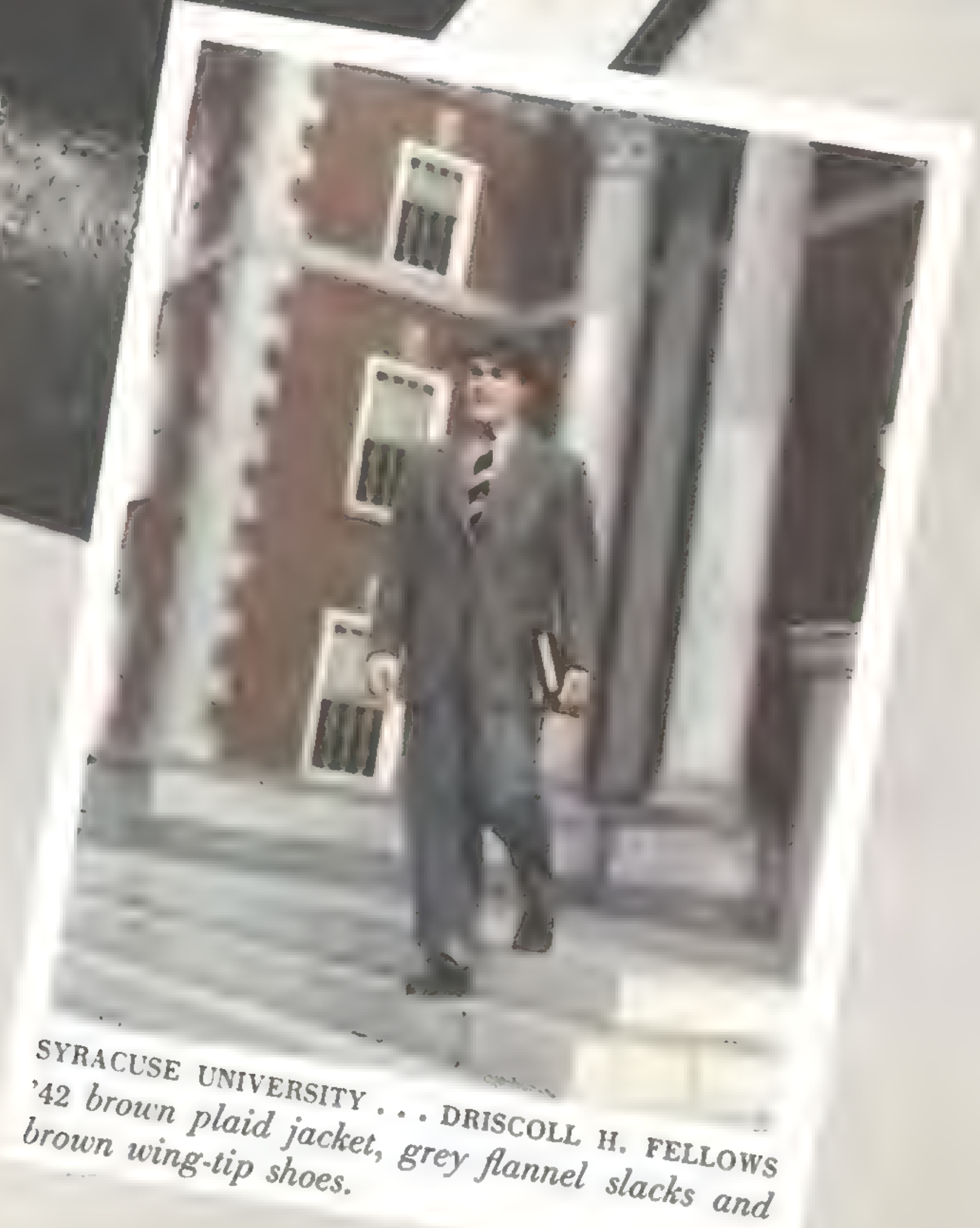


UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN . . . JAMES L. ERICKSON '42 brown tweed topcoat, olive drab hat and string knit gloves.



ATE UNIVERSITY . . . DALE
n Shetland jacket and cable-
r.

AIR NAVIGATION



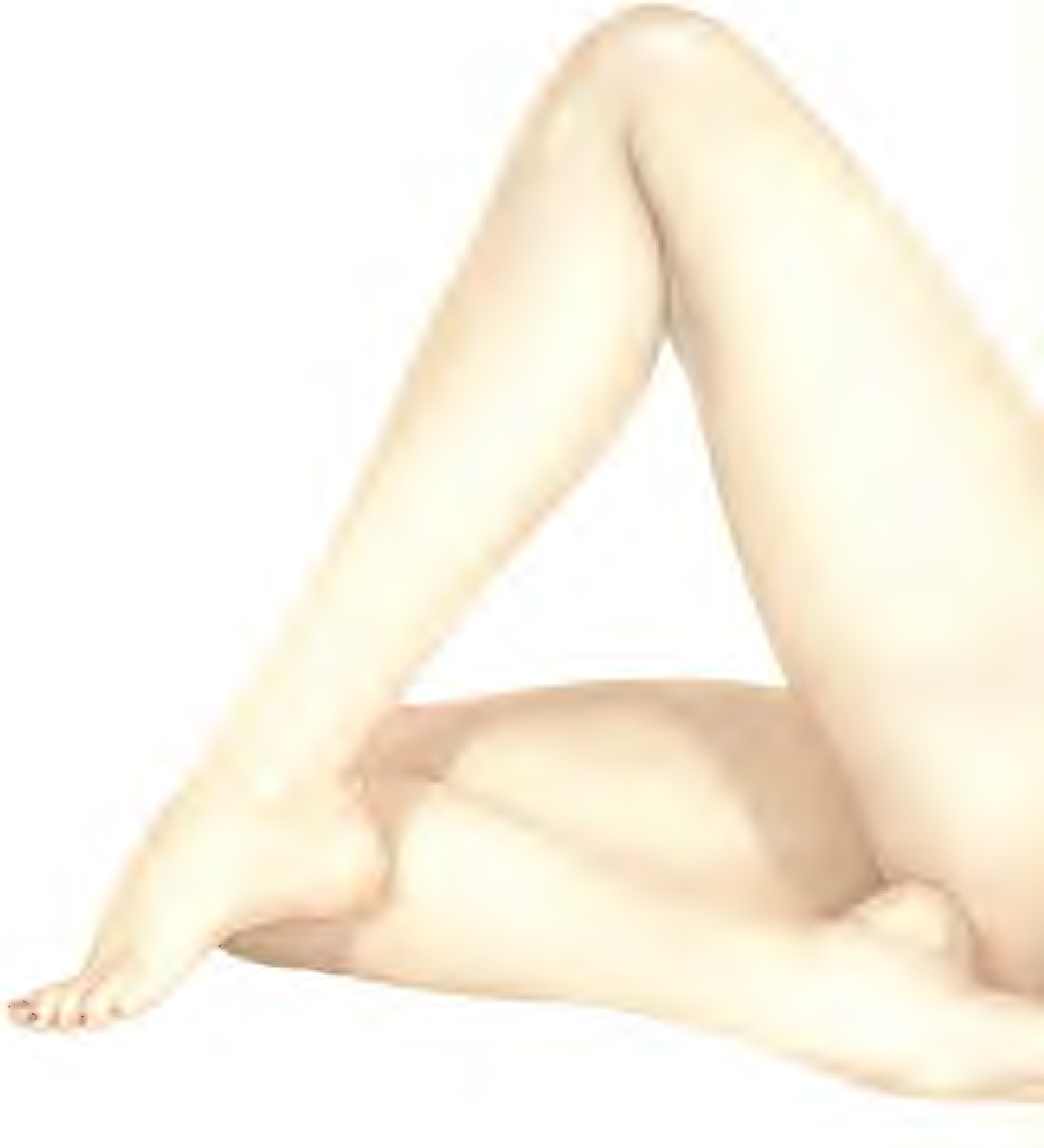
SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY . . . DRISCOLL H. FELLOWS '42 brown plaid jacket, grey flannel slacks and brown wing-tip shoes.

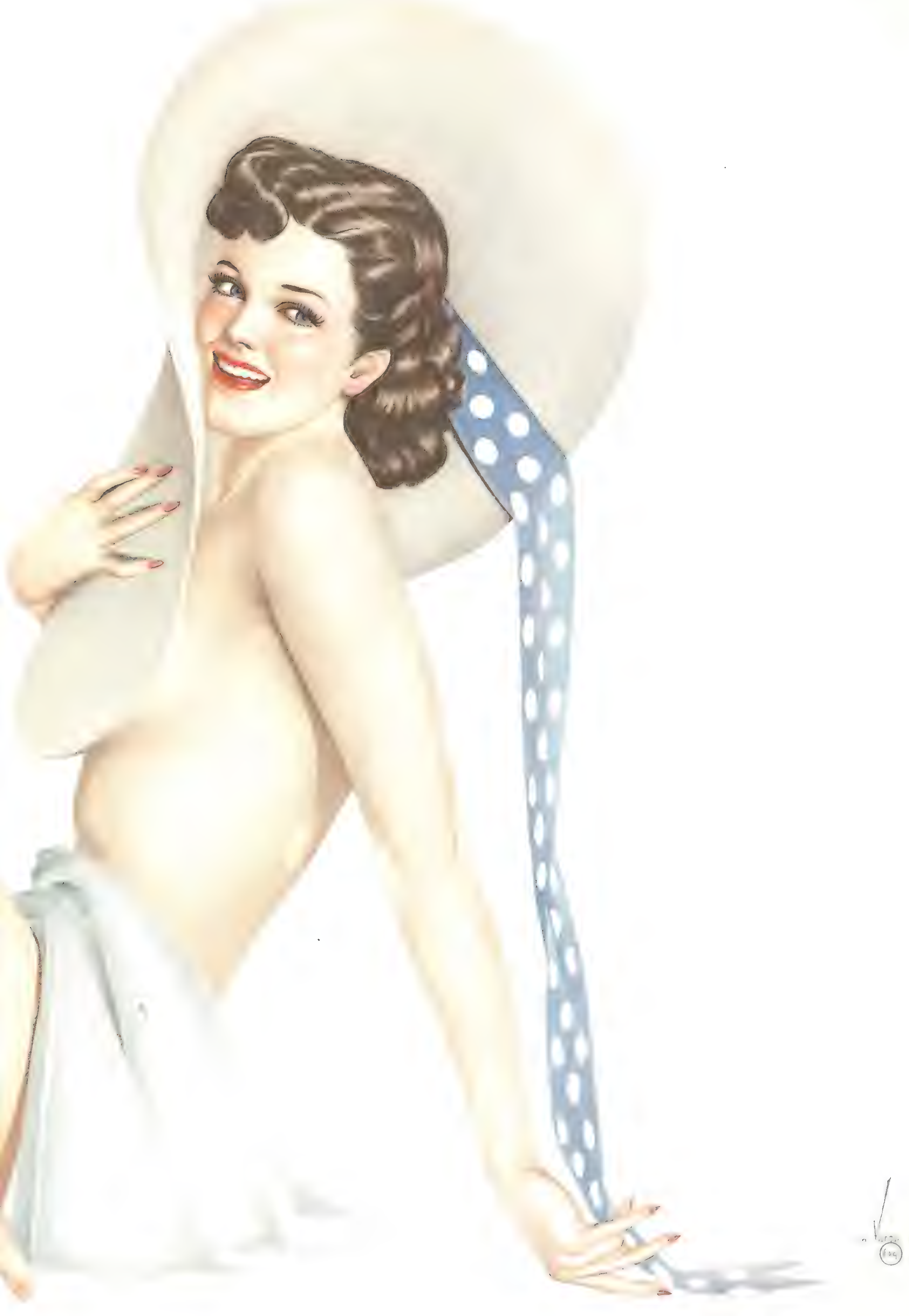
MISS AMERICA

This lovely creation has earned a vacation
For she is a symbol, today,
Of all the career girls, those deadly sincere girls
Who fight for the old U.S.A.;
She's taken dictation with speed and elation
From men who are running the show,
And gotten out orders that stream from our borders
To cover poor Adolf with woe;

She's not out romancing or dining or dancing . . .
Her heart has already been won,
And her recreation throughout the duration
Is writing a lad-with-a-gun;
So join in the cheer for a hard-working dear
As she turns from her toil and relaxes,
She's shown we're a nation that will take dictation—
But not if it comes from the Axis!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK





Lifeboats That Really Save Lives

A dying British mate's last log has inspired improved lifeboat stocks of food, water, and first-aid equipment

by SIGMUND SAMETH

• ARTICLE •

When a German raider in mid-Atlantic riddled the unarmed merchantman *Anglo-Saxon*, then sank her lifeboats one by one with savage machine-gun fire, eight British sailors managed to escape. They swung a lifeboat over the lee side of the stricken vessel. Hidden from the glare of Nazi searchlights they pulled away.

The fifteen hundred nautical miles which lay between them and safety didn't worry this shipwrecked crew. Smaller open boats in rougher waters had made longer voyages without fanfare and with even half a chance eight men should have stepped ashore in the remote Bahamas cay where the little craft finally grounded. But only two survived and their tale of thirst, starvation, and exposure is an epic one of torture by sea.

Two of the lifeboat crew died of wounds which could have been treated successfully with ordinary first-aid equipment. They were buried at sea.

The next week two others went insane because of thirst and the lack of shelter. They stepped overboard hand in hand "Going down the street to get a drink" and none of their weakened companions could deter them. A merciless tropical sun beat down on the remaining men. It was reflected into their faces by dazzling water.

At the end of the third week the water ration was reduced to half an ounce daily—roughly six thimblefuls. The mate's gun was all that kept the men from dividing the rest of the precious supply and consuming it on the spot. One sailor waited until nightfall and gulped great mouthfuls of sea water against orders. He died in a paroxysm of anguish.

The three who remained were tormented by searing thirst and weakened by starvation. Salivary glands had long ceased functioning, making the full locker of hard tack a mute mockery. It was possible to break and chew the biscuits but it was impossible to swallow the dry powder which resulted. And so the men sprawled across the thwarts clutching the bread which would have given them strength if they could only get it down.

The *Anglo-Saxon* mate was lucid to the end. Just before he died he propped himself upright and scrawled a message:

> "Suggestions for lifeboat stocks in the future . . . At the very least two breakers of water . . . tins of fruits . . . peaches . . . apricots . . . pears . . . fruit juices . . . lime juice . . ."

That was the final entry in his logbook written as he lay dying in a "lifeboat" whose inadequate provisions had been hardly enough for the first four days. Small wonder that only Tapscott and Widdicombe, the youngest and the strongest, survived.

But that was two years ago. Such tragedies of the sea can't happen now. If you or someone you know should become an unwilling lifeboat passenger within the next few months you may not be as safe or as comfortable as you would be in your own living room but your chances of survival will be several thousand per cent greater than those of hapless shipwreck-ees of 1941. New laws issued by our Bureau of Marine Inspection and the British War Transport Ministry (and copied widely by smaller shipping powers, as well) mean increased protection for seafarers in every ocean of the world. Safety at sea has been given an immeasurable boost through lifeboats that really save lives.

Provisioning a lifeboat and maintaining its equipment are under constant and rigid official scrutiny. The avarice of shipowners and crooked waterfront chandlers no longer jeopardizes seamen's lives. Even the thread used in stitching lifeboat covers must meet requirements of mildew proofing and waterproofing. Major items of equipment such as new types of launching davits may not be used until proved adequate by exhaustive tests.

At the top of any list of abandon-ship necessities is drinking water. A man can live for weeks without food but after only a few days of body-racking thirst, he'll perish. In lifeboats of 1942 the standard water ration has been tripled. No ship puts out to sea without at least three quarts of water for every person the lifeboat is certified to carry. Because of the threat of leakage, evaporation or contamination of water stocks, or the spoilage of foods through damage to their containers or otherwise, every item of lifeboat provisions is inspected periodically. Under the new laws a replacement item must be securely lashed fast in the lifeboat before the item which it is replacing may be removed. Neglect of such common-sense precautions has cost more lives in the past than lax ships' officers—those who lived—would like to recall. Today the Marine Inspection Bureau tolerates no such inefficiency. Skippers know the lifeboat laws by heart and they know that their own licenses will be revoked if those laws are not religiously complied with. People are sometimes careless about their lives, but about their jobs, never.

Going to sea in wartime is serious business. Just how serious is brought home forcefully by merely hefting the hundred-odd, close-packed, pages of current lifeboat laws. Some of the holiest sacred cows of tradition-bound maritime history have been jettisoned to make way for new ideas that are strictly 1942.

Take that matter of hardtack. Anyone with even a storybook acquaintance of the sea knows that hardtack has been standard forecastle and lifeboat fare since the days of wooden ships and iron men. That didn't prevent the Marine Inspectors from voicing

Continued on page 170

"Your plastic idea has only one 'bug' in it, as I see it—she's awfully hard to pull out of a dive"

DiMaggio, the Man

With no boyhood yen for baseball the great hitter slid into bigtime glory with casual shoves from helping hands

by WILL CONNOLLY

• SPORTS •

As his earnings have increased, Joe DiMaggio has become easier to live with. I think this point is worth emphasizing in the story of the development of the Yankee Clipper who could sail equally well under either of two literary titles: *Young Man of Manhattan* or *The Man from San Francisco.* This transition in temperament with the advent of prosperity has been graceful in direct proportion to his achievements. He *was* a little trying at first, but that was because he is a social introvert and was stampeded by his unprecedented prominence.

Early in his career Joe would promise to autograph things at a Jewish orphanage or answer questions at Fidelity Lodge of Masons and then run out on his bookings because he hated to talk in front of more than five people. His defensive personality, however, began to expand soon after he really began to hit the ball in the big money league, which has netted him around $200,000 in the last six years.

Steadily he has expanded under the many extraneous influences playing upon him ever since he wore knee pants. He has acquired poise and maturity. In San Francisco he no longer ducks personal appearance obligations. He makes a nice talk in a double-breasted suit, after some schooling in radio and Hollywood. By this I don't mean to infer he has changed fundamentally and become a gladhander. Out-of-state license plates drive up to "DiMaggio's Grotto," a truly luxurious joint at Fisherman's Wharf on the North Shore in hope of having him autograph a paper doily, but Joe is rarely around. If he is, he's hiding out in the kitchen gnawing a T-bone with the Chinese bus boy.

Joe allows his name to be associated with the fish place and some of his money is in it, but he doesn't actively take a hand in its management. His elder brother, Tom, is his business agent and does the restaurateur's worrying. Joe's interests in life are plain, simple and understandable, although not necessarily monastic. After he is through with baseball, which to him is merely a good job, he wants to buy a home in Atherton, the swank peninsula district south of San Francisco and live off his earnings as Ty Cobb does in that citadel of country squires. As yet, Joe has never expressed a yearning to manage a ball club or open a gas station or pursue another profession when his playing days are done.

Two years after he joined the Yankees, Joe committed himself to an obligation that now amounts to $15,000 a year in a trust fund ($10,000 a year to the Wells-Fargo Bank), plus insurance, plus annuities. He lifted the sum to $15,000 after he married and the baby came. When he's forty or before that, he hopes to rusticate off what he has salted away.

Last year Joe made $60,000. The Yankees paid him $37,500 salary, plus World Series cut; and he picked up the rest in radio appearances and endorsements of equipment, breakfast foods, etc. His history to date has been to the contradiction of Ben Franklin axioms. He did not hitch his wagon to a star and plug away. He is the very antithesis of a plugger. He happened to have a genius for playing a certain game, and a remarkable set of fortuitous circumstances combined to lead him to glory and gravy.

He had no craving to be a baseball great when he was a boy. Now, as formerly, Joe is blissfully indolent. But since he's had a taste of heavy money he enjoys luxury and will work for it six months a year, three hours a day. The fact that he has no plans for middle age beyond clipping coupons is a tipoff on his makeup. It also accounts for his tendency to hold out every spring. He has those stiff commitments to meet; so it's very important to him that the Yankees pay him $42,500 instead of $37,500. He wants to nudge baseball of all he can get out of it right away quick, for he doesn't know from day to day when his trick knee will fold under him or his peak earning power be otherwise curtailed. He reckons baseball an unstable career. Once poor, he has a dread of poverty.

In this light, his holdouts have not been unreasonable and he shouldn't be censured for sitting down on his rights. The first year he joined the Yankees seven seasons ago from the Seals he held out for more and everybody was scandalized that a boy would refuse to play with the New York club for a dollar a year, the prestige considered. DiMag', however, has no conception of big league glamour. It's an occupation to him, an easy way to make it quick; and if the Tulsa club could pay him $50,000 he'd jump the big league traces and to hell with Cooperstown.

The Italian love of bartering is innate in Joe. If the late Colonel Ruppert had raised his salary from $25,000 to $25,001 in that celebrated loggerhead year when Joe missed the first two weeks, DiMag' would have accepted to save face. Joe Cronin had trouble signing Dominic DiMag' after he left the Seals. Cronin long-distanced a friend in San Francisco and asked how to handle him. The friend suggested: "Give Dom a $250 raise and he'll leap at it." The DiMaggios like to win a Parthian victory.

When he returns to San Francisco in the winter, Joe doesn't talk hot-stove league like the other hibernating athletes. Around the house he rarely mentions baseball. He is virtually inarticulate on the subject even in his family circle. You ask him who is the toughest pitcher he has ever faced, and he says: "Mel Harder." You ask him about Ruffing. "Good pitcher," he says, as he casts the universal blanket of "Good" over Werber at

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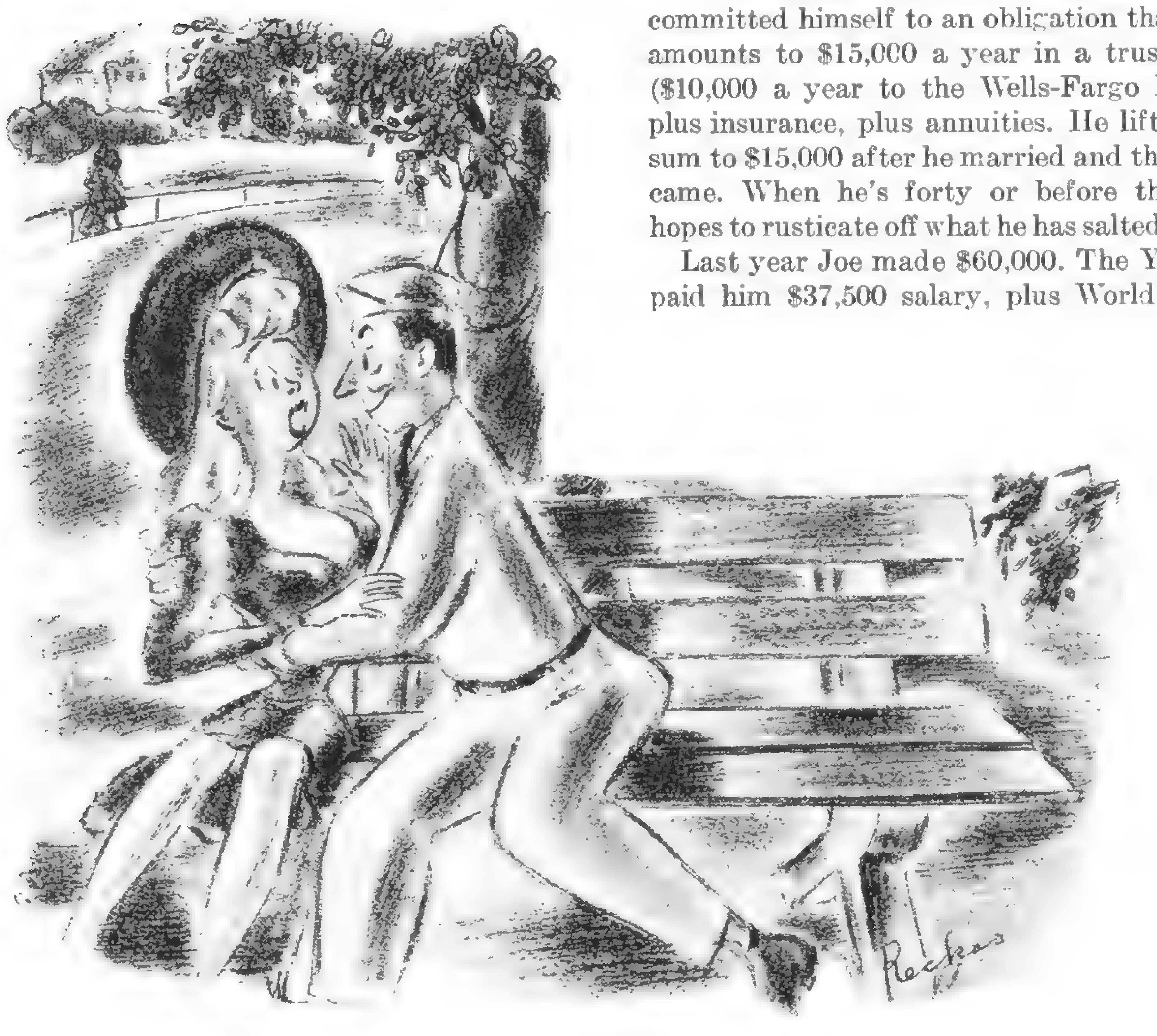
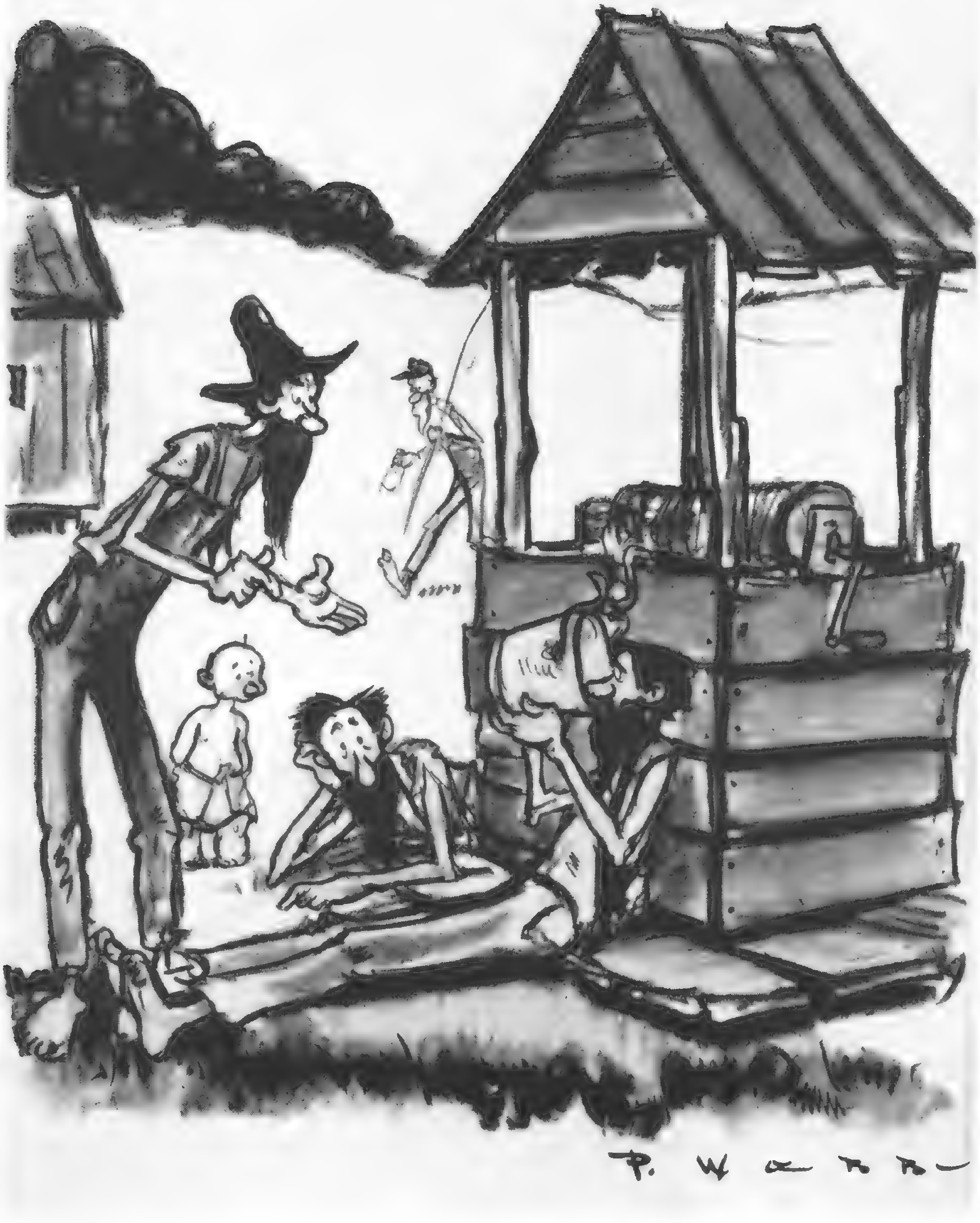


"And what is this—the pincer movement?"



"Better suck the water through yore teeth, Jake—you know how upset Gran'pappy gits when we swaller any of his live bait"

Whose Land Is This

Uglybird recalled where the Six Hickories Church stood when Hammertights, Leathers, Mortons and Penningtons lived on the hill

by JESSE STUART

▪ FICTION ▪

"I SEE somebody comin up the path," Pa said, pointing with his long skinny finger at a man coming up the path. "Looks like Uglybird Skinner. Come see if it ain't Uglybird, Shan."

"That's Uncle Uglybird all right."

"Wonder what he's doin way out on this godfersaken ridge."

Uncle Uglybird climbed slowly up the little foxpath that wound like a snake up the steep bluff toward the ridge. He held to the bushes to pull himself up the little rock shelves. Then he'd stop to wipe sweat from his sliced-beet red face with his big blue bandanna.

"I like to watch a man climb a hill," Pa said. "I like to listen to 'im get his wind. Like to watch him stop to wipe sweat."

The August sun beamed from the sky like a white agate marble. Leaves were wilted on the bushes. Big rock cliffs sprawled high upon the ridgetop in the blazing sun like sleeping scaly monsters. Slow winds rustled the wilted pods of leaves on the black locusts, yellow locusts, black oaks, white oaks, red oaks, blackberry briars, greenbriars, sawbriar clusters and spindly half-choked, half-starved grass.

"Howdy, Uglybird," Pa said as Uncle Uglybird Skinner reached the ridge road. "What are you doin way out on this godfersaken ridge?"

"Prowlin, just prowlin, Mick," he grunted as he stopped to get his breath. "I want to walk out this ridge again. I want to see the old places, Mick. I want to walk over land where things happened when I was a young man."

"Nothin ever happened here, did it?"

"Young man, you're too young to know," he said.

Uncle Uglybird laughed like the slow-blowing lazy August wind. He put his big hand on his knee to brace his body as he leaned over to pick up a stick to use for a cane. He grunted as he picked up a long slab the lightning had gutted from a ridge oak.

"Ain't the men we ust to be, are we Mick?" he said as he raised up with the tree slab in his big wrinkled hand. He put one end of it on the ground and caught the other end with both hands bearing most of his weight on it.

"We're slowin down, Uglybird," Pa said as he pulled a twist of homegrown burley from his hip pocket.

"That terbacker raised on this ridge?" Uncle Uglybird asked Pa.

"Right out there at that barn," Pa said.

"I want another chaw of the good old fragrant weed raised from this land that I own down in my heart," Uncle Uglybird said. "I can't bite it, Mick. Cut me a hen-egg sized chaw off with your pocket knife. Ain't got teeth anymore. Haf to gum my terbacker."

Pa sliced Uncle Uglybird a piece of the twist. He sliced himself a slice from the twist since he had his knife handy.

"Mick, I heard about your boy buyin all this old land," Uncle Uglybird said. "It bore on my mind, Mick. Just like a rabbit, I had to come back to my old settin place this mornin."

Uncle Uglybird walked over to a big oak, leaned his back against it and supported himself with the oak slab lightning had torn from the tree. He squirted ambeer from his thin-lipped toothless mouth. Pa sat down on the sawed-top of a stump and faced Uncle Uglybird as they talked. Pa spat his ambeer farther than Uncle Uglybird. It spattered on the dark dusty ridge road and on the wilted woodgrass stems.

"You can allus tell when one of us old birds is gettin old," Uncle Uglybird said. "We get so we can't spit fur as we ust to. Now look at me Mick; look at you. I'm about ten years older than you; I can't spit near as fur. I've just been standin here watchin you. You spit a fur piece yet. I ain't got the power I ust to have. Hell, I ust to hit a snake's eye at twenty feet!"

"You ain't gettin old," Pa said. "It's just in your head that you are old."

"No it ain't, Mick," he laughed. "It's in my old body. It's in my bones. My muscles air gettin softer every day. That's why I've come back this mornin. I wanted to show your boy where a few houses ust to be on this place before I go on to meet my Maker. Thought he might like to know. Thought he might like to know that he has a deed fer this land but I just wanted to tell 'im I have a deed in my heart fer this land. It's recorded there, Mick."

Uncle Uglybird's clear blue eyes looked at the finger of ridge that parted from the main backbone of ridge at my tobacco barn and sloped toward the main hollow.

"You wouldn't think it, young man," he said to me as he pointed toward a rough, rocky point with his cane, "but there ust to be a house down there. Did you ever find a big rock pile there?"

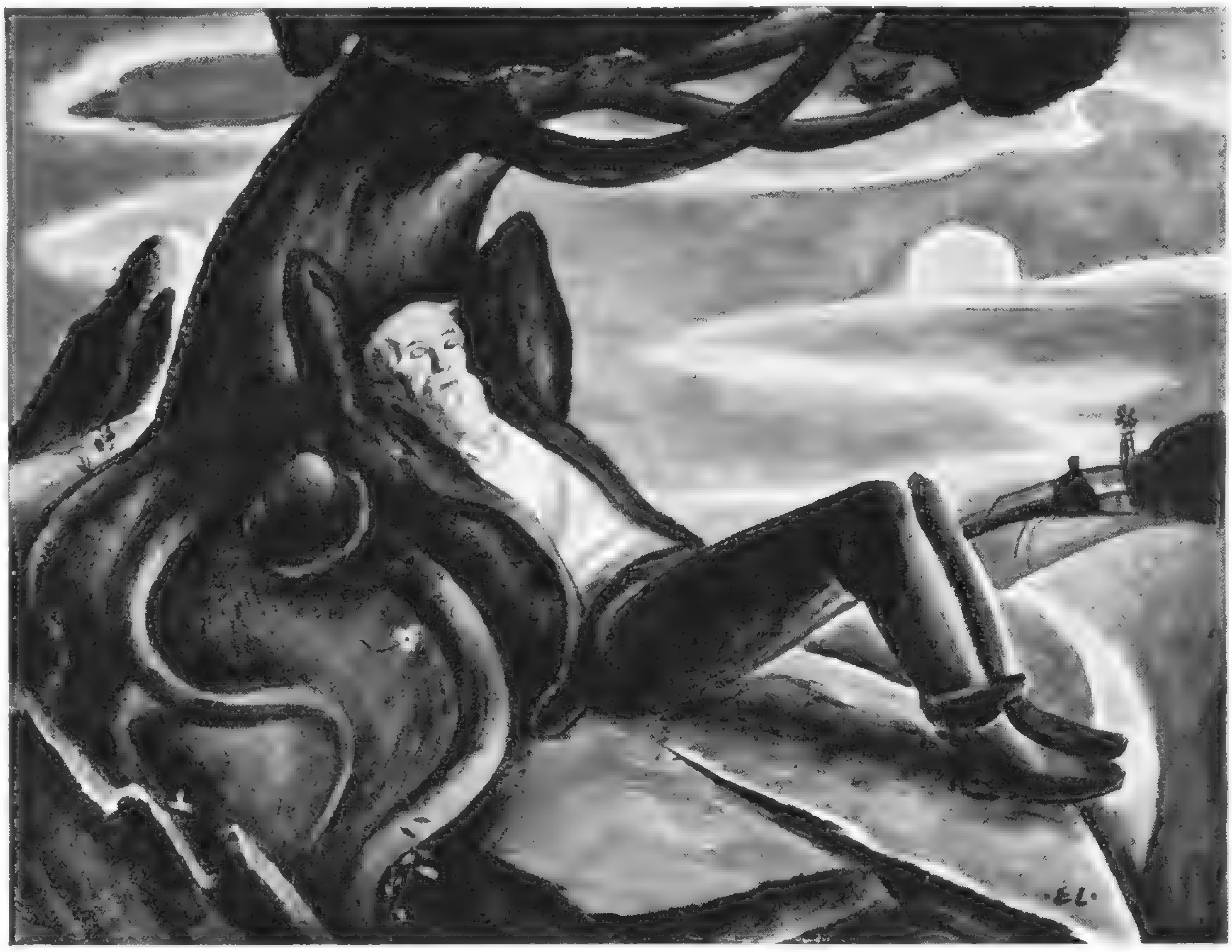
"Found it when I was rabbit hunting," I said.

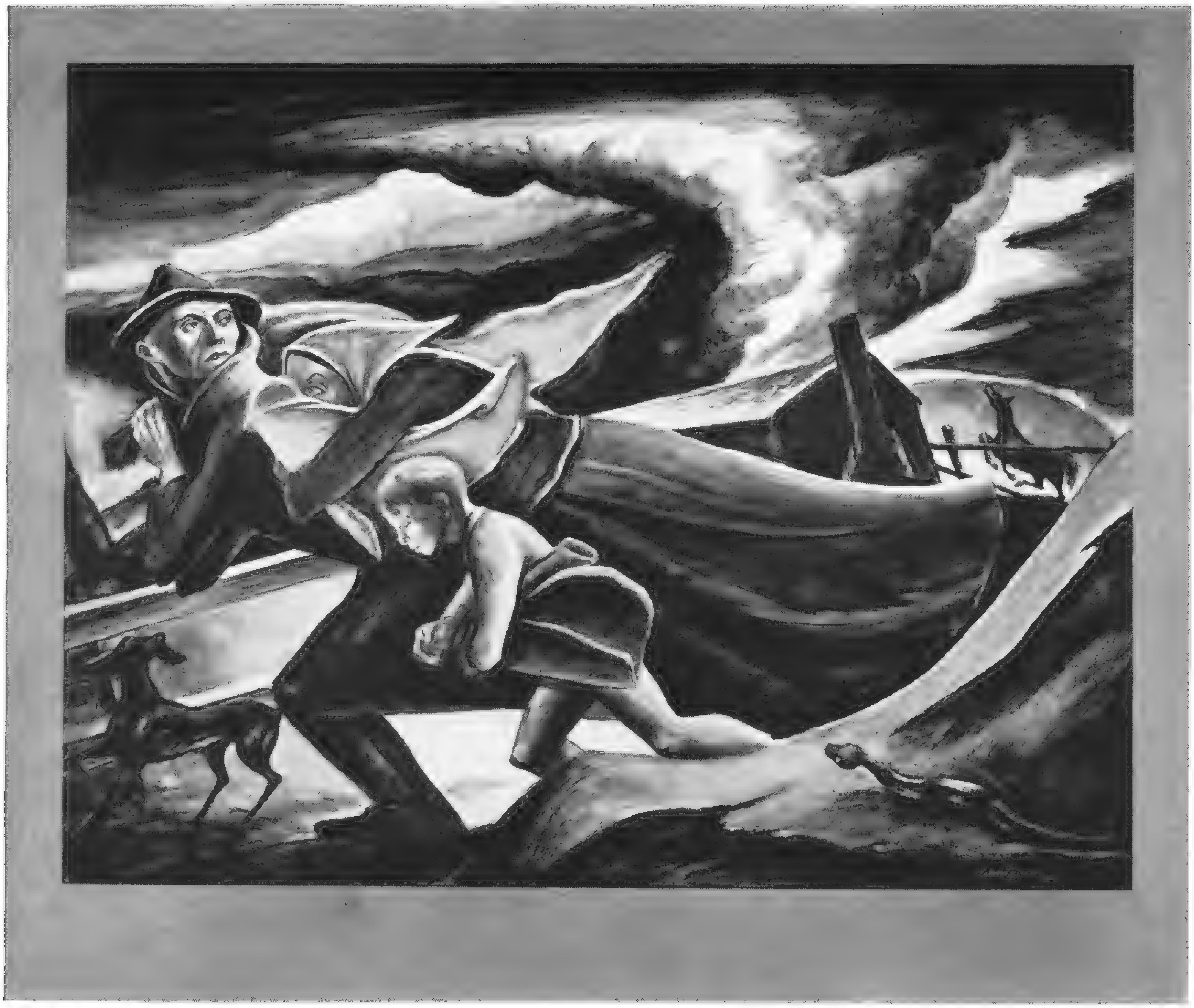
"Sperrys lived there, when I was a boy," he said. "I ust to go there and spark little blue-eyed Winnie Sperry. Sixty years ago, young man! Now Winnie Sperry sleeps at Plum Grove beside Watt Lumpkin. She married him. Had ten children."

"I remember Winnie Sperry and Watt Lumpkin," Pa said.

"Shore you do, Mick," Uncle Uglybird said. "They were good people. Dug a livin out'n these hills; but their youngins all scattered like wild quails. All sailed off to the West. Went to Oklahoma to homestead."

Then Uncle Uglybird shifted his cane in the air, pointed to the hollow below this





TEMPERA PAINTINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

flat. "Right down there," he said, "ust to be two houses. Rock piles air there yet where the chimneys ust to be. I looked as I come up this hollow. Howards lived on the left side of the creek; Johnsons lived on the right side the creek. Fit and joured all the time they lived there. Howards had eight youngins; Johnsons had nine. If a Johnson youngin crossed that little creek, the Howard youngins went atter 'im. They stood with peeled clubs—purty clubs you know to fight with—and dared one another across that creek. And they meant business. Crissie Johnson and old Gertie Howard pulled one another's hair once. That started the war. Jim Johnson sprinkled Bert Howard with buckshot before the fight was over!"

"I don't remember that," Pa said. "I remember the old timers talked about it when I first come to this country!"

"It's a little before your time, Mick," Uncle Uglybird said, putting his oak-slab cane on the ground to rest his arm. "I guess they'd a thinned one another out like rabbits if it hadn't been fer that big fire we had here that burned their houses."

"Did they have a big fire here once?" I asked.

"Did they have a big fire?" Uncle Uglybird repeated. "Young man, I'll say they had a big fire. It burned fifteen houses right here on this place that you own! I saw that fire. It was like the Hell that the preachers ust to preach about. You think you've got virgin timber on this farm because you've got big oaks. But you ain't got no virgin timber here. All this timber was into cordwood. Squatters come here from all over the country. They made houses out of logs, daubed them with mud, kivered them with clapboards and built big chimneys out'n field rocks. Atter they cut the timber, they left the brush that would make cordwood. There were mountains of fine brush left in the little dreans. It dried out. One windy March a woodchopper fired the brush to kill the snakes. That fire went fast as a horse could run. Wasn't any savin the houses. People run fer their lives and left all they had behind 'em. Didn't have much but the fire got all they had. Had to go somewheres and start all over again. These ridges were mountains of white, black and gray ashes. Not a tree left. Just the big rocks showed everyplace. One good thing that fire done, it burnt up all the blasted copperheads."

"I've heard the old people talk about that fire too," Pa said.

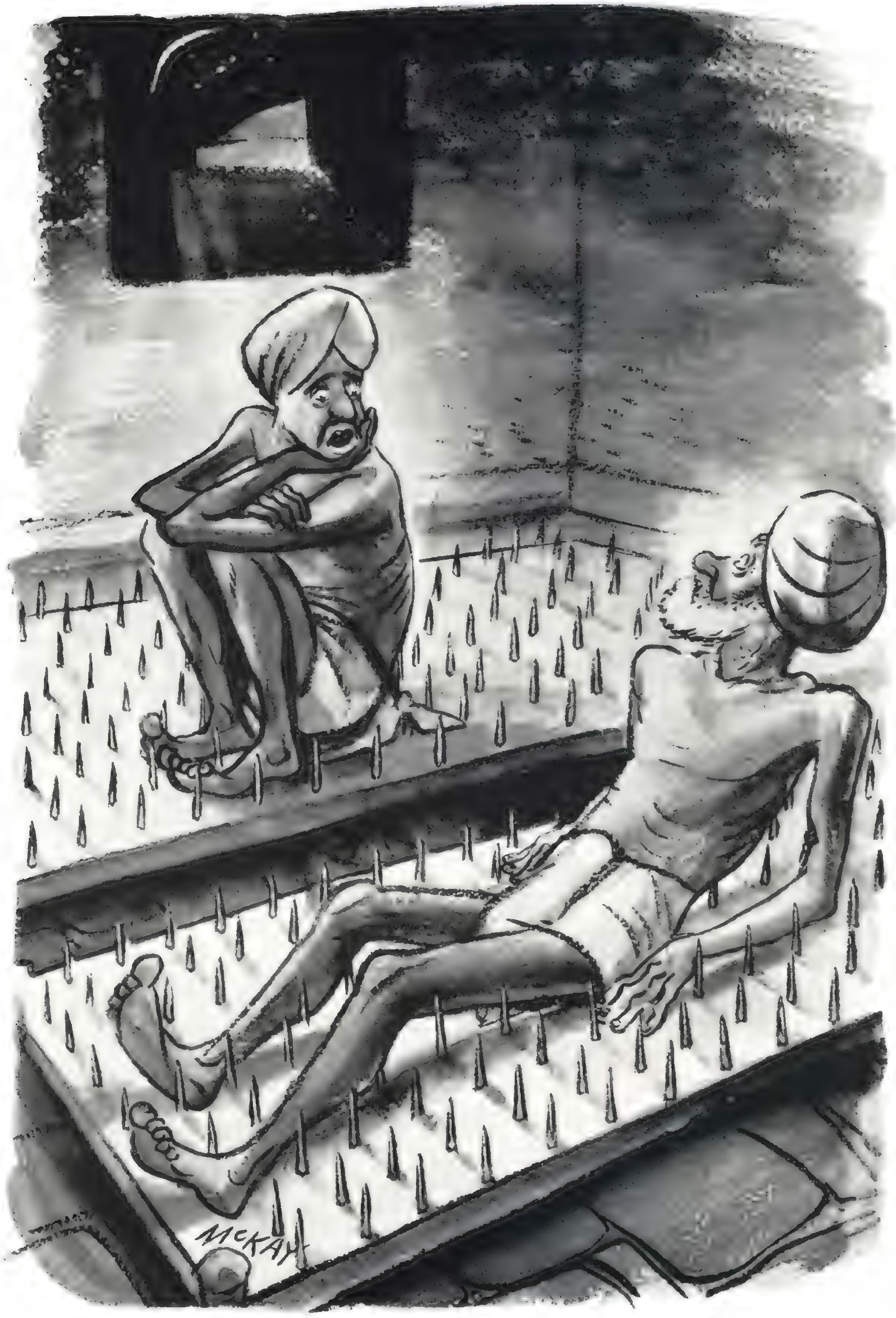
"Right out there on that pint," Uncle Uglybird Skinner pointed his cane toward the west, "was the old Hylton house. You know where that is. The old well is there. Ninety feet deep. Went down eighty feet through solid rock to get water. I was married in that house. Uncle Jim Garthee lived there! It's one house the big fire didn't get fer Uncle Jim was a man that kept the brush back from his door. He was allus afraid of fire; he had dreams and a token that a big fire was comin and he was prepared!"

"I remember the logs of that old house," I said. "When I was a little boy, Pa rented that piece of ground for tobacco. I remember when Pa and Mom used to let me come with them. Mom rode one mule and Pa rode the other. I rode behind Mom on the mule that wouldn't buck. Pa rode the bucking mule. I remember it was the first place I ever pulled a tobacco worm from the stalk —I pulled it in two and buried it in the soft, black smelly dirt of the tobacco balk."

"Right over in the hollow below the Hylton house pint," Uncle Uglybird pointed with his oakslab, "was a house by that sweet-rustycoat apple tree. You don't remember that house do you, Mick?" he turned and asked Pa.

"Nope, I don't Uglybird."

Continued on page 173



"Coffee always keeps me awake"

Yes, Mr. Mercer

While it's early to say whether *Blues in the Night* is a classic, it's real black talk, deep South, deep American

by SIDNEY CARROLL

• ARTICLE •

℞

THE Warner Brothers had a picture to make, a musical sort of thing. They wanted to call it *Hot Nocturne,* which is all right as titles go. In Hollywood they tell you that a lot depends on a title. They are right. If a motion picture has incompetent direction and acting, and a script that smells from dry rot, the failure of that picture at the box office can always be blamed on the title.

So a good title is important, and the Warner Brothers had this picture to make, a musical sort of thing with a musical title. They thought it was a good title.

The Warners assigned a couple of song writers named Harold Arlen and Johnny (sometimes called John) Mercer to the business of composing words and music for the picture. After a length of time stipulated by contract Mr. Arlen and Mr. Mercer came into one of the Warner front offices, the one with the comfortable furniture. They sat themselves at the piano and started to play and sing music composed by Arlen and words written by Mercer. They played several songs, nice little things. Anatol Litvak, director, and Henry Blanke, producer, the duly appointed proxies of the Warner Brothers, were pleased. The room took on the complexion of congeniality; cigars were lit, backs were slapped. It was a moment—though no man in the room could have known it, could have had any intimations of immortality—when History itself was getting impatient, straining at the leash, and Polyhymnia, Muse of the sacred lyric, was crouching for a leap. It was the moment before the moment when history is made.

The big moment came soon enough. Mr. Arlen shot his cuffs, Mr. Mercer gargled a little deep down his throat. Mr. Arlen started to play and Mr. Mercer started to sing. Mercer sang and Arlen played a song called *Blues in the Night.*

For the moment, it is best to allow your imagination to run riot over the scene that ensued. It is entirely possible that the three Warner Brothers swooned in unison and keeled over in a line like dominoes. It is possible that the shouts of exaltation which greeted the Mercer-Arlen rendition of their new song were loud enough to penetrate the sound-proof walls of the Warner inner sanctum and waft like the detonations of cannonading over the quiet Burbank hillside. All this is possible in the light of what happened immediately after the final bars of the chorus died down among the black keys of the grand piano. The Warner Brothers changed the name of their picture to *Blues in the Night.*

As a motion picture, *Blues in the Night* did not make history. Its chief claim to fame, as fate would have it, has turned out to be the song after which it was titled. In other words, it was Mr. Mercer and Mr. Arlen who made history, not the Warner Brothers. Mr. Arlen had written a tune comparable to his own *Stormy Weather.* Mr. Mercer had written a lyric to rank with the best in American folk-jazz music. From his first line:

> "My mama done tol' me . . ."

to his last:

> "A woman's a two-face
> A worrisome thing
> Who'll leave you to sing
> The Blo-o-o-z in the Night"

he had created a series of remarkably catchy patterns. In practically no time at all "my mama done tol' me" became a part of the language, as indispensable a part as, say, "so's your old man." In no time at all the song was monopolizing first positions on the Hit Parade and being played, in ten thousand arrangements, by ten thousand bands from coast to coast. Bashful barefoot boys on the Major Bowes program played *Blues in the Night* in trios for ocarina, musical saw, and jug. Refined torch singers who otherwise confine themselves to Cole Porter and Tchaikovsky found themselves caught up in the current; they had to sing *Blues in the Night* because their customers clamored for it. The big bands, of course, played it almost to death and the nation's favorite singers warbled it in conflicting pitches. It was, in short, the sort of song that captivated everybody—hillbilly, café sophisticate, jitterbug. It was—is—of the same stuff that made—makes—*St. Louis Blues* such a perennial. Mr. Arlen had captured an irresistible rhythm. Mr. Mercer had caught an idiom on the fly and pinned it, still palpitating, on a sheet of music.

> "From Natchez to Mobile
> From Memphis to St. Joe . . ."

The idiom was deep South, deep American. It smelled high yaller and it glittered like a gold tooth.

> "I been to some big towns
> And heard me some big talk . . ."

It was simple. It had a tang like hair tonic in a hot barber shop. No fancy label on the bottle, but a tang.

> "A woman's a two-face,
> A worrisome thing
> Who'll leave you to sing
> The Blo-o-o-o-z in the Night"

It was, in a word, authentic.

There are songs of the South that prate of mammies and mandolins and the wisterical delights of Dixie. Mostly, they are concocted by sharpies who work up a sentimentality over the Southland by hiking over to Lindy's and ordering some canned corn pone with their *lox.* They write slick and successful songs about their nostalgia for the bayous and the deltas and the swamplands, but they've never been closer to any of this than the conductor on the I. R. T. crosstown. Their idiom is borrowed or stolen. To these men the South is a place invented by Al Jolson,

Continued on page 119

"My mater done told me—"

The Taming of Red Thunder

Lying in a hammock was all Frank asked of life but Cecilia continued to fret over her prize bull lost in the hills

by MAX BRAND

• FICTION •

There was a man named Harter who was more self-made than anybody you could think of. He was born with an impediment in his speech, and the first time he tried anything he always failed. He had to be either very patient or go crazy, so he turned into the most patient man in the world. He was nearly thirty before he worked his way through college and he was all of thirty-five before he finished his law course. The reason he won so many cases was that the judge and jury sympathized with his stammering. He sweated so hard and was so honest that twelve men and women always sat on the edges of their chairs and hoped he would win. He was forty before he married and at sixty-odd he had a comfortable fortune plus a beautiful twenty-year-old daughter with three modern languages and friends all over Europe. He would not have been surprised if she married a title but instead of that she decided on a return to the soil.

What she admired in her father was not his victory over the world but his conquest of himself which began on a Middle Western farm. She went farther west and bought a large acreage of California hills in the Coast Range.

It was in the books for her to fail but she had the sense to find a good foreman and use his brains. The result was that she did fairly well and though Harter was not pleased he could not complain, until at the end of the fourth year she decided to marry her foreman.

This was a shock to Harter. On his last trip to California he had met Joe Langley and liked him, but a thirty-seven-year-old cattleman was not his idea of a son-in-law. He thought of Cecilia in cowhide boots leaving the raising of his grandchildren to some Mexican wench who would fill them with bad Spanish and worse manners, and he decided that the time had come for him to act.

He knew, from experience, that he could do nothing with Cecilia so he looked about for help. He wanted a young man of breeding and education to throw into the breach but the only one he knew with these qualities was the son of his dead partner, and the lad was not promising. Young Quigley had managed to pass the bar examination but he was no more use than a rubber stamp in the office. Frank was a long, lean, casual fellow who never had learned how to make an effort. Tutors had helped him through school, and he knew European beaches from Biarritz to the Riviera. These limited talents Harter knew about but he was not acquainted with any other eligible; besides, he always believed that a good workman never complained about his tools. He could not help remembering that Frank Quigley senior had seemed just such another as his son, a man of vast silences and unending inertia; but he had been capable of such strokes of insight as mean the difference between success and failure in the law courts.

"No," said Frank when Harter called him in and told him that he needed a change. "I hate changes. Now I've learned the way to the office, I'd rather stay put."

"The fact is," said Harter, "that Cecilia is in trouble."

"Who is Cecilia?" asked Frank.

To be sure for some years the pair had not been together but half the summers of their childhood had been spent side by side. Harter took off his glasses and polished them for a long time.

"Cecilia," he said at last, gently, "is my daughter."

"Oh, Cissy," said Frank.

"She is in trouble," said Harter.

"What sort of trouble?" asked Frank.

"I don't know," said Harter. "That's why I want you to go to California and find out."

"Why me?" asked Frank.

"Because you're an observer. You're the only man I know who can spend a whole day without moving. It's a great thing to be an observer. It leads to contemplation, religion, and a lot of things. Ambition."

"I've thought of a schooner," Frank answered, sighing, "not too big—and sailing somewhere in the Trades with a good, steady crew . . . a hammock slung somewhere and a clean sky to look at . . . and knowing there's a bit of white beach wrapped up in the blue of the horizon, somewhere."

Harter was polishing his glasses furiously, as though he were trying to rub out a flaw.

"You like the sea," he said, perspiring a little.

"It's all right to look at," said Frank.

Harter jammed on the glasses but he used them to look out the window at the ugly city distances.

"Well," he said, "you go to California and look around. If you can find out what's wrong with Cecilia, maybe we'll see about that schooner and a good, steady crew."

That was why Frank arrived at the Circle C ranch. A letter from her father had reached Cecilia before her guest.

"Dear Cissy," he wrote, "I'm sending Frank out for a rest. I wish you would treat him with something less than your usual levity and try to find out what is troubling him. There is something on his mind, and I can't find out what it is. You like hard problems and perhaps you'll be able to fathom even a contemplative brain like that of Frank."

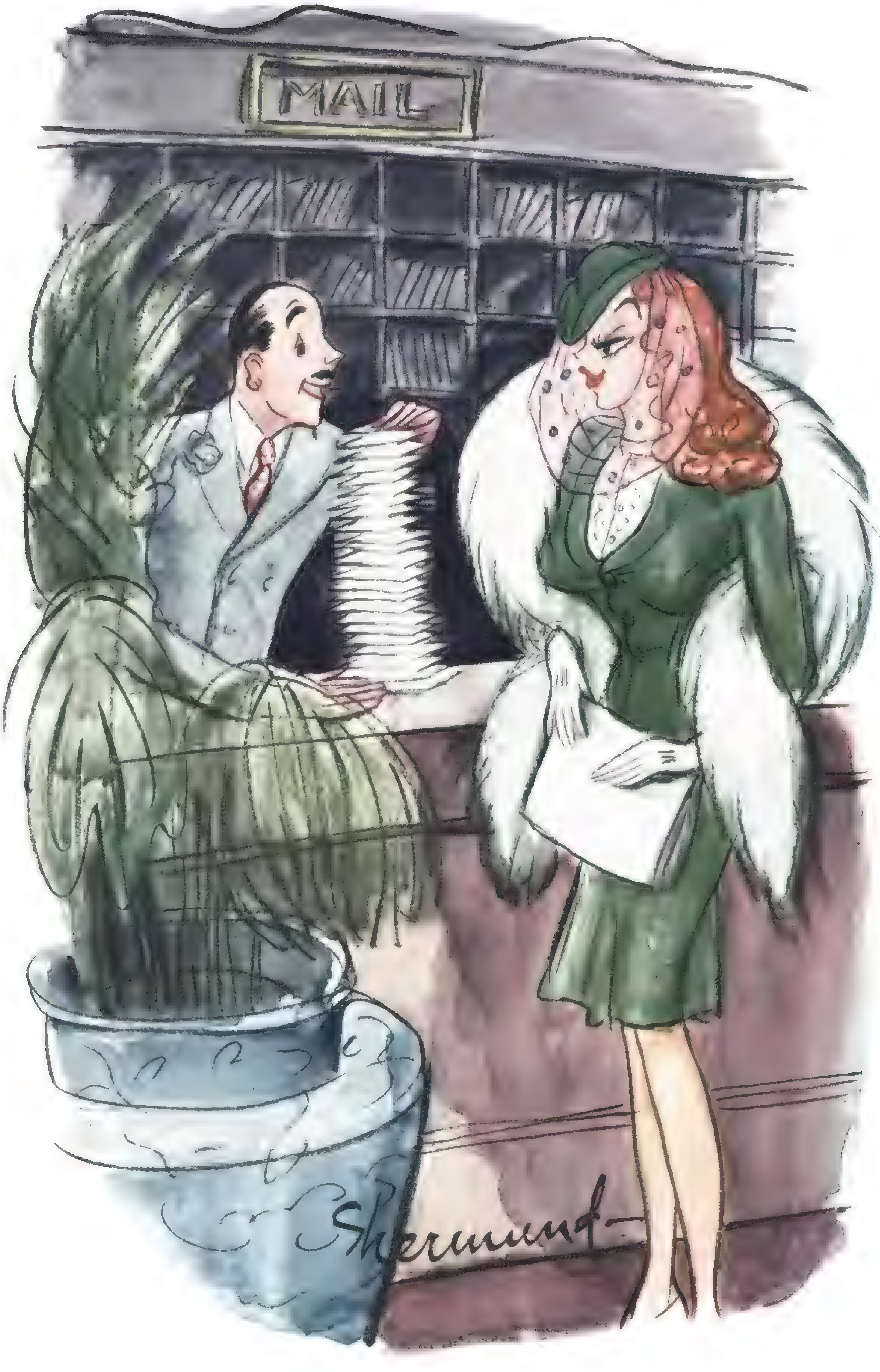
He had an answer from her a few days later which ran:

"Dear Pops,

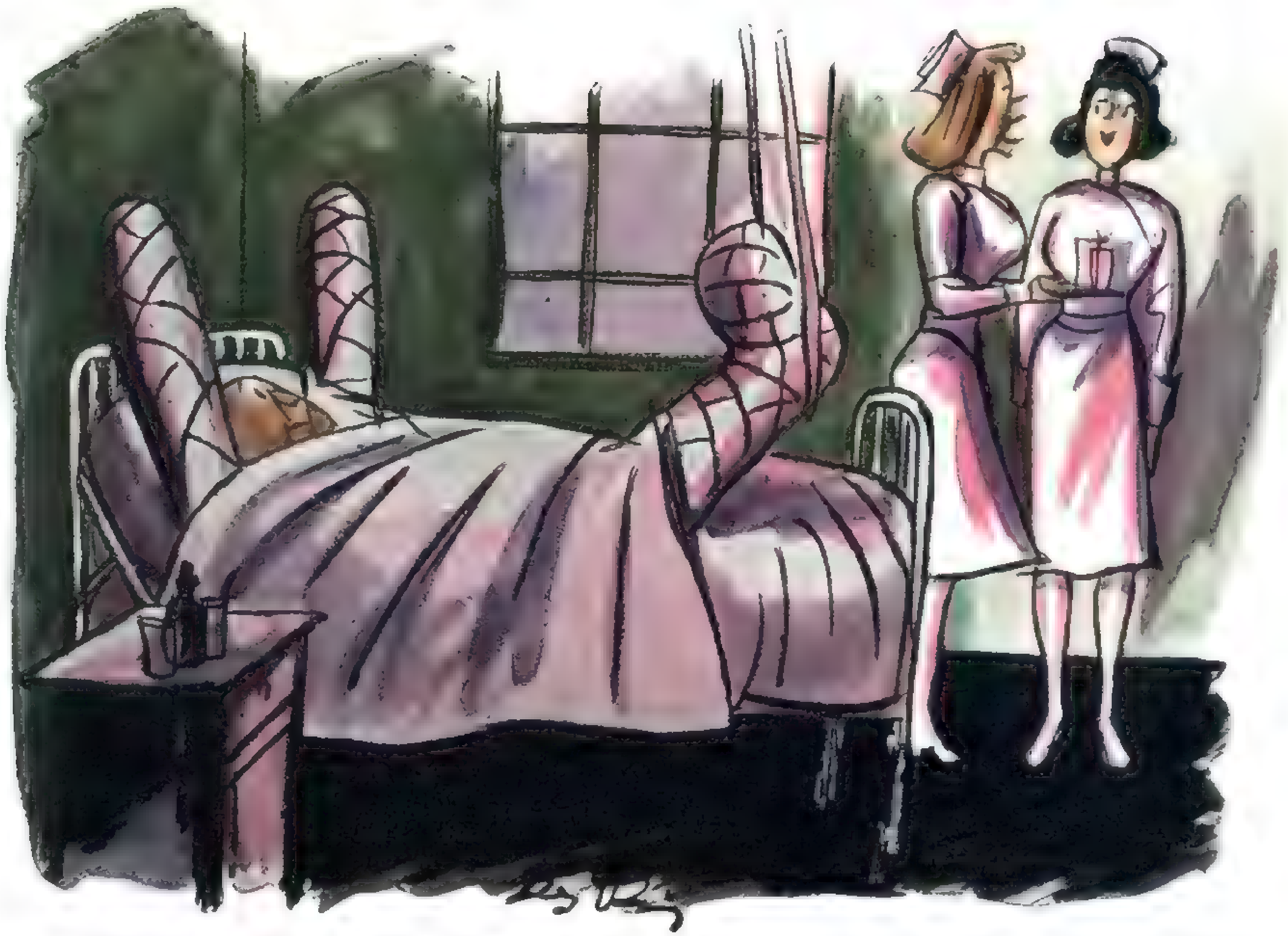
Frank is here and I'll try to find out what's on his mind. I never knew he had a mind but if you've discovered one I'll take your word for it. He spends most of his time in a hammock which he's rigged between a live oak

Continued on page 97

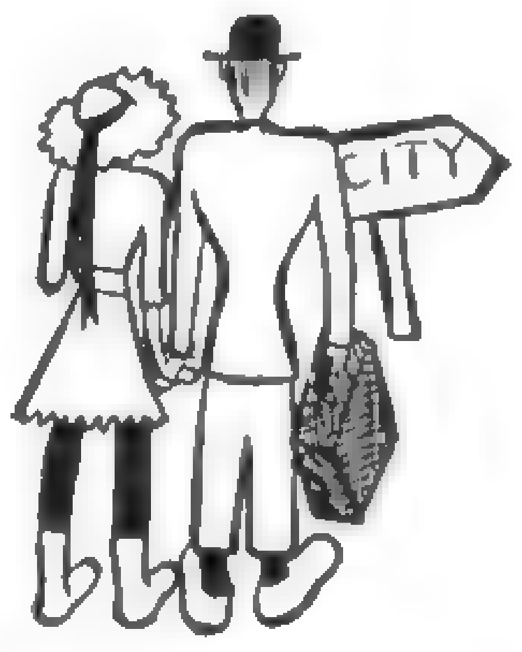
"Good luck, Joe"


MAIL
Sherman

"Some calls came in while you were out, Miss LaVie"

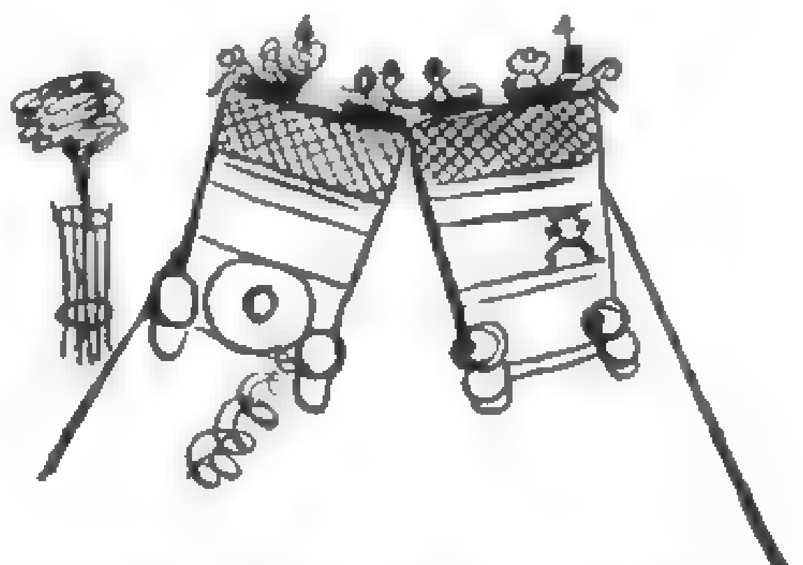


"There's really nothing wrong with his arms—it was his wife's idea"

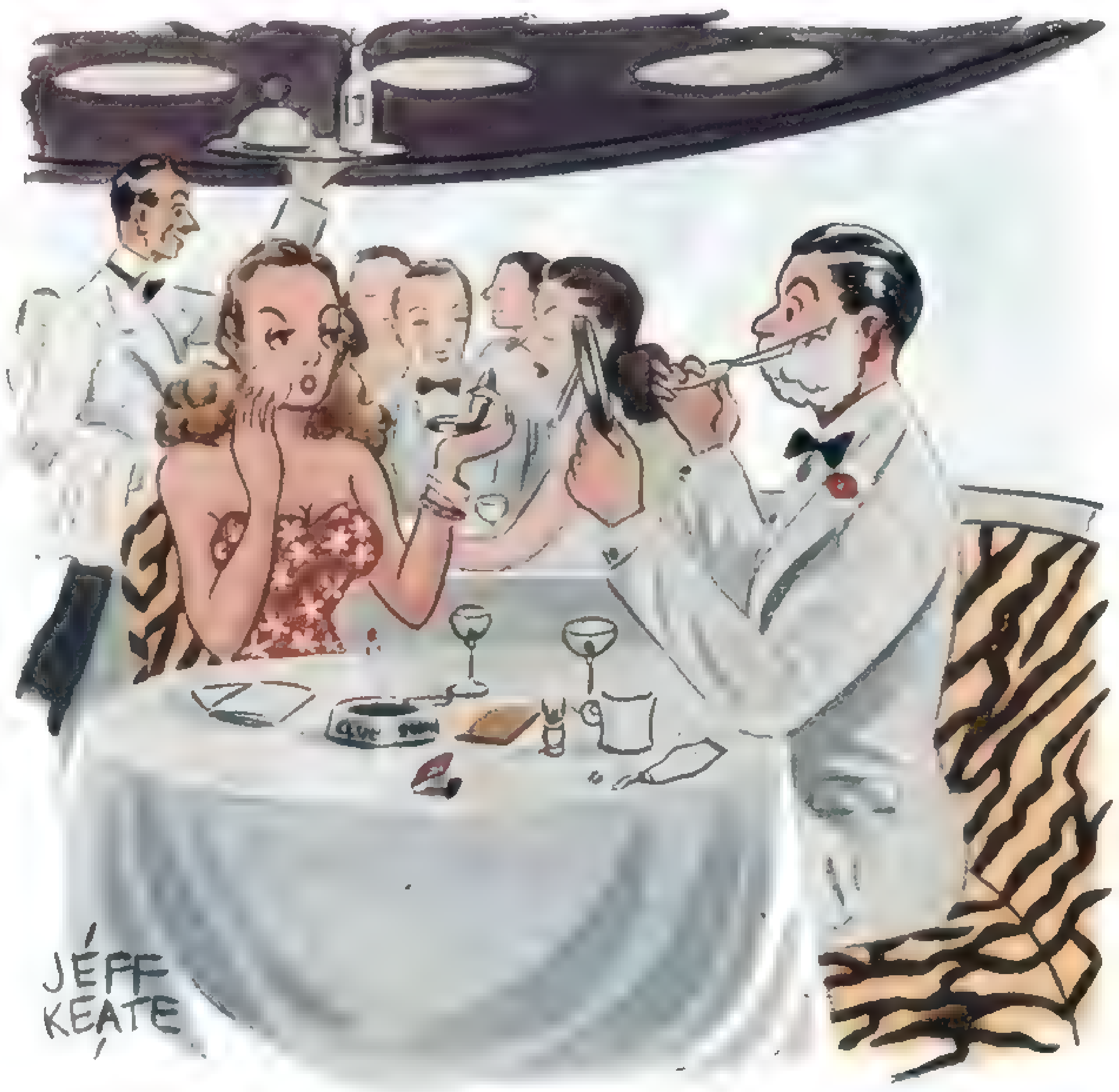


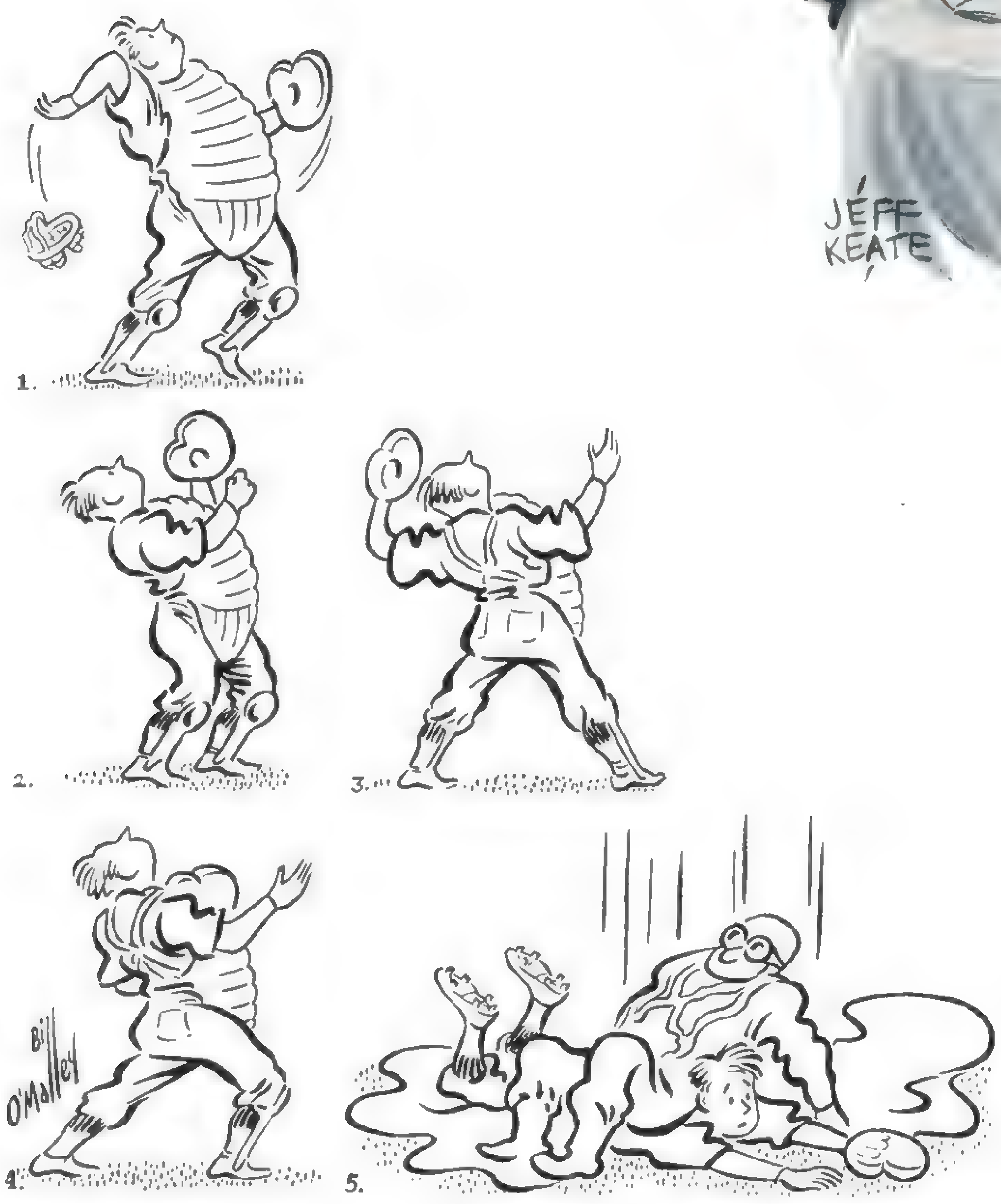
Unusual World's Series Incident

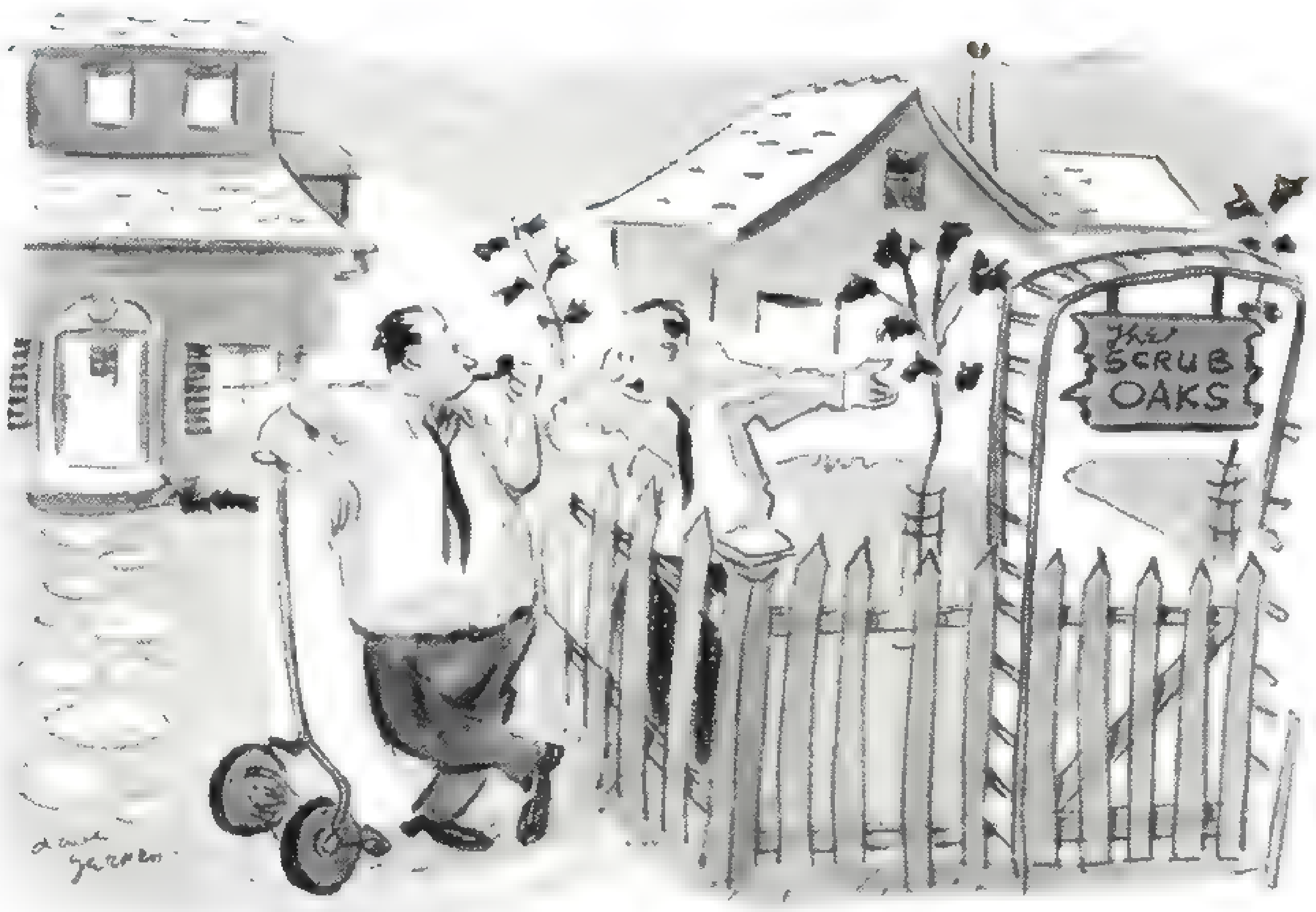
"The influx of out-of-town fans has begun," wrote sports writer Feegin, "but there are and will be plenty of hotel rooms available. Don't forget this is a heck of a big city."



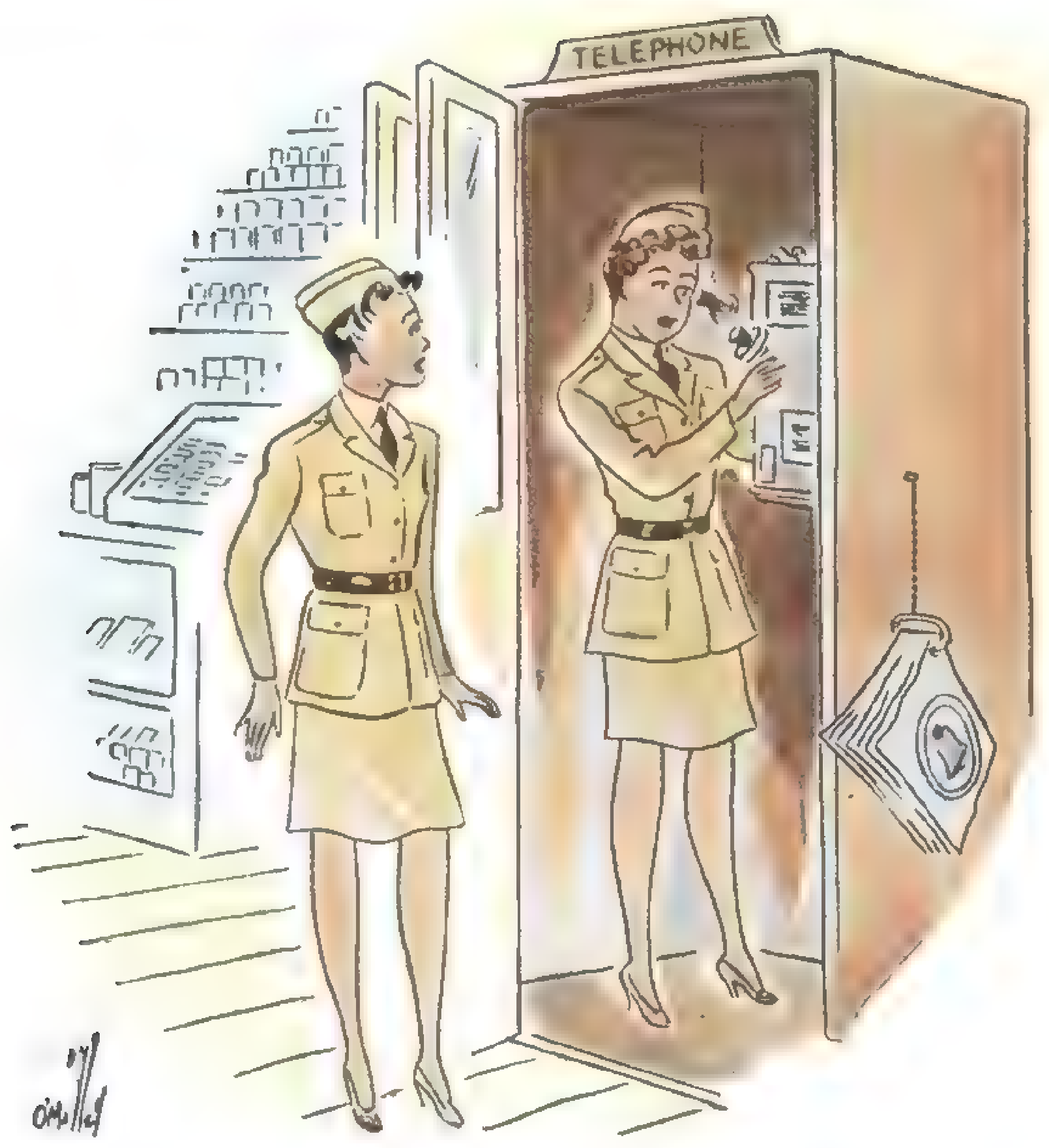
Simple Simon is considering writing his Congressman to do away with those rubber-neck busses.



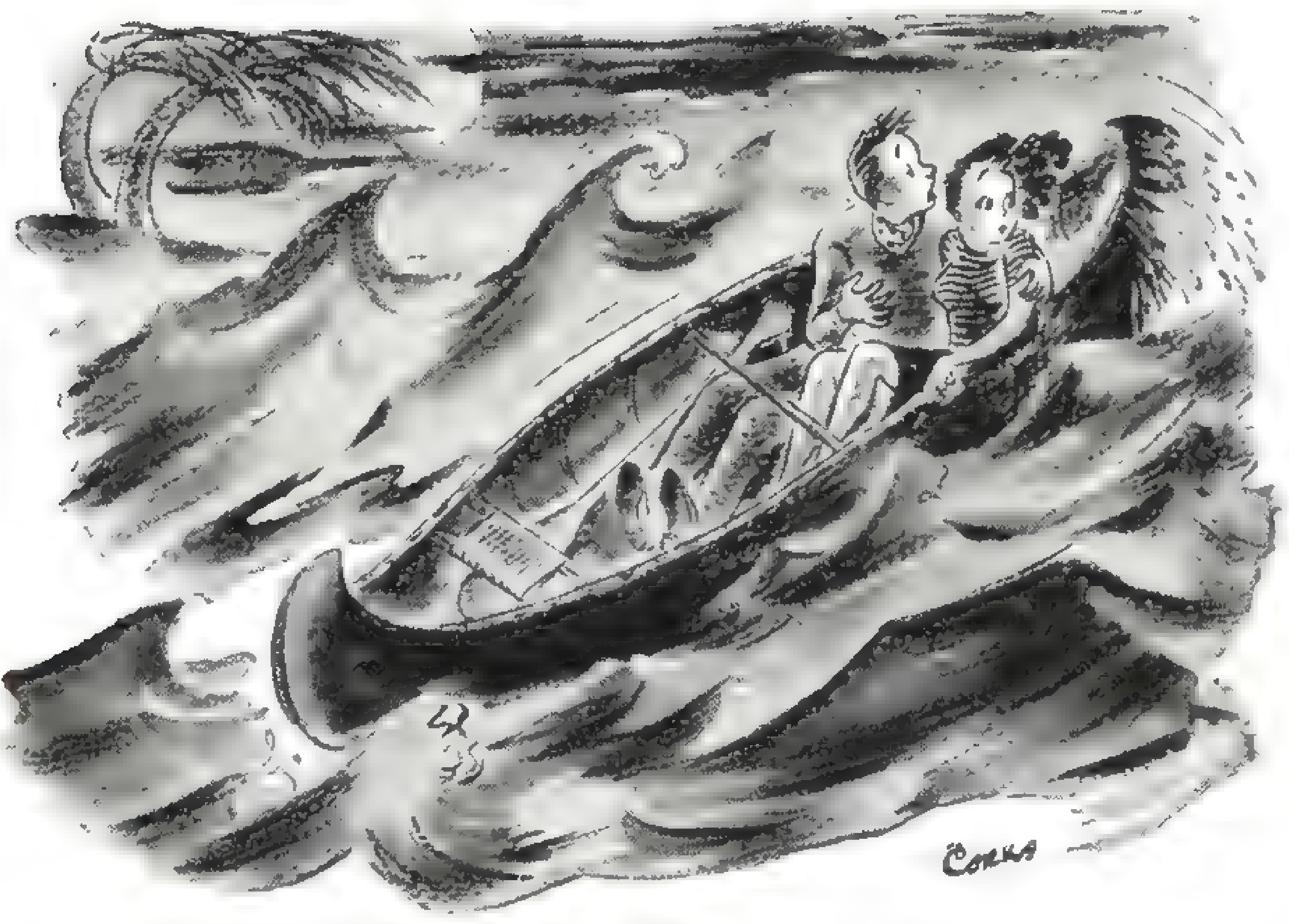




"Later on we hope to call it just 'The Oaks!'"

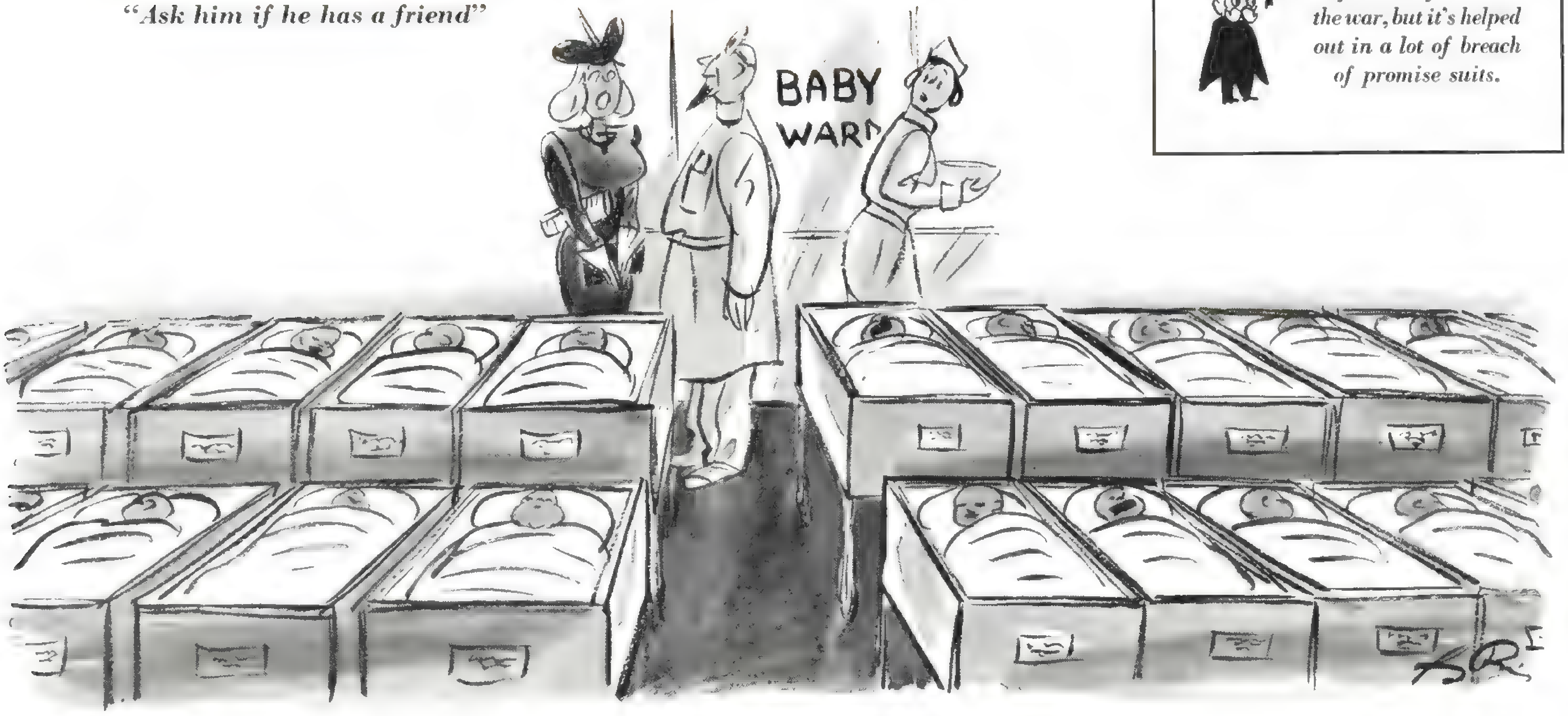


"Ask him if he has a friend"



"What is it, Mabel? Did I do or say something?"

Defense may not win the war, but it's helped out in a lot of breach of promise suits.

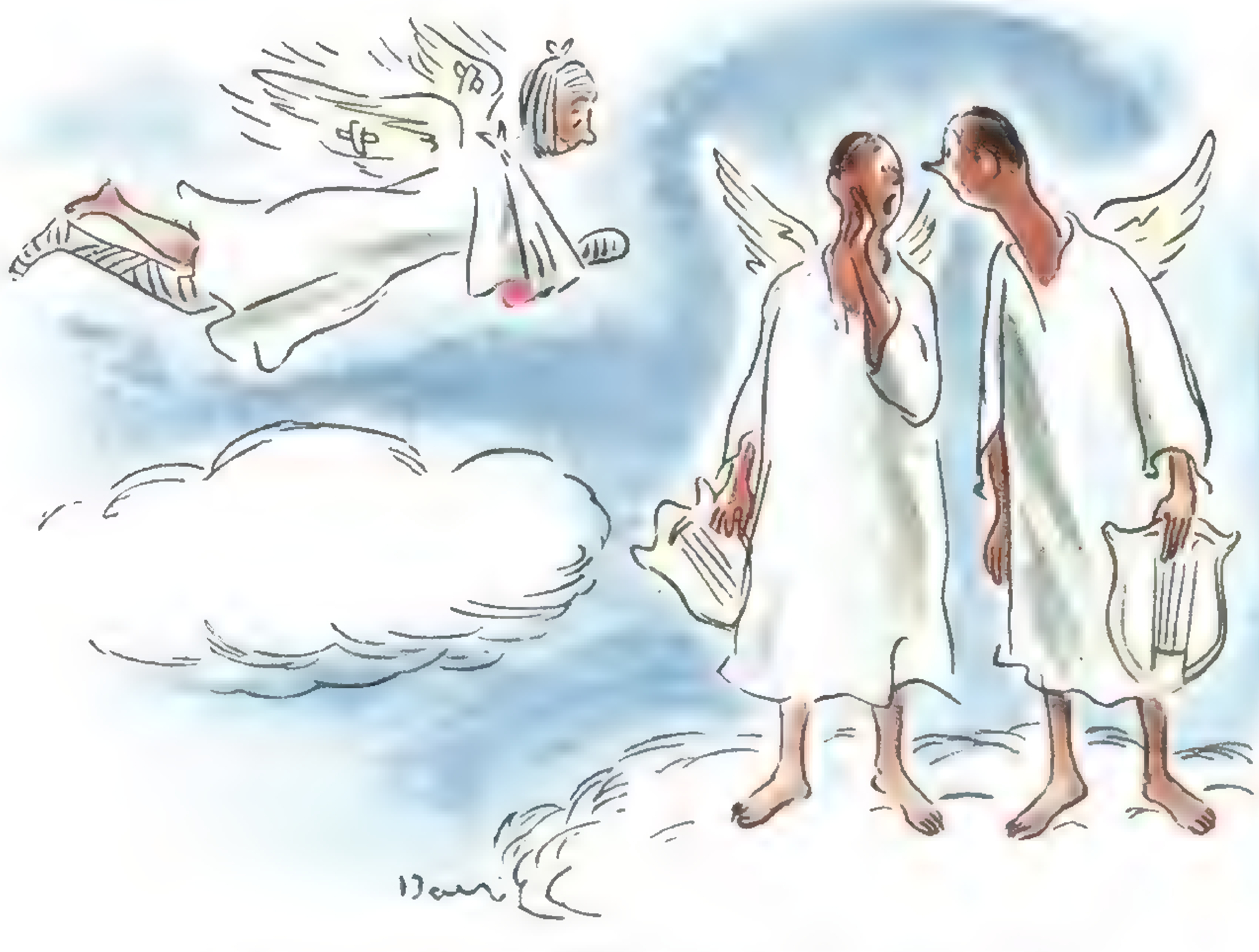


"I suppose priorities and everything won't affect you people at all"

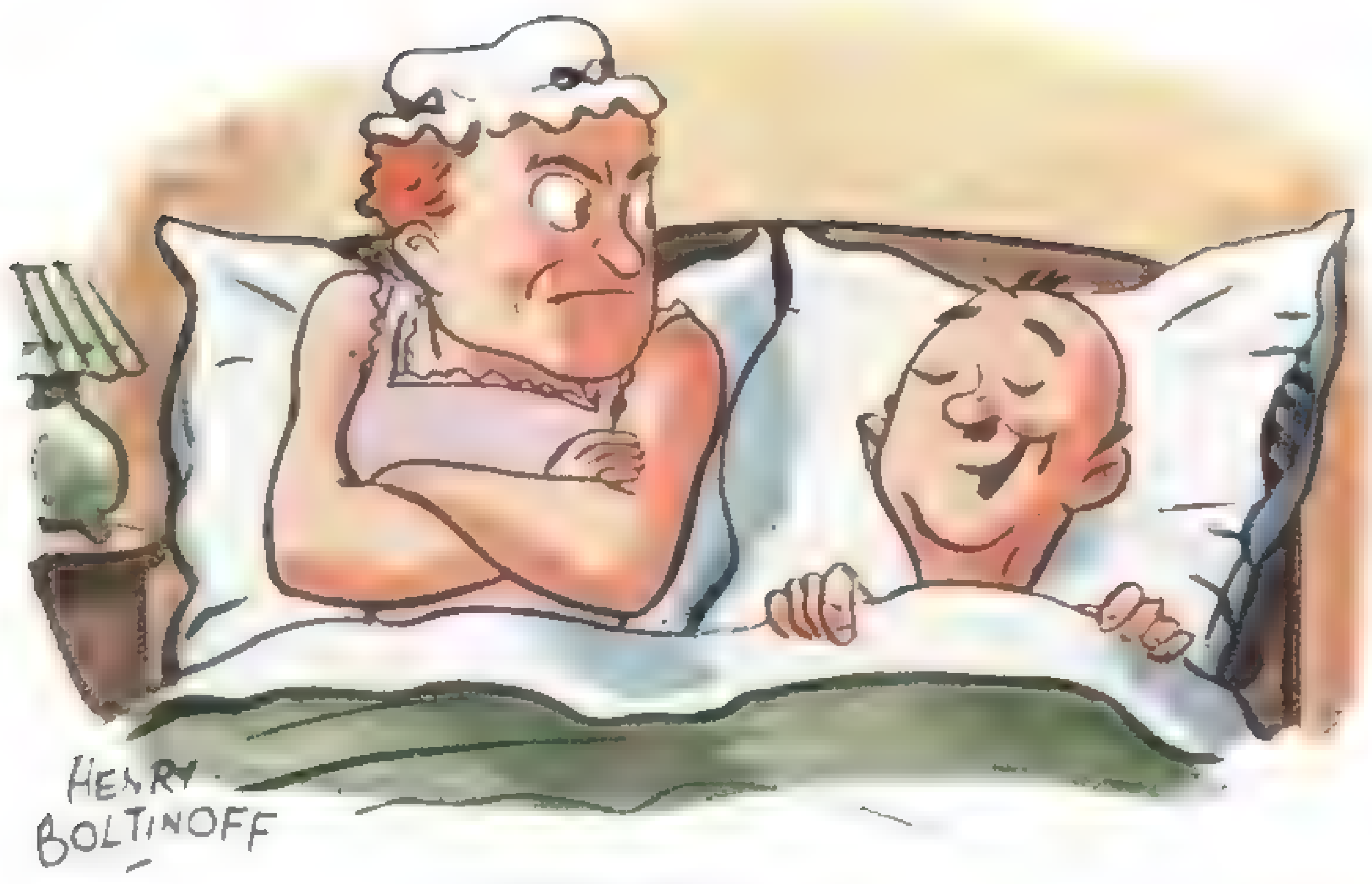
Defeatist

"We haven't a chance," he wailed. "We're terrifically outnumbered. Our equipment is poor. Our opponents are terrifically strong—marvelously trained—virtually invincible. Defeat for us is a practical certainty. The results are going to be disastrous."

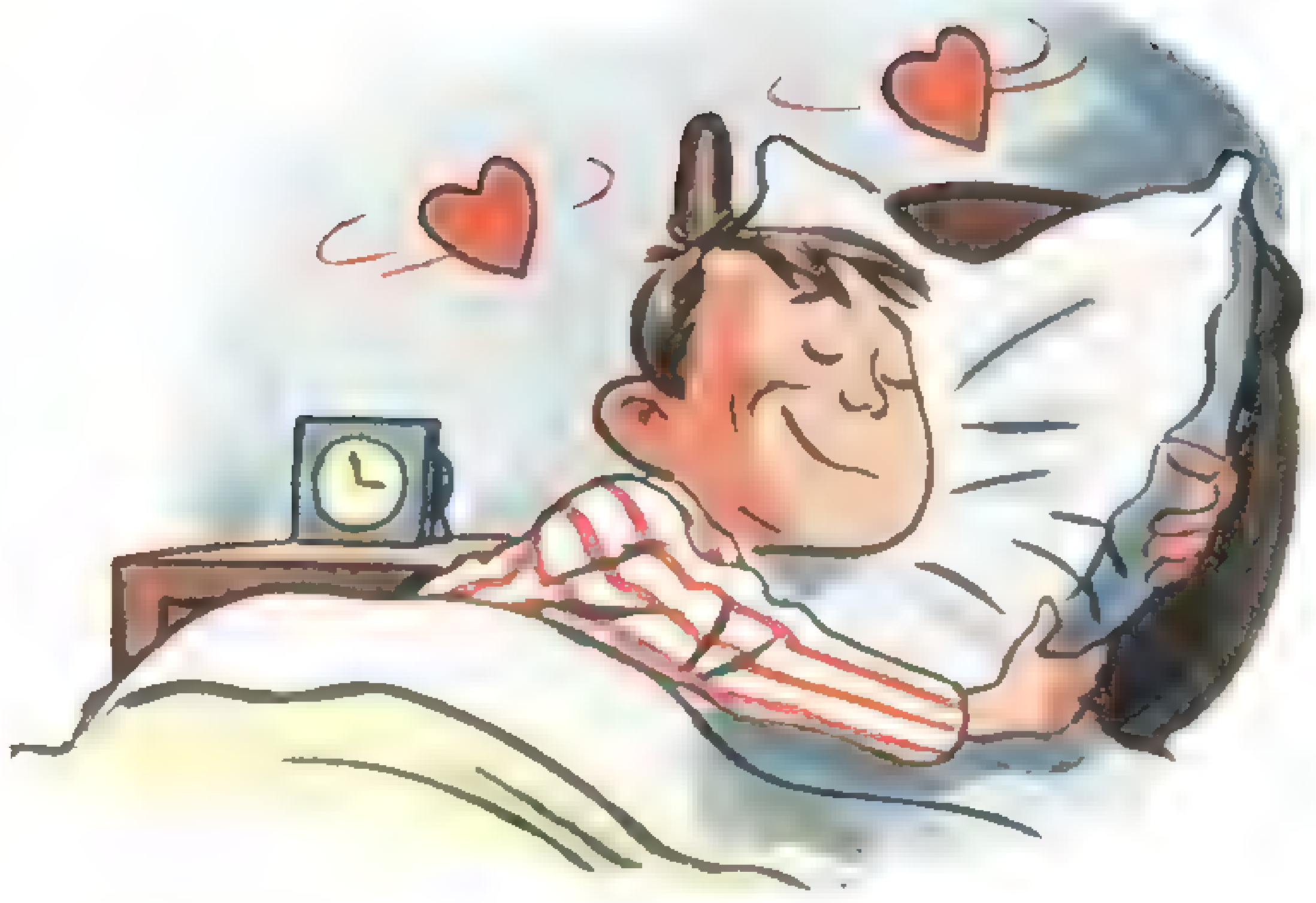
—Now don't get excited. He wasn't a fifth columnist. —Just another football coach sizing up his team's prospects.



"He has a nice take-off—but his landing is poor"



The Talker

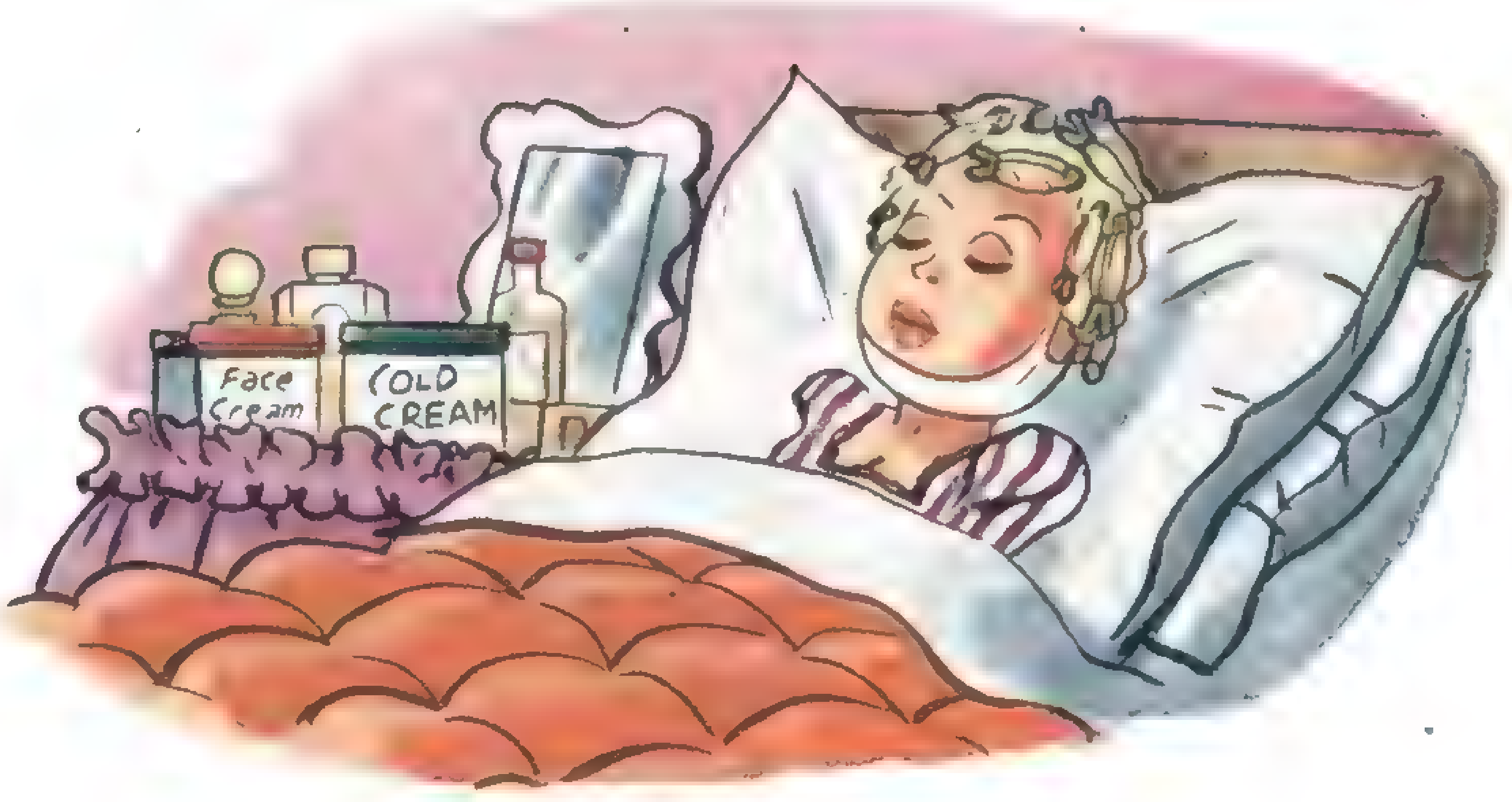


The Dreamer

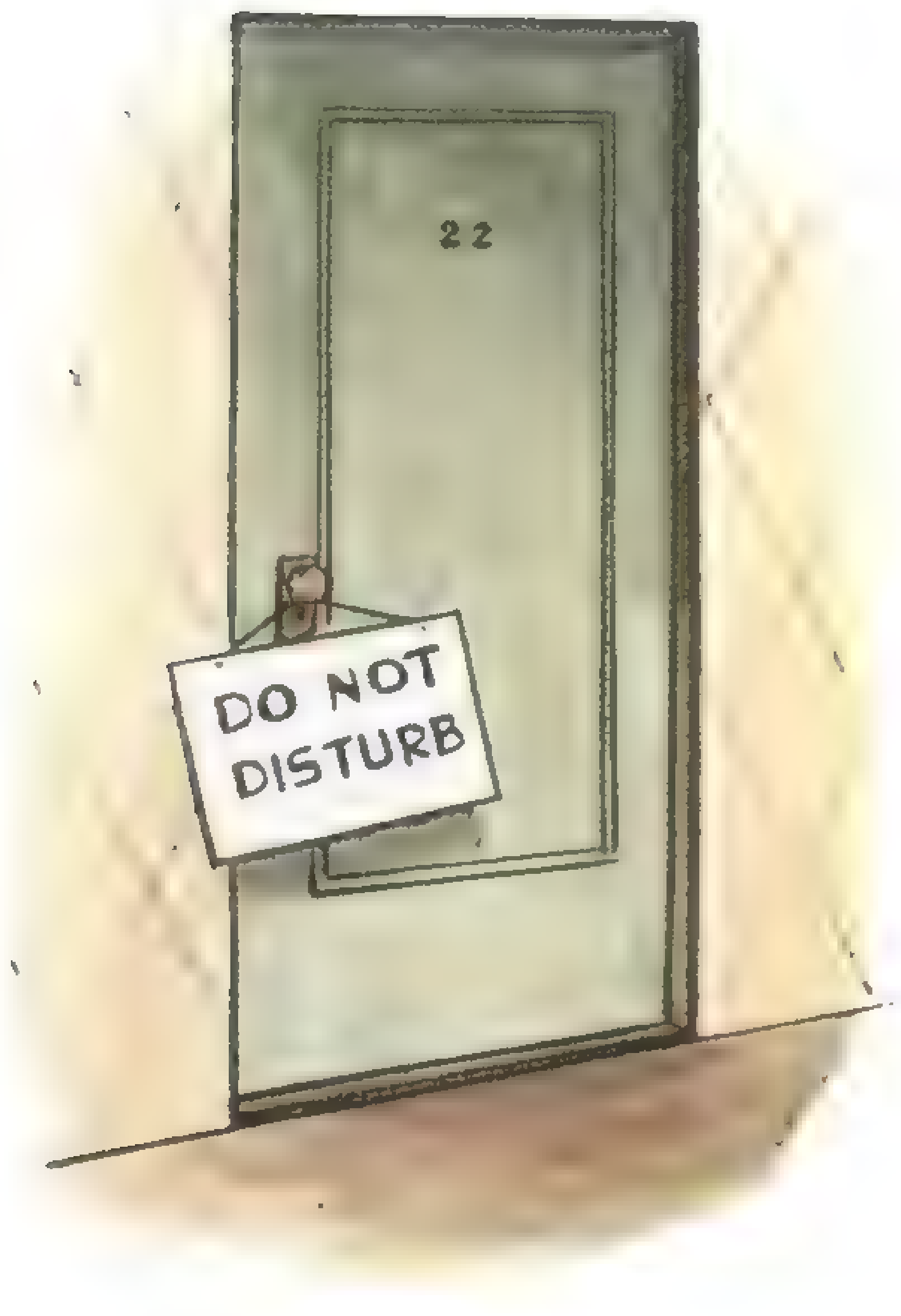
Morpheus Has Arms

. . . and into these arms this collected group sleeps peacefully

***by* S. DIAMOND**
& HENRY BOLTINOFF


Face Cream
COLD CREAM

The Sorceress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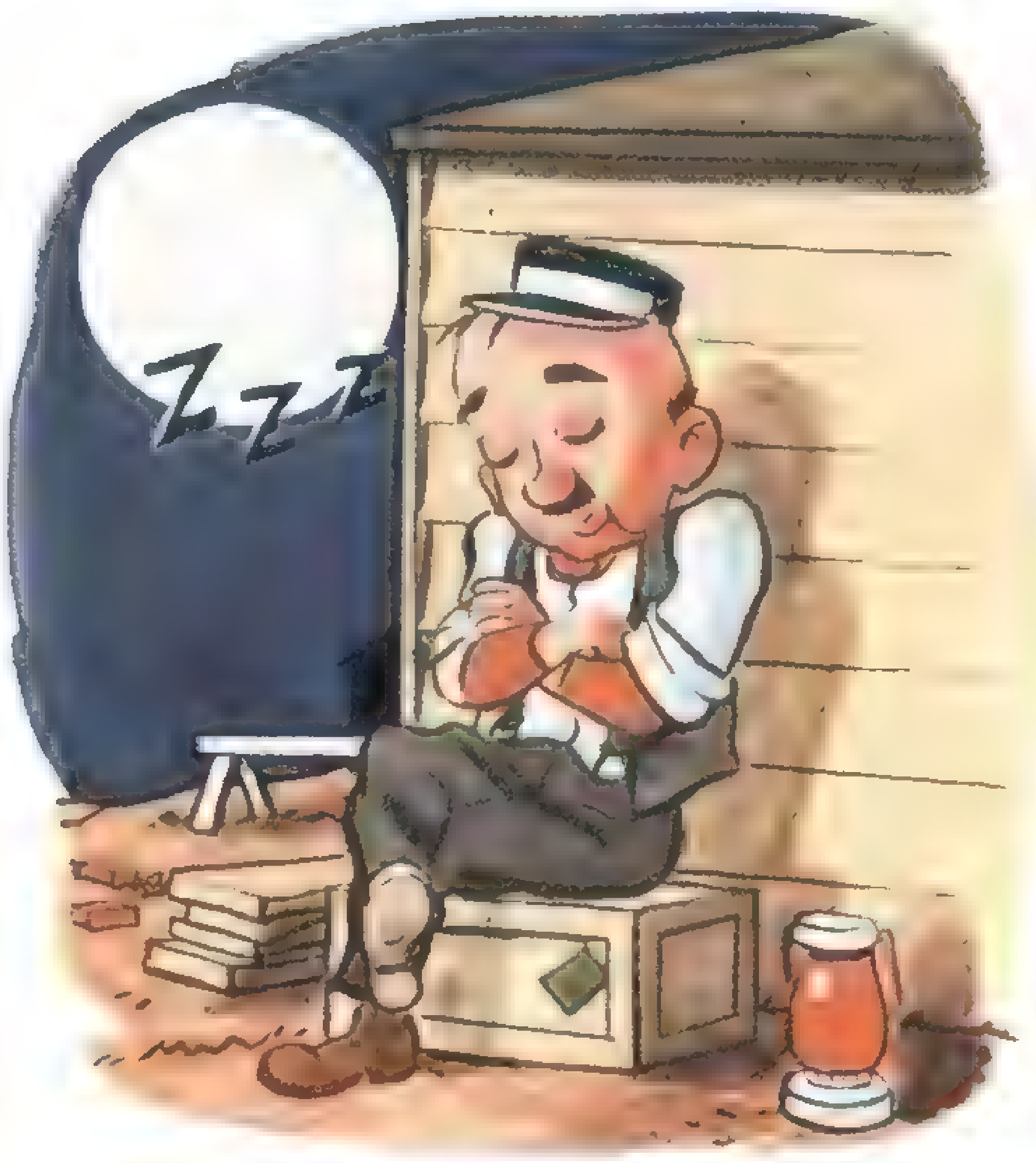
DO NOT DISTURB

The Honeymooners



The Watchman

How to Take Golf Lessons

Pick a teacher you trust, place yourself wholly in his hands, pay him fairly and don't irk him with saws from other pros

ANONYMOUS

▪ SPORTS ▪

THE guy who said there were 99 things to get right in your golf game, any one of which could throw the other 98 completely off, was wrong. There are not 99 things to get wrong in your golf game. There are 100.

Yeah, I know. You add up all the stances and the grips, all the counts and the rhythms, all the heads down and the follows through, and you get 99. But the most important factor of your golf game is the one that sour-grapes artist left out—it's the ability to take golf lessons and to take them without holding your nose, making a bad face, then promptly spitting them out. That ability is something even your best friends won't sell you, but it's something you can pick up if you stoop to conquer.

And if anybody can give you a tip, straight from the horse, I'm it. I'm the guy who taught my kids to swim the crawl, just from reading the books and looking at the pictures, though my own claim to tank fame is in a slow, exasperating breast stroke. I picked up fancy skating when I was practically pickin's for Pitkin, just by watching the pretty girls in the center of the Arena and then practicing alone in the Park. Tennis, a passable piano, billiards—all fell in line with how-to books and determined practice. But I'll be damned if I could ever go it with golf by the same methods.

I've read just about every book that's ever been written on the game, from Vardon to date. In trying to be a self-made golfer I used all my very best learn-by-watching methods, avidly followed the pros all over the country ("just looking, thanks"), spent literally years on a practice tee—but no golf game worthy of the name came out of the pot.

That's when I decided to abandon this Horatio Alger pose, the one that goes along with the I-never-took-a-lesson-in-my-life line of chatter. That's when I decided to take a lesson from a bona fide pro. That oughta fixit.

I didn't know this then, but I know it now: deciding to take golf lessons is only the beginning. From there in, a definite planned program is in order, for if you are shooting over 90 or 100 and you go about taking lessons like the average guy, you might as well rejoin the group of deluded dubs you just left—you know, Harry and Al and Mike with their locker-room protestations about "I only play for the fresh air and sunshine. Score doesn't bother me."

Bobby Jones once fixed 90 as the dividing line between dubs and golfers. Actually, only about 15 or 20 per cent of all American golf-club members can break 100; only 5 per cent can shoot below 80. Yet every high-handicap ball beater thinks of himself as a golfer and probably blames all but his basic form for his "off-day" scores. A lot of graceful growing-oldsters can't understand why their games have fallen off as the years have piled up, but any little sand pile, if trapped, will tell them that it's not because they "don't get out as much as they used to," but because their games never *were* any good. Once upon a time maybe their agility and their brawn made up for eccentricities in their strokes, but today tightening muscles, weakened coordination and less powerful push behind the swings show up the old faults. The oldster who still scores as well as he did when he was in his twenties or thirties is the fellow who learned a good sound form and grooved it.

Of course, none of us wants to take golf so seriously it becomes a torment. Maybe a lot of us wish we could honestly claim we don't care about score so long as we have sun and seltzer—but the fact remains that we'd all be a lot happier if we could count on our golf. Not tournament golf, but social stuff. Just good enough to allow us to play with the sharpies without holding them up (and without being held up!) . . . just good enough to put us out of the dub class and often into the 80's . . . just good enough to make us welcome in any foursome. It can be done, and here's how:

Pick as your teacher a pro in whose ability to play and to teach you have complete confidence. If you belong to a club naturally your club pro will have first call. If you're picking from strangers, scout around to find out something about your prospect before you talk to him. But once you've decided on him, put yourself completely in his hands and stick with him.

I've taken lessons from an army of pros, big and small—from the unknown 42nd assistant at the stop-and-sock to the big name money winners—and I know that one of the first things to conquer when you start out for a lesson is the tendency to think (or worse, to *say*) "that ain't the way I heard it!" Take a lesson with reservations and you're worse off than if you never took it. At least a part of the pro's interest is in making a living, so if he suspects that you're not wholeheartedly with him, that you're going to be like the woman convinced against her will, he'll drag out some of the old bromides to make you happy. Net result—nil.

Don't expect miracles in minutes. The average guy who draws himself to his full height and announces in trumpet tones: "I'm going to take a lesson to get rid of this slice," is the bane of the pro's existence. He plans to take 1 (one) lesson and to return to his foursome that very afternoon—a new man. The pro can't afford to tell you, when you wheel up with that sort of a demand, that your request is as impossible as it is unreasonable. On looking over your swing his expert eye instantly detects faults—faults that have become fixed habits. They're correctable, but not in one three-dollar lesson. To correct one

Continued on page 103

"Were you using a golf ball, sir?"

Dogs Are Getting Shaggier

The peculiar feature of these stories is that the characters in them have a glorious and slightly cockeyed logic

by J. C. FURNAS & LAURENCE McKINNEY

• ARTICLE •

℞

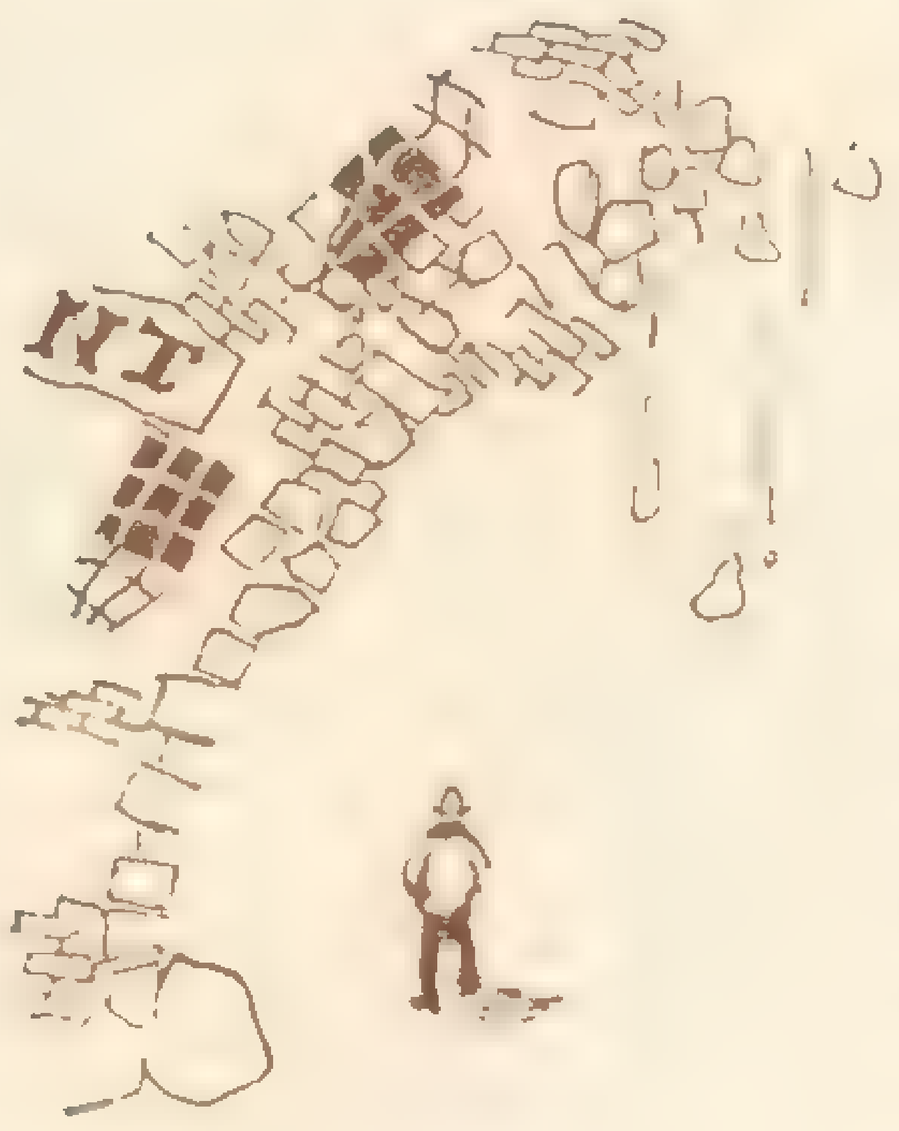
For the third time that afternoon the cop on the beat saw the sour-looking stranger leaning rigidly against the bank-building, a few feet to the left of the main door. Obviously he had not moved a muscle since first seen. The cop strolled up, doing his duty with professional casualness:

"Move on, you," he said.

"I can't," said the stranger, "I'm holding up the building."

"None of your lip, wise guy," said the cop. "I said move on."

"OK," said the stranger and walked away with a shrug of his narrow shoulders. The building collapsed.



It was another policeman who was accosted by another stranger wanting to know: "Do you recognize me?"

"Nope," said the law.

"How do you know?" said this stranger. "You never saw me before in your life."

It was still a third policeman who was on duty at the station-house desk when the local Methodist parson came in for his weekly good-works visit to the boys in the jug. In the first cell was a new prisoner, naked as a jaybird except for a derby hat.

"My friend," asked the parson, "why aren't you wearing your clothes?"

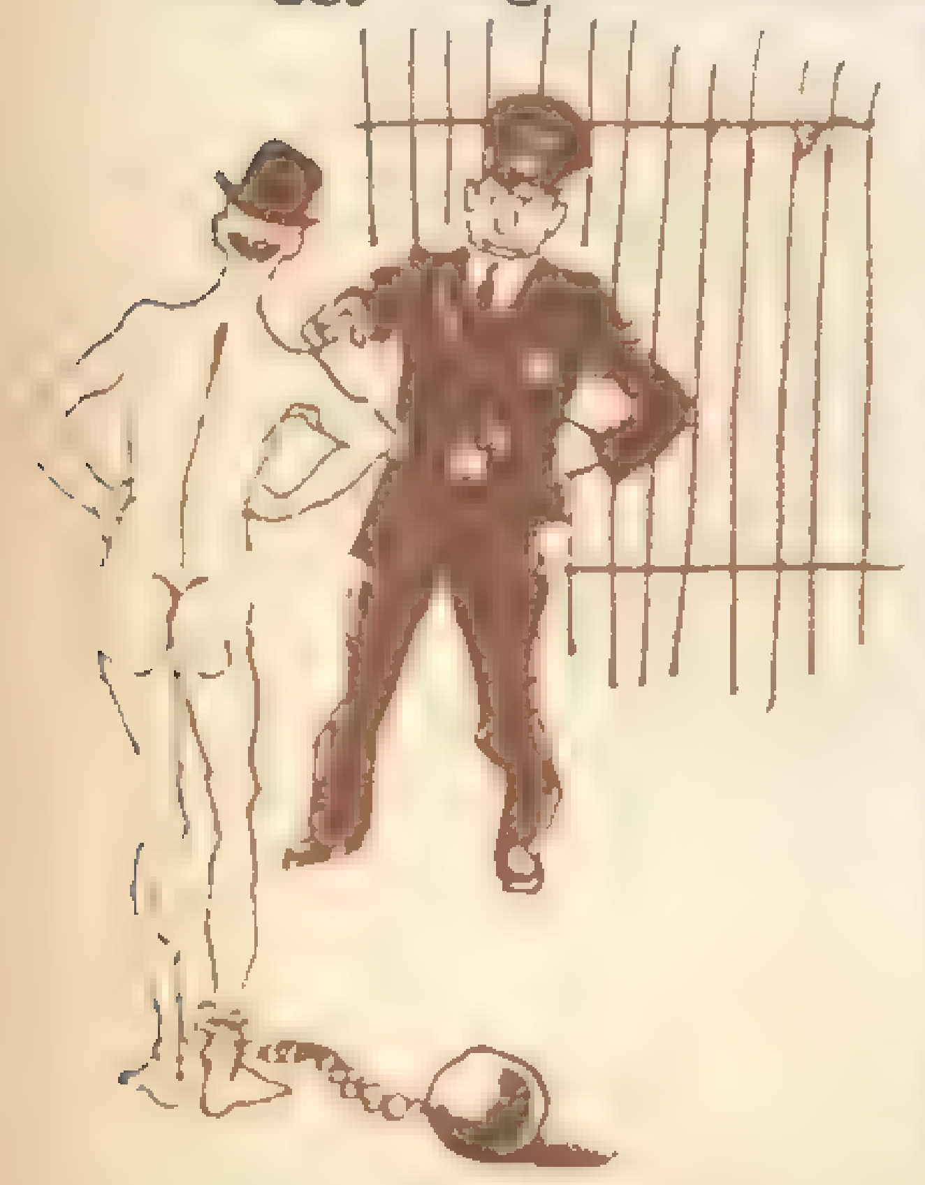
"Why should I?" asked the prisoner. "Nobody's coming to see me."

The parson thought that over.

"But in that case," he asked, "why the hat?"

"Well," said the prisoner, "somebody might."

Those are of what you might call the penological school of shaggy dog story. The public—a word that for this purpose might be defined as consisting generically of the boys in the back room—seem to have stronger nerves these days or else their psyches are developing calluses, for the current case-book of shaggy dogs is definitely getting more so. Some of them show every mark of having been cooked up out of current events somewhere down at the end of the bar where spilled beer has soaked through the comics and into the cheesecake picture on the movie page.



There was the Nazi parachutist, raised from a pup in the clockwork Party tradition, getting instructions for his squad's first business jump.

"You, Busch, are Number Five," said the Herr Lieutenant. "The plane takes off at 4:30. At 5:47 it will reach its objective, and the commander will call the squad's numbers in order. As he reaches Five, you rise and proceed to the door. You jump at once on reaching the door. You count ten and pull your rip cord. If the 'chute fails to open, you count another ten and pull the cord of the emergency 'chute. You will come to ground at 5:52. You will find yourself behind a haystack. Three yards to your right is a machine gun ready to fire. You will open fire with the machine gun at a battalion of enemy engineers engaged in demolition work 300 yards to your left front."

At 5:47 the plane was over the objective. At Five, Busch got to the door, counted ten, pulled the first cord. The 'chute failed to open. He counted another ten and pulled the emergency cord. The emergency 'chute also failed to open.

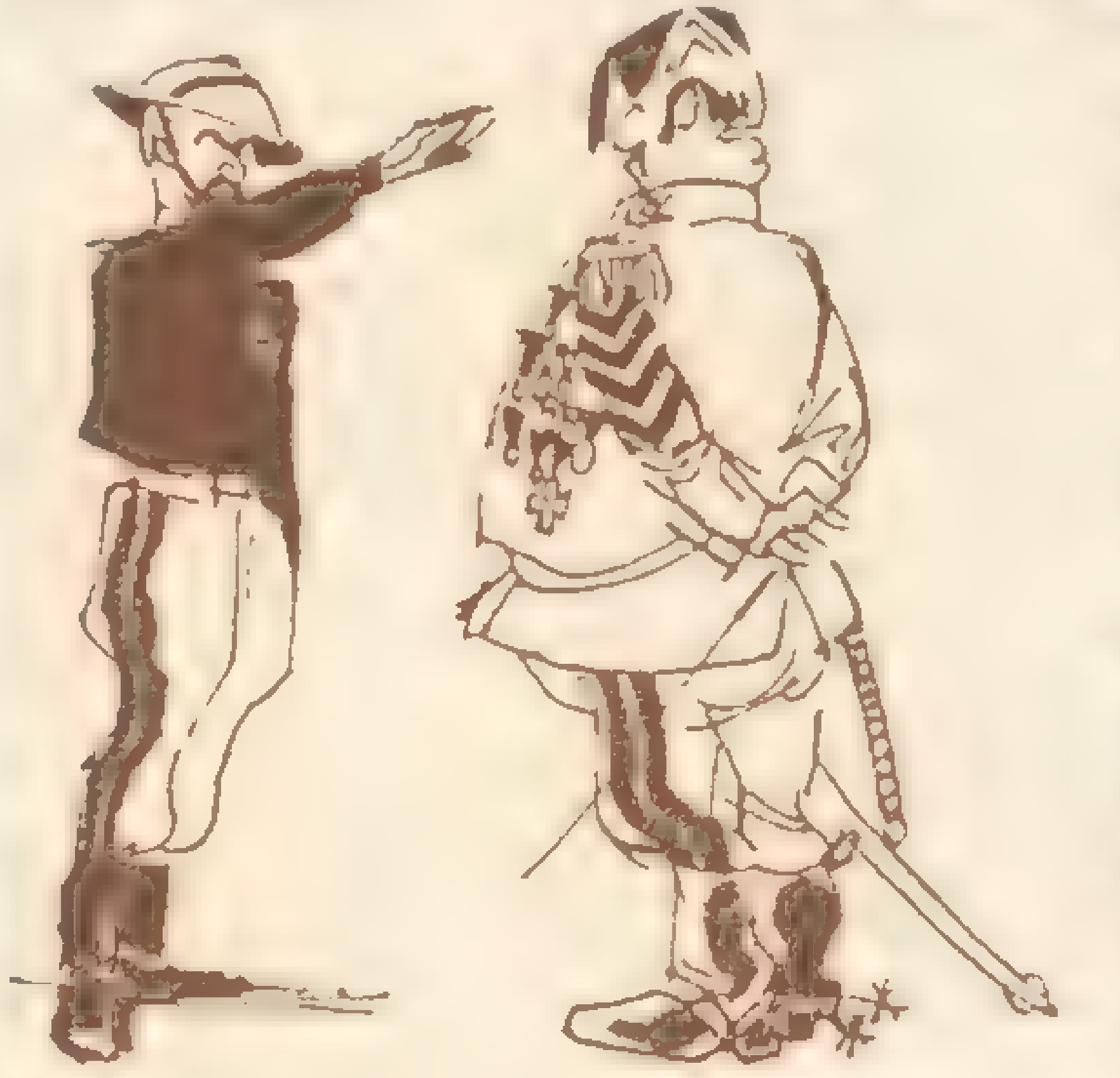
"This is disgraceful," said Busch. "Undoubtedly the machine gun will not be there either."

Barring shagginess, he had little in common with the Italian colonel assigned the responsibility of making a Libyan railroad useless if and when the enemy captured it. A couple of days after a British tank column captured the railroad, one of the colonel's superiors found him in the officers' club at Tripoli having a cool bottle and inquired about the railroad.

"Completely out of commission, sir," said the colonel. "I am proud to report I attended to that with my own hands."

"Spoken like a true soldier of Italy," said the superior. "What methods did you use?"

"My own," said the colonel. "In person, unassisted, I tore up all the third-class tickets."



The shade of Aesop hovers more menacingly over these proceedings these days, an Aesop gone somewhat cockeyed with his animals behaving to match. The tale of the man and his horse, in fact, sounds so much like a pithy Aesop fable that you have to guard against straining your mind all out of shape trying to see the point that is almost there, like the middle letter you can't quite bring into focus in the bottom line of the oculist's chart. It really is simple enough:

This horseman got off to inspect his mount's off hind hoof. The horse made difficulties and caught his hoof in the empty stirrup. "Nuts," said the man, walking away, "if you're going to get on, I'll stay off."

His daughter was probably the little girl who explained that her father and mother were cousins—that was why she looked so much alike. His sister was probably the already world-famous lady who explained that she was glad she didn't like oysters because, if she did, she'd be eating them all the time and she just hated oysters. But, in this shaggy world, the animals often produce more complicated situations than the human beings.

The Lion, for instance, got feeling tough one spring morning and went out into the jungle looking for a fight—just a fight, no reason particularly. The Tiger, the Buffalo, the Elephant, the Hyena, heard him coming, roaring out a challenge to anything with the gall to stand up to him, and went away discreetly—all the Lion ever saw of them was rapidly disappearing hindquarters. The Leopard, the Rhinoceros, the Hippopotamus, stuck around only long enough to find out what was on his mind and then they too made tracks. Disgusted, the Lion finally met up with a Mouse. The Mouse trembled a bit, but stood his ground and looked him in the eye.

"OK," said the Lion, flexing his muscles. "I've been spoiling for a fight all day. Put up your dukes. Come on—what are you shivering about?"

"Nothing," said the Mouse. "I been sick."

Last winter a motorist on a lonesome road passed a car stuck in the ditch and stopped and went back to help. He found the stuck car's driver carefully using some string to harness a pair of kittens to the front axle.

"You aren't trying to pull that car out with those kittens, are you?"

"Why not?" asked the other man in some irritation. "I got a whip."

You see, as has been explained before, there is really nothing wrong with these people and animals except a glorious sense of logic, about like that of an imaginative drunk in the discursive stage. But it cannot be emphasized too often that it is the sense of logic, not the people's behavior as such, that casts the alcoholic mist over the proceedings. These are not things drunks do, they are the kind of things that might happen within drunks' ken and

haunt them hazily on the morning after.

Suppose, for instance, you woke up remembering overhearing three strangers at the next table in your favorite tavern, like this: "Let's play a game," you distinctly recall one of them said, "Let's one of us get up and go out and the other two try to guess who's gone." One of the collaborators on this article recalls a beautiful example of the shaggy sort of thing that is likely to occur only when you have been out far, far later than you planned: Invariably, under those circumstances, as he was steering homeward, he would find himself walking behind a small Chinaman, real enough to cast a solid shadow as he approached streetlights, who, at three or four in the morning, was carrying a full bag of golf clubs slung across his back, caddy-wise, and wearing overalls rolled up high above the shoes. It was no hallucination—occasionally a late-homing companion would see him too. It was never explained. The Chinaman always turned off down a darker street and it appeared to take more nerve than was ever inspired by prohibition gin to follow him. But there he was, swinging along in the light of New York City's prosaic street lamps, lacking only a shaggy dog trotting at his little Oriental heels.

The boys who went fishing in the rented skiff certainly had a shaggy dog with them. They had wonderful luck all morning. When they had to start home, one boy suggested marking the spot so they could come back the next time to the precise same place where the fish bit so accommodatingly.

"I got some chalk," said one boy. "Lemme put a cross on the boat to mark the place."

"Don't be a fool," said the other boy. "How can we count on getting this same boat next time?"

So there was also the man in the restaurant who sat down and ordered dinner: "Two dozen blue-points, a tureen of minestrone, celery, olives, radishes, a double portion of sole Marguery, the four-person size tenderloin steak broiled rare, three Idaho baked potatoes with chives, broccoli Hollandaise, new peas in cream, fried eggplant, an avocado and chicory salad, half an apple pie à la mode, a quarter pound of Roquefort cheese and coffee to be served ad lib throughout. After finishing, he recalled the waiter and said he would like him to bring something else still—pigs' knuckles with sauerkraut. A neighboring diner who had been watching leaned over and said:

"It's none of my business, but I never saw a man with such a prodigious appetite. You sure must like your victuals."

"Not particularly," said the diner, "but I just love bicarbonate of soda."

The grand tradition is unmistakable in the tale of the bossman of a circus interviewing an applicant for a job on the show. Naturally he asked the stranger what was his act?

"I can dive headfirst into a barrel of sawdust from a 100-foot ladder," said the applicant.

"I'll believe that when I see it," said the showman. The applicant stuck to his story, so they rigged him up a 100-foot ladder and a barrel of sawdust and he climbed and dived—and made it alive. The showman rushed to apologize:

"Greatest act I ever saw," he said. "I'll give you $500 a week."

"Nope," said the applicant.

"OK, $750 a week."

"Nope," said the applicant.

"All right, name your own figure," said the showman.

"I'm naming no figures," said the applicant. "I don't want the job. That was the first time I ever tried that stunt—and I don't like it."

Common sense, you see, can be shaggy too. As in the case of the Wall Street man with the ailing wife. One morning he got a phone call that she was dying. So he put on his hat, ran to the subway, took the express to Grand Central, changed there to the local, got off at 68th Street, snatched a cab to hurry to his apartment at 74th Street and Madison Avenue—and found the doctor was bringing his wife back to consciousness. In ten minutes she was feeling fine. So he went back to the office.

A week later another call came that his wife was dying. So he put on his hat, ran to the subway, took the express to Grand Central, changed there to the local, got off at 68th Street, snatched a cab to hurry to his apartment—and found his wife was sitting up eating a hearty lunch, completely recovered. So he went back to the office.

Three weeks later he got another call that his wife was dying. So he put on his hat, ran to the subway, took the express to Grand Central, changed there to the local, got off at 68th Street, snatched a cab to hurry to his apartment—and found his wife already fit as a fiddle again. So he went back to the office.

Ten days later another call came that his wife was dying. So he put on his hat, ran to the subway, took the express to Grand Central, changed to the local, got off at 68th Street, snatched a cab—and was met at the apartment door by the minister, who solemnly took his hand and said: "Your wife has just passed beyond."

"Well," said the Wall Street man, "that's more like it."

Way back in the era of Pat-and-Mike jokes there was a cousin to that one in the tale of the doctor breaking it to Pat's wife in the sick room that, in spite of all science could do, Pat had finally died. At that moment the corpse revived and reared up and said indignantly:

"Hey, Doc, I ain't dead."

"Lie down, Pat," said the sorrowing wife. "The doctor knows best."

The American Shaggy Dog Association wishes us to announce that stud fees will probably be raised this year in most kennels, in consequence of the high price of feed, but that the best interests of the breed demand even closer attention to points and blood lines than has already achieved such remarkable results among American fanciers.

We will now close the services with the one about J. Austin Belcher's pool table. At its completion, kindly pass out both aisles without crowding, in case of cataleptic fits.

A customer at Abercrombie & Fitch told a clerk in the games department:

"I'm J. Austin Belcher. I want a pool table. I want a pool table covered with leopard fur instead of the usual baize-cloth."

The clerk got another clerk to hold his man in play while he went discreetly to phone the credit manager. The credit manager said J. Austin Belcher was one of the seven best risks in the country, so the clerk went back and assured Mr. Belcher that inquiry had made sure they could give him a leopard-fur pool table—at, of course, a price.

"Damn the price," said J. Austin Belcher, "and look here, I never liked those blocky feet and legs on pool tables. I want mine made with kind of skinny Queen Anne legs. Know what I mean? Can you do it?"

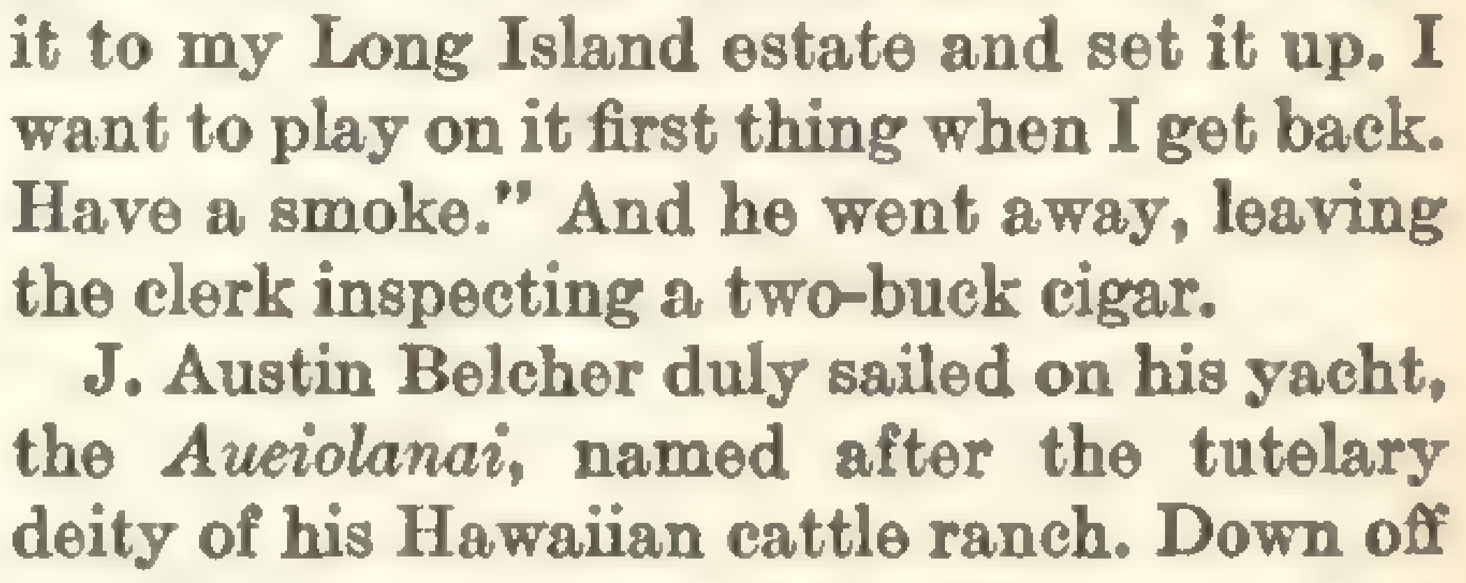
"Of course, Mr. Belcher," said the clerk. "But, you know, it will take time for a special order like this."

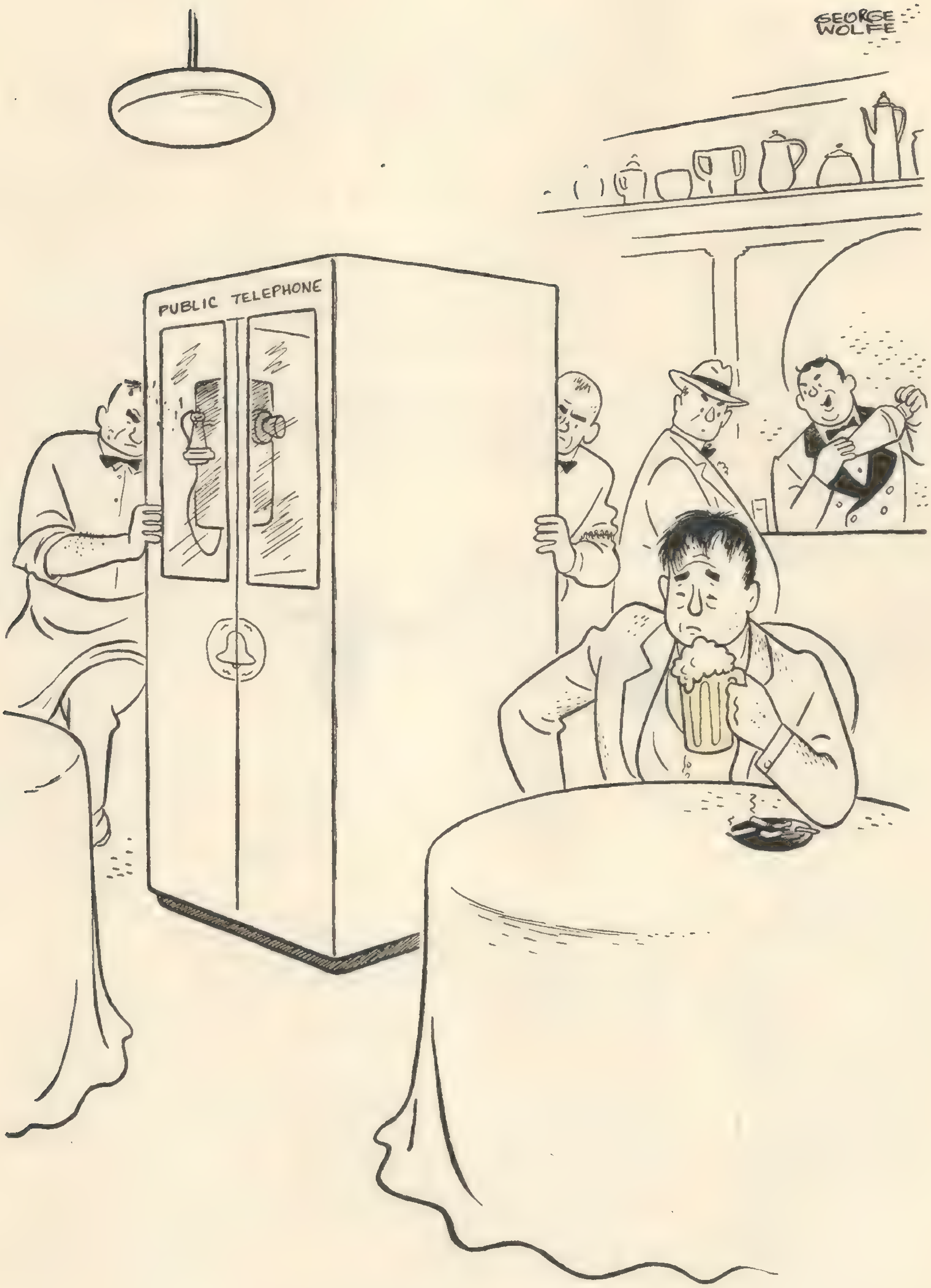
"How long?"

"Why, Mr. Belcher, at least two months, I'm afraid."

"All right," said Mr. Belcher. "I'm starting on a cruise on my yacht tomorrow. I'll be gone at least three months. That'll give you plenty of time to have it ready for me. Send it to my Long Island estate and set it up. I want to play on it first thing when I get back. Have a smoke." And he went away, leaving the clerk inspecting a two-buck cigar.

J. Austin Belcher duly sailed on his yacht, the *Aueiolanai*, named after the tutelary deity of his Hawaiian cattle ranch. Down off the Galapagos the *Aueiolanai* was caught in a cross between a typhoon and a Kansas twister and went down with all hands. So if you know anybody who wants a pool table with Queen Anne legs and covered with leopard fur, get in touch with Abercrombie & Fitch. ⧻




GEORGE WOLFE
PUBLIC TELEPHONE

"He's an ex-member of Cafe Society—used to phoning from the table!"

Not Quite Beyond Recall

Vaudeville has returned with *Topnotchers* and *Priorities of 1942*, not always better than in the old days but totally different

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

PEOPLE who know that long dresses always return before a world war, or that supernaturalism always flourishes after one, will not be surprised to learn that all the signs (or stigmata) of a world war and a post-world-war are already to be seen on Broadway. For vaudeville flourished as the green bay tree just before and just after the first world war; I considered 1920 its heyday and even its best friends couldn't complain in 1914. And vaudeville, the dear and dead, has returned with one solid success after another; with two shows going strong on Broadway, with vaudeville the subject of contemporary fun on the air, with Ed Wynn beamingly opening a new show, and with bright eyes looking for the revival of lantern slides and buggy riding.

Moreover *The Gold Rush* is a tremendous hit; Chaplin has added a soundtrack; he speaks, a super-narrator of a superior picture, somehow making the whole thing seem a thousandfold more real; somehow persuading all the people who never saw it before that it is the funniest picture in the world; somehow making me feel that Chaplin wasn't even planning to be funny, never meant to be funny, and that therefore this cannot be his greatest picture, but may well be the most deeply felt. Maybe that is another reason it is so well received today when little on stage or screen can be deep, and everything has to be terrifically striking and quick, like a raid on our sensibilities.

I do not mean to put Chaplin's revival and the resurrection of vaudeville on the same plane of interest; *The Gold Rush* is almost exactly what it was (Chaplin has shortened some episodes, considering that the mentality of his audiences has quickened, that people now are accustomed to certain movie short-cuts). And vaudeville at moments seems what it was and then again is totally different; not always better; but not what it was. Maybe I miss the electric-light act-indicator which used to flash A B C and so on, to correspond to the printed program; maybe I miss Joe Cook whom I would always miss, no matter how good the show. Maybe the producers are wise and are not entirely reviving a dead one, but are creating a new kind of variety show out of the good elements of the old.

A man named Clifford Fisher, the clever gentleman who used to put on elaborate night club shows, is the impresario of the new vaudeville; it occurs in Shubert houses, and that recalls the ancient feuds of long ago. Out of his long experience in cabarets, Fisher has brought a fondness for yards of cloth and some dancing girls. We old faithful ones were shocked when the *Priorities of 1942* opened with a song number, exactly as if it were a musical show. We old timers were more shocked when Hildegarde appeared in *Keep 'Em Laughing* and was exactly what she always was in a night club and therefore no darned good at all in vaudeville. We also recognized in Lou Holtz's clowning introductions, the late-fall blooming of the vaudeville apple; for the emcee who wandered through an entire show was a vaudeville invention of the late and dying days. Lou Holtz himself, I think, was one of the spectacular group who broke all records at the old Palace, just before Hoover came in, Wall Street laid its egg, and vaudeville obligingly gave up the ghost.

But apart from these novelties, which aren't entirely against the spirit of vaudeville, the *Priorities* and *Topnotchers* (which replaced *Keep 'Em Laughing*, and absorbed some of its best materials) are first class shows whose success makes one wonder what happened to vaudeville and why it failed to make the grade. The movies are supposed to have killed variety. It is an interesting fact that the movies have had virtually nothing to do with the success of vaudeville's revival. Here is one list of headliners: Paul Draper, Lou Holtz, Phil Baker, Hazel Scott and Willie Howard; none of them has been a conspicuous success in the pictures, so it was not to see an idol in the flesh that people streamed in, and still do stream in. And this show, *Priorities*, served its excellent purpose by revealing a newcomer, which old vaudeville used to do every month or so; this time it was Gene Sheldon who plays a banjo and makes faces and is a rare fine comedian, a little like Jimmy Savo, which means with a real touch of comic genius in him.

Note that Paul Draper, the classic man among our tap dancers, the bright magnetic personality of night clubs, so adapted his work as to fit beautifully into a new setting; and that the enthusiasm for him was as great as for the masters of the old technique, Holtz and Baker and Howard. And that Hazel Scott, another starlit character in the clubs, bewildered and bemused her audiences just as Conchita and the acrobatic skaters excited them. The audiences were ready for anything and wanted a little of everything. They got what they wanted.

The career of *Keep 'Em Laughing* was the needed object lesson in what to do with vaudeville. It was a failure in spite of having the Hartmanns who were not only incomparable as always, but compared to themselves more brilliant and funnier than ever; also this bill had *The Bricklayers*, the most elaborate and the most amusing animal act in a generation, according to universal testimony. (The act is like Willie West and Company's slapstick carpenters done by all sorts of pooches.) Hildegarde was another known quantity; a new comic named Zero Mostell, current on the air, made a startling appearance; but Victor Moore and William Gaxton between them couldn't hold the show together. They seemed musty. Moore brought out his ancient

Continued at top of page 107

Will Johnson

"Hiya, low, long-drawn-out and handsome"

Blen, Blen, Blen

While politicians and economists orate Good Neighbors have really got together in that universal language, the dance

by XAVIER CUGAT

• ARTICLE •

Of course, even now I see this sometimes

The rhumba is like a beautiful girl with dancing feet and bedroom eyes—it is a cross between a thing and an idea.

It's South American, yes, but no stranger. Although the rhumba landed on Broadway and 52nd with an English-Spanish dictionary and a book of idioms, they weren't necessary. Americans knew the language.

The reason is that the rhumba's language is rhythm. Rhythm that is exciting, catching, and most of all, easy to learn. Americans who didn't know the difference between the rhumba and the Hungarian czardas had rhythm in their blood and it was no trick to make their pulse beat go South American.

To fox-trotting Yankees, rhumba's basic language was natural, only its idiom strange. American girls didn't know the strutting, the hip-twitching, the pantomime of Latin dances. There were tricks of posture and beat and turn which once looked as bizarre to Broadway as enchiladas and tortillas would look to a Kansan who habitually eats beef with his corn. But rhythm, yes. They loved it.

Reducing the dance to percentages, you might say the rhumba is eighty per cent rhythm, and twenty per cent melody. It was created in Cuba by workers on sugar plantations who were too poor and too untrained to have musical instruments and had to beat out a rhythm with tomtoms. At its birth the rhumba was nothing but drumbeats and chants. Then civilization took it in tow, added violins, saxophones and other refined instruments.

If you didn't like it then!

Some rhumba tunes moved from the primitive wilds of Africa to the primitive wilds of Manhattan. Many more are Afro-Cuban. Ask my singer, Miguelito Valdez. He sings African melodies in a dark-continent jargon of which I don't understand a word.

The standard rhumba rhythm is 1-2-3, 1-2, spoken by two sticks called the claves. Consider *Blen, Blen, Blen*, one of the most popular current rhumba tunes. Start with the rhythm—blen-blen-blen, blen-blen. The rhythm added a tune, the tune added some words. The result: *Blen, Blen, Blen*. Rhythm is the egg that came before the rhumba chicken.

The ill wind of World War II blew the rhumba into popularity. Thousands of American tourists who had "done" Europe every year gave up waltzing in Vienna and started to rhumba in Rio and in Cuba and samba in Brazil. Previously they had thought of the rhumba as a stunt in which professional dancers grabbed Terpsichore by the toga and gave her a couple of mad turns around the floor. It filled in that long pause between dance sets, when two people in costume got out to perform while the cash customers sat on the sidelines and caught up with the cover charge.

Three years ago Americans began traveling south, where they saw the jewel in its original setting. Warm breezes, sweet with the scent of tropical flowers. Tall, Royal palms and big-leafed banyan trees overhanging a tiled outdoor dance floor. Moonlit nights, as swoony with atmosphere as graduation prom with your best girl friend (Let's see, what *was* her name?). Small native orchestras playing songs that were exciting, or sentimental, or gay. Few of the tunes were familiar, but they were all danceable. None of the orchestras were famous, but they were all good. And Americans were impressed by the dancers, who went through the graceful, undulating rhumba movements as easily as pre-war Joe Louis landed a haymaker on pre-war Max Baer. The rhumba was conservative in Bogota, "primitive" in Havana, but from twenty-dollar hotels to two-bit country dance halls, Americans learned the dance. When they knew it, they loved it.

The rebirth of the rhumba in the United States was also assisted by that excellent midwife of Pan-Americanism, the Good Neighbor Policy. For nine years President Roosevelt and Vice President Wallace have tried to bury Yankee imperialism so deep it can't even be remembered, to make Latins love Yankees and Yankees love Latins. Whether or not they succeeded, years of effort produced a flurry of Pan-Americana from which the rhumba emerged cockily, as provocative as the rose between the Señorita's teeth.

That's the way I like to see it danced!

Very few of the Americans who started courses in Spanish, read biographies of Simon Bolivar and filled their club programs with lectures on South America, had ever been South themselves. The rhumba stood high on their list of how-to-do-thus-and-so and what's-going-on-below-the-Rio Grande. They heard economists spout unilateral trade agreements, good-will ambassadors preach Pan American brotherhood and the "democratic front." The rhumba may be a trivial by-product of the Good Neighbor Policy, but it was certainly the easiest to understand. Thus high-pressure Pan-Americana taught a lot of people how to rhumba just as a lot of people learn to love cheddar the minute the Wisconsin dairymen declare "Cheese Week."

World War II and the nine-year-old Good Neighbor Policy set the stage for the rhumba's debut in the States, but the BMI-Ascap feud helped out some by keeping all the other pretty girls at home in bed with a cold. When eighty per cent of the popular fox trots were yanked off the air because the broadcasters refused to pay royalties for using them, the air waves were as clear as a country road at midnight. BMI controlled the whole Latin-American catalogue (no mean list, for Latin composers are prolific) and turned it loose. It was a lifesaver for those orchestras still on the air, and an eye-opener for American listeners. Americans were going near the water, but the BMI-Ascap feud pushed them in.

DANCING SCHOOL

The man is generally dragged in

A war and radio feud brought the rhumba to town but it was the people who invited it to stay. The present continent-wide popularity of the Latin dance, a popularity that has stood up against time and tide, is due to three facts: The rhumba is natural. It's easy. And it's beautiful.

First, the easiness. Anyone who can push a dance partner around the floor in time to music, even if he's strictly in the box-step, forward-side-back-together-close class, can learn the rhumba rhythm. Once the rhythm is mastered, the frills can be added one at a time as greater skill is gained.

If you looked at a dance floor in Cuba from a little distance, you'd think the dancers were rooted to the spot. A good rhumba dancer picks out one place and dances on it. He dances smoothly and softly. The movement is all-over—feet, ankles, knees, shoulders, and head—but it is subdued. The dance is so easy and relaxed that the dancers can talk to each other without gasping for breath. The rhumba isn't a trick. Like love, it's natural.

When I first started to introduce South American dances into the States, I was like a doting parent watching his child's first steps. I played missionary to the American public. Starting with an American tune played in the typical American fashion, I'd slip in the Latin rhythm instruments one at a time—claves, maracas, bongos, and the rest—until a number that started in Manhattan ended in Havana. It rarely failed. Thus spoon-fed the dancers unconsciously slipped into rhumba steps without intending to or even knowing what they were doing. When they realized how easy and natural a heretofore strange dance really was, they stepped up for more. *That's* the way to learn the rhumba.

Tropical weather was to the Latin dances what a stern governess is to a naughty child. It calmed, restricted, made the dance behave but never removed the ragamuffin twinkle from its eye. The rhumba originated in countries which have only two seasons—the wet season and the dry season—both of them hot. If the natives of Cuba, Brazil or Argentina danced like American experts they'd be hospital bait in twenty minutes. I've seen professional teams here dance for a half hour to fast rhumbas and congas, exerting themselves throughout like a Sophomore in his first varsity game. In the tropics, it can't be done.

So much, then, for the easiness and naturalness of the rhumba. Just as important is the fact that it's beautiful.

It's beautiful because in it the whole body dances. There are no grotesque or sensual movements. No discordant twitches or bumps. Heads, hands, feet, ankles, knees, shoulders, hips, all move rhythmically in minute, innumerable, but perfectly co-ordinated dance movements. The rhumba is a legato ripple with staccato come-ons.

Like golf or swimming or chess, enjoyment of a dance doubles when you know how to do it well. When it came to learning the rhumba, women were two feet ahead of men. It didn't take them long to discover they could do it, furthermore that they could do it so well that the professionals had to bone up to keep ahead of them. And when they realized that the Latin dances showed off their gowns and figures to singularly good advantage, they lapped the field.

Of course girls are always way ahead of men when it comes to dancing. Half the men who are taking dancing lessons are dragged into the studio by a girl, the other half sneak in secretly to learn what they hope will later impress some girl.

When orchestras first played rhumbas for public consumption, few men would get out on the floor. They were afraid. They balked, as they usually do when confronted with something new, or bizarre, or that women do better. Their modesty flowered into an inferiority complex. The fellows who dream they are Veloz, or DeMarco, or Georges were the ones who sank back into the upholstery, dubbed the good male dancers sissies and ordered six more highballs.

My own friends did this to me

The general masculine attitude that the rhumba was a sort of mild exhibitionism to 4-4 time was not the only obstacle to be hurdled. The two agencies which should have been key salesmen actually held up the campaign: (1) professional dance teams, and (2) dancing studios.

They both hurt the product by making it appear too complicated. If you took their words for it, the rhumba wasn't a commodity, it was a gadget.

Chief offenders were my own friends. Tony DeMarco, Georges and Jalna, Medranno and Donna, Veloz and Yolanda, Raul and Eva Reyes. The fellow troupers of the entertainment business, the ones I'd meet after the last show finished at four in the morning when all of us, more friendly than awake, would visit the New York basements and wind up bleary-eyed at six or seven.

After a certain amount of salesmanship by me and some feet-tickling tunes from the band, ten or fifteen couples would get out on the floor. Their skepticism would change to enthusiasm and their enthusiasm to self-confidence. Men who had treated the fox trot like a poor relation were ready to kiss the hand of the rhumba. About the time I had congratulated myself on winning some converts one of those professional teams—the DeMarcos, say—would swoop onto the floor.

The result was always catastrophic. With every one of the DeMarcos' brilliant turns, spins, and breaks, the amateurs, the ones who just came for a good time, lost confidence. They froze up, looked as stiff and gun-shy as a class president dancing with the professor's wife. Often they retreated, as gracefully and inconspicuously as possible. Left on the floor: the DeMarcos, energetically rendering a rhumba that would have knocked out a Latin dancer in fifteen minutes.

At such times preaching that the rhumba is "easy to learn, simple, just try it," was like coaxing a novice to try a simple dive just after he has seen a professional dive off a twenty-foot board through a hoop of flame.

If the professionals didn't convince Americans that to dance the rhumba you need an eight months' training period with strict diet, the dancing schools did. Their object was to keep pupils coming back for more. Whereas the rhumba can be learned in two lessons, they sold courses of 35. Onto the simple and easy rhumba foundation they piled intricacy upon intricacy, so that some pupils have taken "rhumba courses" for two and even three winters. It seems to be an American privilege to do everything the hard way.

Labor pains notwithstanding, the rhumba was reborn in the United States. Dance bands all over the country have helped. They discovered early that Latin tunes can be played either as rhumbas or as fox trots, that fox trots can be rhumba-ed. Half led by public opinion, half-leading it, dance bands gradually caught on to the Latin rhythms, and today there is at least one really fine rhumba band in every big American city.

It was no cinch. The average dance band has to play the music dancers like, has a hard time telling them what that is. My own band went through a long and painfully slow rise to

Continued in center of page 104

The Sporting Scene

"Heroes" ruled off the changing sport pages by Associated Press, and girls answer stentorian call of "Copy Boy!"

by HERB GRAFFIS

SPORTS

This is a time of great change in American sports pages. Space is being taken away from them. Staffs are being depleted by drafts and enlistments. Expense budgets are being curtailed. Two years ago sports departments were besieged by journalism school graduates seeking jobs. Now the kids who don't go into the Army, Navy or Marines, want to be war correspondents.

To sell papers the race horse continues to outrank any athlete of the past decade with the exception of Joe Louis. War wages have boomed business for the bookies. The day's tips on the nags at the tracks are read far more avidly than the war news by those who believe they can bet two bucks and catch lightning in a bottle.

The sports editor usually is closer to a newspaper's readers than any one else on the staff. He knows that the appeal of his department must be adjusted to the comprehensive change taking place on this planet. He has seen interest and gates at the war service benefit sports events dwindle. He has seen the service benefit games of baseball's major leagues draw dismally disappointing gates.

He has heard customers at professional athletic events mumble and shriek criticism of the athletes' war service, and his mail brings protests against the frequent and prolonged employment of service men as sports entertainers rather than fighters.

The aggravating confusion of the situation is something the sports editor realizes must be clarified by a re-focus of the sports pages. The British have been seeking it ahead of us. When they cut the number of pages in their wartime newspapers they reduced sports coverage to a thimbleful of type, notwithstanding that in the earlier days of the war there was a considerable amount of British sports competition.

As British sports competition diminished, strangely enough the British newspapers expanded their sports coverage. British newspapermen explained that more sports space was being allotted because young men in armed services were hungry for sports news from home. Lately we've been learning that young Americans in service in far-off lands also are homesick for the sports pages.

Most of the survivors in American professional sports are older men that the uniformed youngsters know are over the hill, or juveniles whose build-up has not been given full benefit of sports section space. To establish these performers as sports demigods is an impossible job even for the miracles of synthesis done by the sports writers. It used to be easier when some heroic slant could be written into the story with poetic license. The Associated Press has advised its sports writers against reference in their stories to heroism of pastiming professional or amateur athletes.

Thus sports writers were sharply reminded that the person who hits a homer with bases full, to win a game, the lad who gallops 95 yards for a touchdown to win bets for the alumni, or the golfer who comes from a four hole deficit with five holes to go and wins a title on the last green is not a hero, but only an athlete.

The older sports writers have seen the old feeling depart from professional and amateur sports for the reason, mainly, that the generation of professional athletes coming in was interested in victory not for the emotional thrill, but for the financial reward. The star amateur athletes of the generation were shopped for as so much live stock. They lacked the color of their predecessors who were not above playing for surreptitiously paid salaries but were almost childishly candid about their discovery that one could be paid for having fun.

Sports editors, many of them astonishingly well read men, are aware that a different era is beginning in sports. They have seen one of the surest early signs of a revival in participating sports. That sign is the vast increase in "how to" sports books during the past decade.

Sports historians have learned that sports emerged as sports from the cocoon of children's play and the supplying of groceries when books on techniques of fishing and hunting began to come off the presses. The forerunner of all those books was written by the first woman author in the English language, Dame Juliana Berner. She wrote *The Boke of Haukyng and Huntyng*, printed in 1486 by an unknown schoolmaster at St. Albans.

The shade of *gude dam Julyans* must be returning to the newspaper sports departments. Sports editors and managing editors have noted sharply increased interest of women in sports pages. Another development, which has not been without its disconcerting aspects in sports department operations, has been the recent influx of girl copy boys. A gentleman at toil in a sports department now will yell "Copy boy!" without receiving any response until he eventually is aware of a presence by his side. Thereupon he will mutter: "Where have you been, you sluggardly little no good s.o.b.?" and suddenly remember the copy boy is not a no good s.o.b. at all, but a journalism student named Bridget or Hester and had been sent out to the book-makers around the corner with $5 to put on the nose of an absolute certainty.

The sports pages, a top attraction of American newspapers, are going through the sports change of life with some pain, but with bright hope that they'll be first to present to the sports-minded world the new pattern of sports coverage. You can see highly interesting signs of that change on your sports pages today if you keep an eye open for them. ##

WALTZING MATILDA—THE AUSSIES' SONG

When the British-Anzac troops made their first crushing assault on Bardia, they made it to the tune of *Waltzing Matilda*. In London the song's words were painted on tanks in a parade in 1941, bands played it and the Empire's capital took the tune to its heart. Later, when the Anzacs, with the other Imperial troops, fought heroically in Malaya against heat, fever and a numerically superior enemy *Waltzing Matilda* again was their companion.

At first this song may seem less warlike than, for instance, a song called *The Austral—aise* which in the title as well as twenty-six lines of the chorus leaves a word open for choice—the choice being always "bloody," the "great Australian adjective." But *Waltzing Matilda* (a vernacular expression meaning "to carry one's swag") is no less militant. It is the ballad of a swagman (a bushman-hobo) and a squatter (wealthy sheepbreeder). The swagman swipes a jumback (sheep) in order to fill his tucker bag (larder). The squatter calls the police, but the swagman, defying both, jumps into the billabong (lagoon). The swagman represents the common man struggling against the squatter, the oppressive exploiter. He prefers death to slavery—and it is this defiant motive which the Aussies hold dear.

Waltzing Matilda originated during World War I. The words are by Andrew Barton (Banjo) Paterson, a poet whose verses echoed the spirit of the Australian bush. Paterson, a New South Welshman, had first studied and practiced law. Bored by that, he became a journalist, and reported the war in South Africa and the Boxer Rebellion in China. In World War I, he was with the A.I.F. in Egypt. In February, 1941, he died at seventy-seven.

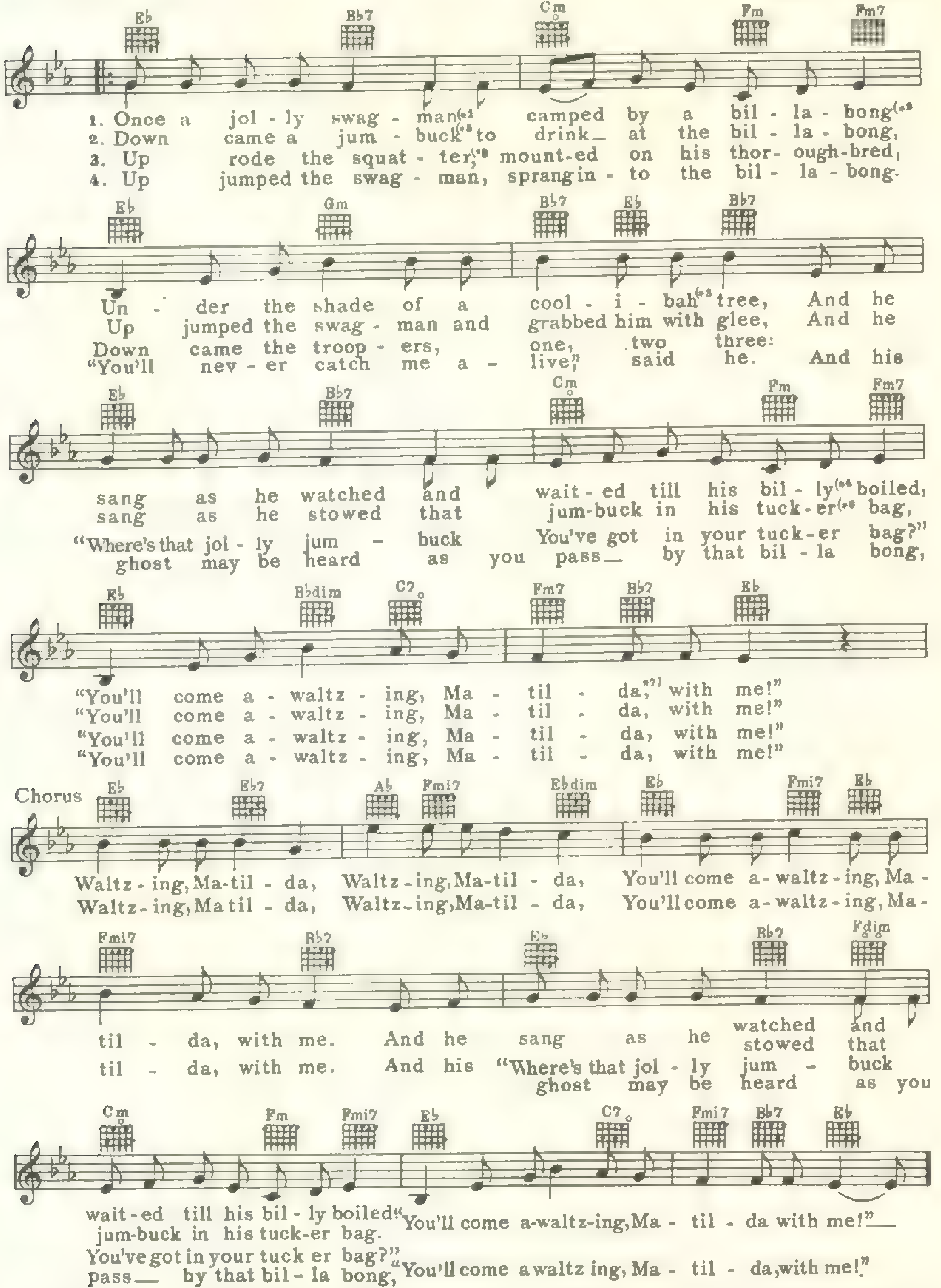
It is said Paterson wrote *Waltzing Matilda* on an envelope in a little bush pub. The *Sydney Bulletin* first printed the song, and *Waltzing Matilda* soon obtained the popularity of a real folk song. As to the song's international publicity, it must be noted that the Comedian Harmonists, a group of German and Austrian anti-Fascists, were the first to term it "the Australian folk song" and vigorously stressed its sincere democratic appeal. Today, after singing the ballad of the dogged and defiant swagman, the Australians always observe two minutes silence.—Will Schaber.

WALTZING MATILDA

The Unofficial National Athem of Australia

Words by
A. B. PATERSON

Music by
MARIE COWAN


Eb Bb7 Cm Fm Fm7
1. Once a jol - ly swag - man*1) camped by a bil - la - bong*2)
2. Down came a jum - buck*5) to drink_ at the bil - la - bong,
3. Up rode the squat - ter,*8) mount-ed on his thor- ough-bred,
4. Up jumped the swag - man, sprang in - to the bil - la - bong.
Eb Gm Bb7 Eb Bb7
Un - der the shade of a cool - i - bah*3) tree, And he
Up jumped the swag - man and grabbed him with glee, And he
Down came the troop - ers, one, two three:
"You'll nev - er catch me a - live," said he. And his
Eb Bb7 Cm Fm Fm7
sang as he watched and wait - ed till his bil - ly*4) boiled,
sang as he stowed that jum-buck in his tuck - er*6) bag,
"Where's that jol - ly jum - buck You've got in your tuck - er bag?"
ghost may be heard as you pass_ by that bil - la bong,
Eb Bbdim C7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb
"You'll come a - waltz - ing, Ma - til - da,*7) with me!"
"You'll come a - waltz - ing, Ma - til - da, with me!"
"You'll come a - waltz - ing, Ma - til - da, with me!"
"You'll come a - waltz - ing, Ma - til - da, with me!"
Chorus
Eb Eb7 Ab Fmi7 Ebdim Eb Fmi7 Eb
Waltz - ing, Ma - til - da, Waltz - ing, Ma - til - da, You'll come a - waltz - ing, Ma -
Waltz - ing, Ma til - da, Waltz - ing, Ma - til - da, You'll come a - waltz - ing, Ma -
Fmi7 Bb7 Eb Bb7 Fdim
til - da, with me. And he sang as he watched and
til - da, with me. And his stowed that
"Where's that jol - ly jum - buck
ghost may be heard as you
Cm Fm Fmi7 Eb C7 Fmi7 Bb7 Eb
wait - ed till his bil - ly boiled "You'll come a-waltz-ing, Ma - til - da with me!"_
jum-buck in his tuck-er bag.
You've got in your tuck er bag?"
pass_ by that bil - la bong, "You'll come a waltz ing, Ma - til - da, with me!"

*1) *swagman, a man on tramp carrying his swag, which means a bundle wrapped up in a blanket.* *2) *billabong, a water hole in the dried-up bed of a river.* *3) *coolibah, eucalyptus tree.* *4) *billy, a tin can used as a kettle.* *5) *jumbuck, a sheep.* *6) *tucker, food.* *7) *Waltzing Matilda, carrying one's bundle ("swag"), or going on the tramp.* *8) *squatter, a sheep farmer on a large scale.*

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Sheet music may be obtained from Carl Fischer, Inc., 56 Cooper Square, New York City, or any music store in the United States or Canada

Walter E. Bohl

BOBWHITES

(Bobwhite Quail)

WALTER E. BOHL

Murder at the Thirteenth Hole

Clearly McGool had been felled by a golf club but what juror who had ever missed a putt could convict Basil F. Spillinger?

by WALLACE IRWIN

FICTION

Nobody in Midlothian dreamed, even jestingly, of letting business interfere with golf. Outland critics who said that pleasure before business was the rule there were ignorantly confusing golf with pleasure. A fundamental error. Golf is not a pastime. It is a rite, a system of self-mortification as definite as that by which the holy Brahmin attains merit. Merit at Midlothian was par at 69. In that devout colony Heaven was a hole in two, Hell a sand trap behind a beetling bunker. When the census taker reported on Midlothian public schools he wrote down, "Girls 118, caddies 142," without fear of rebuke from the Board of Regents.

It would be next to impossible, you would say, to panel a jury in Midlothian during the season of the open championship. Only the sporting problem involved in the Spillinger-McGool murder case could drag twelve addicts away from the championship course to sit for days in the stuffy courthouse, which was rather too near the fairway to afford perfect concentration on a matter of life and death. A window behind the jury box overlooked the ninth hole, which was distracting. A colored caddy was testifying that he saw something that looked like blood; when Juror No. 6, craning toward the window, whispered to Juror No. 5, "Gee, look! He holed it with a chip shot!" Judge Lamb, who had also been stealing a peep at the play, commanded, "Order! That was no chip shot. It was a decided roll. One of Tannenbaum's characteristic approaches. Bailiff, pull down the shade and we may proceed with the trial."

Now the trial had reached its conclusive day, and the guilt or innocence of Basil F. Spillinger was about to put to the test. Basil sat among his attorneys, his locker-room face drawn and haggard, as if he were accusing himself of slicing a long drive around the dog's leg. With passionate coldness the district attorney had outlined his case; the evidence was circumstantial, but damning to the murderous villain over there. Fervently the defense had exhorted the jury to revere their American sense of fair play. Regard, if you please, the impeccable reputation of Mr. Basil F. Spillinger, who had even served on Midlothian's greens committee. Then look at the evil repute of the late Nicodemus McGool, caught time and again teeing his ball on a summer fairway. McGool had enemies galore. But not Mr. Spillinger, who had always been the soul of kindness to this desperate and evil man. Here was a crime where comedy impinged on tragedy, but the State had been unable to produce one witness to the murder. Somebody had killed McGool, obviously, and with a golf club. But not Spillinger. Some enemy concealed in the caddy house might have propelled the lethal tool from a bow and arrow. Why not? Such crimes have been committed, and if the prosecution had been sufficiently diligent in tracing up the real culprit . . .

Basil F. Spillinger raised his golf-tired eyes and surveyed the courtroom, which was half empty—today they were playing off the finals, and Midlothian had no time to waste on murders. In the middle of the courtroom, Basil saw the girl in pink shaking her auburn mane and improving her smile with a lipstick. Devoutly he wished that she had stayed home . . .

Judge Lamb smacked his lips appreciatively over a heavy manuscript, straightened his bifocals and assumed the self-enamored look of an author about to read a little something he has just dashed off. Then he began instructing the jury on fine points in the Spillinger-McGool murder case. In the transcript which follows I have taken some liberties; for no merely judicial mind can penetrate the gloomy deeps of human passion.

Consider the character of both men. Spillinger, a heavy reader, had distorted his sight and weakened his game until his handicap had become a mock and a byword; he had a vile habit of lecturing on theory and topping his ball. Behind him he left a trail of divots and sophistries. McGool was an egocentric dub; of the kind who learn nothing because they know it all in the first place. Spillinger and McGool always played together, for reasons best known to Pariahs.

It happened on an early spring morning, the air disturbing with earth's growing sap. Basil Spillinger went blinkingly out to the first tee, hoping that McGool had forgotten the rash bargain they made yesterday while quenching themselves at the nineteenth hole; that was just highball golf, properly off the record. . . . Basil waited lazily, watching the blue flight of a passing butterfly. Love, he thought, is lots more fun than golf—but you can't dance all night and keep fit, can you? Who cares, if it's with a girl like Corinne—or was the name Florine, or possibly Codeine? She was April, swirling in his arms, renewing youth. After all, he wasn't forty yet. . . .

A nasty voice disturbed his dream, saying, "Competitive golf!" tauntingly, and there was McGool, coming up with the colored caddy they called Ice Bag. McGool, who habitually worked without a hat, seemed to glow with an infernal tan; two sprouts of hair that stood up like incipient horns, long leering eyes and a twisted moustache completed the demon's make-up. He was the Devil himself, repeating, "Competitive golf!"

"Uh-what?" asked Basil, and ceased to be in love. In company with McGool you couldn't love anything, even yourself. "Competitive golf. Oh, yes. I did mention it to you, didn't I?"

"You mentioned it yesterday for two hours and a pint of Scotch," McGool prompted. "I believe you said that the only reason I've been licking you six up is because the game's

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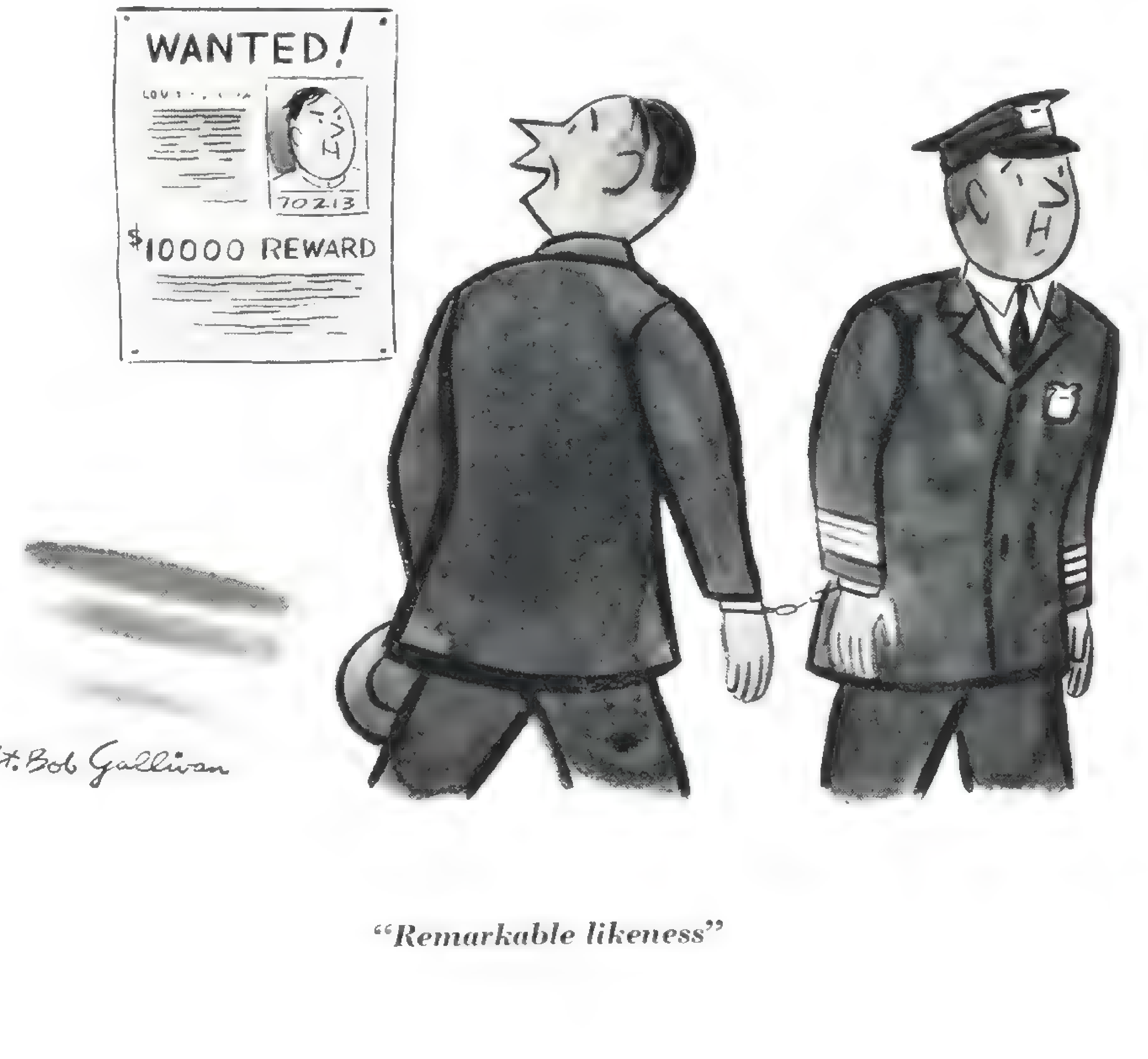

"Remarkable likeness"

Tobacco Pipes of Manzanita

Since French imports are nil there's a scramble for native woods to save the ten-million-dollar pipe industry

by LORING A. SCHULER

• ARTICLE •

For years, up in the coast mountains of California, farmers made an occasional extra dollar by shipping into San Francisco huge chunks of fireplace wood that they collected on the steep hillsides. It was a particularly heavy, hard wood, which burned slowly and reluctantly—just right for summer evenings when the fog came rolling through the Golden Gate. It had, so far as anybody knew, no other value.

Today, in the stress of war, this wood may save a ten-million-dollar industry; may even make it independent of imports when peace comes again. And the man who believes that there is no smoke quite so cool and comforting as that from a good pipe can still sit at his evening's ease with a sweet briar—made of manzanita burl.

A year ago, when war began to curtail imports from Europe, one of the hard-hit products was French briar root. One-tenth as many "blocks," each in the rough shape of a pipe, came across the Atlantic Ocean in the second half of 1940 as came in the first six months; since 1941, there have been practically none.

Twenty-five companies making pipes in the United States were desperate. There was, they thought, no wood domestically grown that could take the place of the briar root. But out of the mad search that followed there have come manzanita, rhododendron, wild lilac, redshank, mewukka, Western yew and an eastern mountain laurel out of which colonial pioneers made their own pipes in the early days.

"French briar," as it's called, is a misnomer. It connotes Uncle Remus and the briar patch. Most smokers have thought vaguely that their good briar pipes were distantly related to the rose plants in their gardens. That isn't so. "Briar" is a corruption of the French word *bruyère*, which is a heath—not at all a thorny plant, but a small, gnarly tree. Government literature comes closer to original spelling by its references to "brier."

Southern Europe's *bruyère* has been the world's major pipe wood for more than a century. Only Missouri's corncob rivals it in numbers today. Meerschaum, pottery and calabash have long since lost their popularity. And the penny clay T.D., made by direction of the will of an eccentric New Englander and once as much a part of the vaudeville stage Irishman's make-up as a green hat and a thick brogue, is now merely a child's toy, for blowing soap bubbles.

The early American Indians were the first pipe smokers of tobacco, though in many lands the aborigines smoked leaves of other kinds. They must have found the practice soothing, for they went about it in the hardest ways. The redman made his pipes of red clay, matching his complexion, and they were no more than straight tubes, belled out trumpetlike at one end. Most comfortable position for smoking was flat on the back, so hot embers could not fall out and burn holes in his breech clout.

Some Indian pipes had forked reed stems, to be smoked through the nostrils, and explorers have recorded a tobacco-smoking ceremony in which all pipes but the chief's were empty funnels, into which the head man blew great puffs and gave the braves a secondhand smoke.

Earth smoking was done on the trail in Asia and in Africa—and it shows to what lengths a confirmed addict will go. A little hollow was scooped out of the hard ground and a twig was rammed down at an angle to make a tube to the bottom of this improvised bowl. Then, with his leave slighted, the smoker lay flat on his face and dragged at the earth stem to fill his hungry lungs.

Explorers carried back to England both tobacco and the native Indian pipes and it wasn't long before the British became the world's champion pipe smokers. For several centuries, the manufacture of white clay pipes was a flourishing industry. Collectors have identified hundreds of makers, by the initials and trademarks that they stamped on the flat heels of their pipes.

In time, the short-stemmed clay became the workingman's smoke, and then the more well-to-do took up the long-stemmed churchwarden or London straw. Expenditure for these long fragile pipes is recorded as a major outlay, and in the days of Samuel Pepys it was widely condemned by the opponents of the "stinking weed."

In other countries, smoking pipes reflected nationalistic art and products. The German burghers' pipes had painted porcelain bowls or intricately carved heads, reminiscent of cuckoo clock cases. The Frenchman turned to meerschaum, and a finely carved, well-colored specimen was a collector's item. In the United States, the native corncob was found to be flavorsome as a pipe, and "Missouri meerschaums" are still manufactured in amazing numbers. Metal pipes have been made from time to time, but the bowls are too heavy and too hot. Pottery breaks too easily; stone is too hard to work; bone fails to develop proper sweetness.

A good pipe must cake without charring. It must not warp nor crack; it must take color, and it must polish highly when rubbed on the side of the nose. It must—it will be difficult to make most wives believe this—taste sweet even though when cold it smells to heaven.

Wood is the obvious material to produce these qualities, but most woods burn, and unhappily impart some of their resinous flavor to the taste of tobacco. Cheap woods,

Louis Jamme

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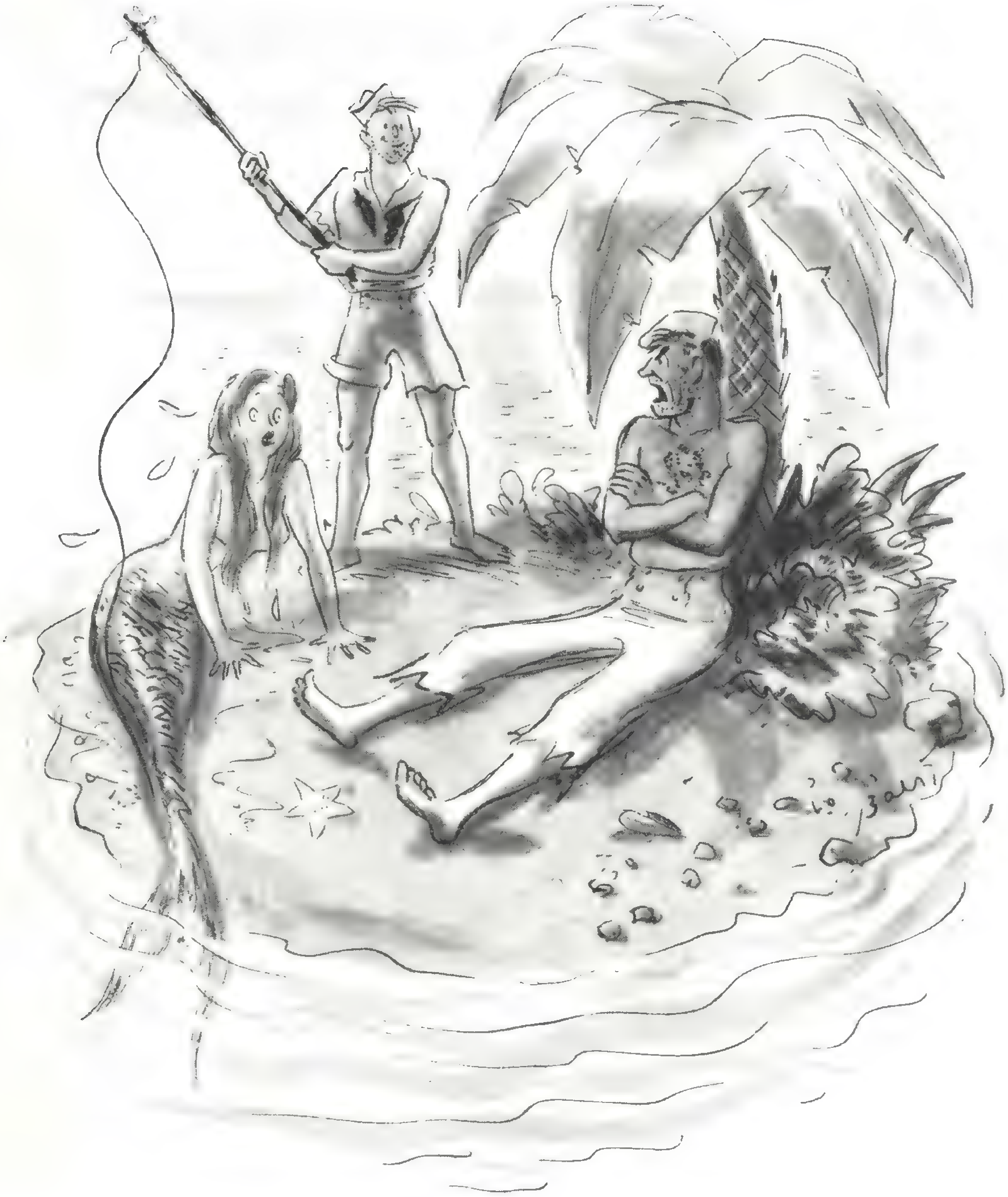

"One more mouth to feed!"

Xiphias Packs a Punch

Celebrated in legend, the Broadbill Swordfish is the favorite quarry of sportsmen and commercial fishermen

by EDWARD JAMES MATHEWS

• SPORTS •

About the time the mackerel schools start moving up the New England coast and southerly airs have warmed the surface water off Montauk and Block Island, the Broadbill Swordfish begin to move in from offshore.

Fishermen see the sickle-shaped dorsals and flukes on the long swells, pack away their nets and "bottom" gear, break out harpoons and kegs, check the steering lines from the masthead and start for the broadbill grounds twenty miles out.

Lobstermen, trawlers, big diesel-engined schooners, built for the business, charter boats and mahogany cruisers for rod and reel fishing whose slender outriggers sway as they meet the seas; you can see them setting forth in the glittering calm and the mists of summer mornings.

——"First run's gone by"——"Three fish yesterday off Noman's."——"Fishare east the Vineyard"——"Dressed four-fifty" and always——"Biggest goddam s'a'dfish I ever see"; you can hear the same scraps of "Down East" that must have been exchanged in these waters for a hundred years.

As the shore line drops out of sight the boats disperse. The mastheads clustered with lookout men and the tall outriggers drop over the horizon or vanish in the mist. If you, too, are out for broadbill, you will probably be aloft by this time, on the flying bridge of a cruiser, or swinging dizzily in the crow's nest of a commercial boat, straining your eyes across a mottled and shimmering ocean for the two distant specks that will bring a yell of "F iiiiiii sh!"

Every game fish has, in the angler's mind, an unique quality. The sailfish has a special gallant grace; the tarpon a sort of explosive violence. The big marlins give one an almost terrifying sense of sheer bulk. The impression Xiphias Gladius, the broadbill swordfish creates, even hanging from the boom of a market boat, is one of concentrated and efficient power. "He's built," in the unromantic words of a Montauker, "like a brick outhouse." He may not be as big as your marlin or as delicately formed or brilliantly colored as your sailfish. Nature has avoided the rococo in his design, but she has cut his fins and tail flukes in the vigorous lines of speed and made his body compact with muscular evidence of power. She has streamlined his enormous eye into a great bird-like head which terminates in a weapon that would make Excalibur look like a papercutter. This severe functionalism prevails even in his coloring. Only when he strikes does the businesslike grey-bronze of his back give way to a deep purple iridescence. His vertebrae are few in number and very large; in the front of his head he carries a bony shock-absorber, and his whole skeleton is obviously designed as a framework for delivering tremendous blows and withstanding heavy impact. Seen as he lies just below the surface, he is as

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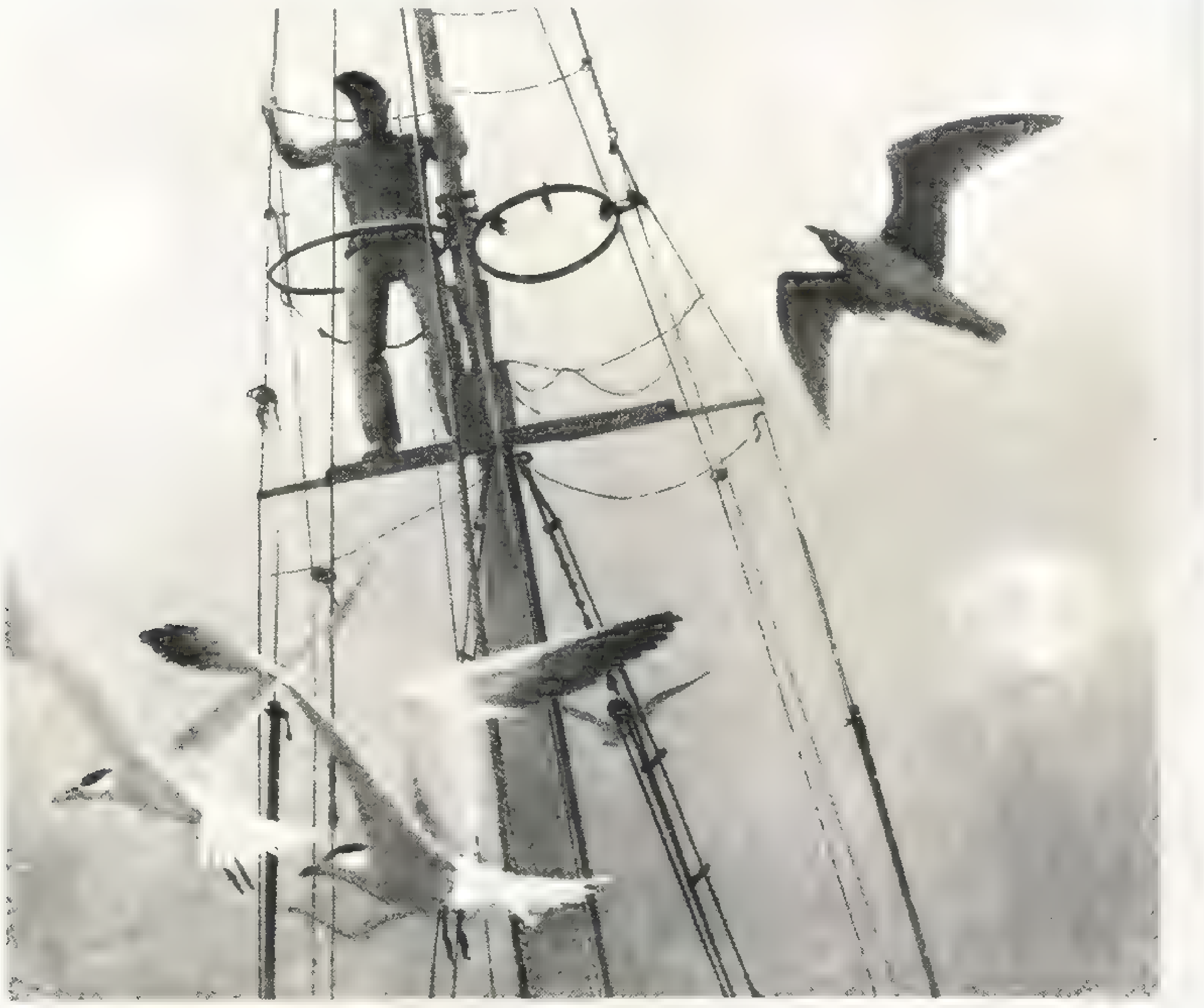
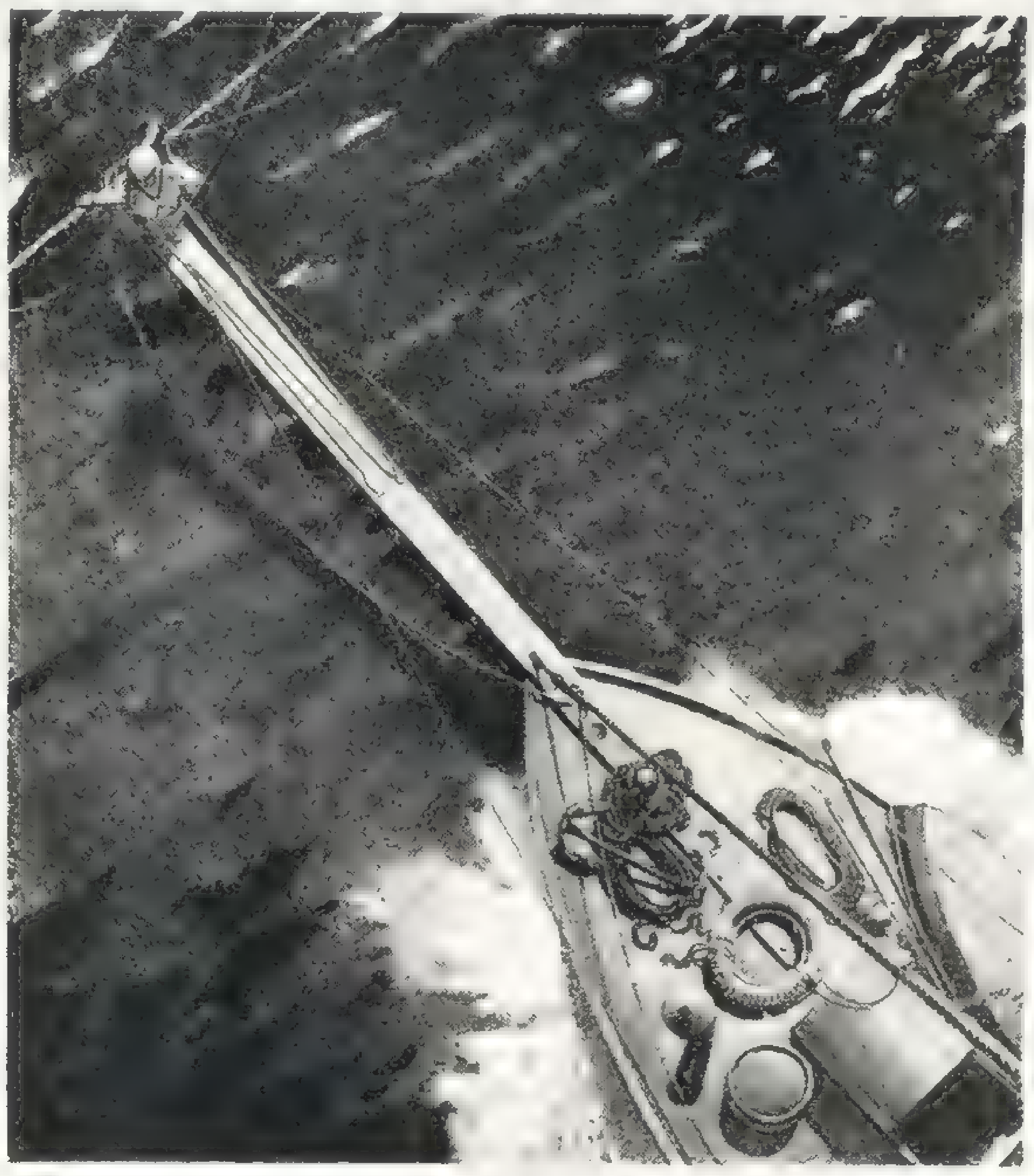
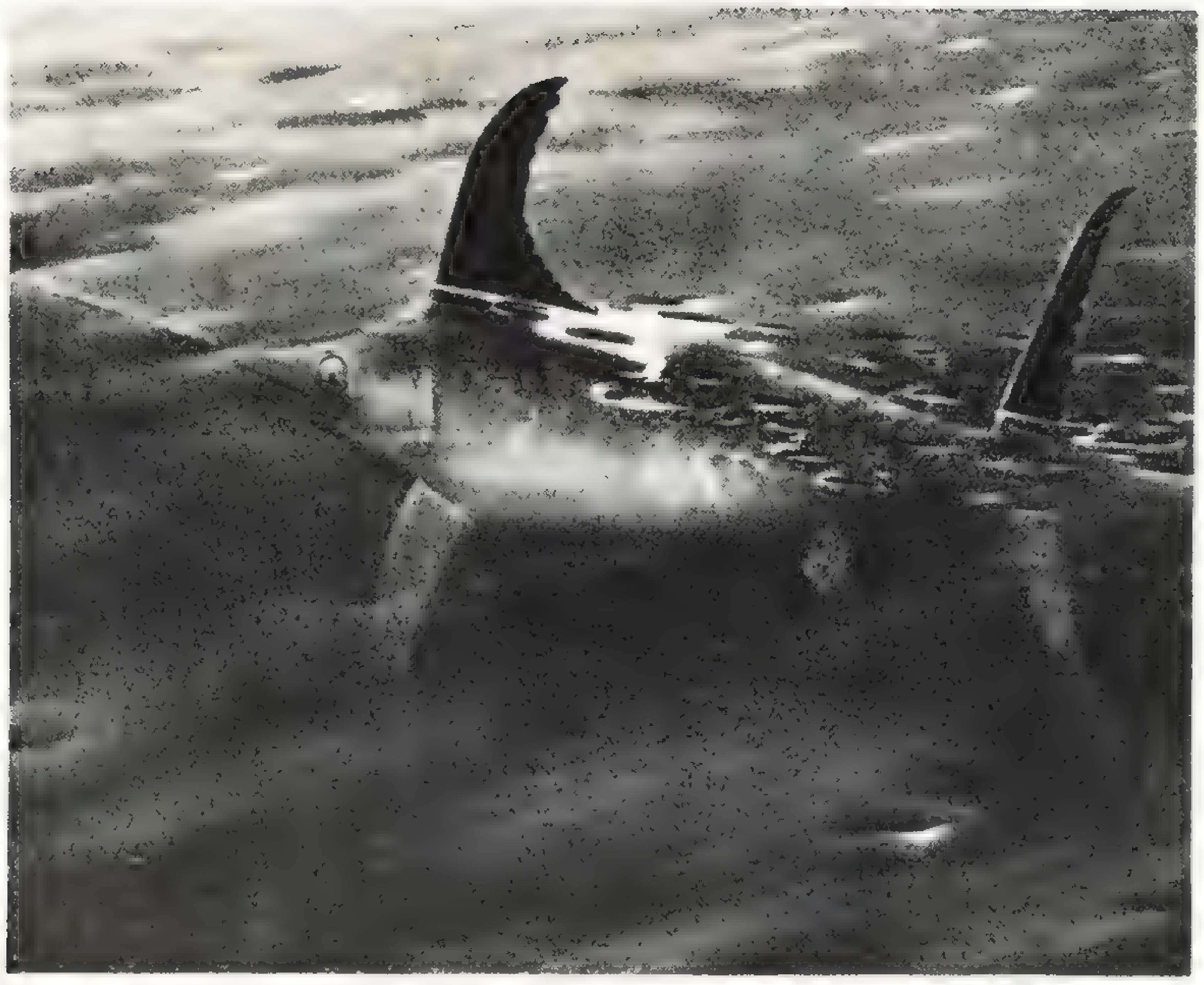


As the sun gets up over the swordfish ground on a summer morning, we find one of the lookouts of a Block Island boat in the station aloft. The swordfish come up during the warm daylight hours and swim just below the surface or with their fins showing, apparently enjoying the warmth of the sun on their backs, like the tired business man on the beaches fifteen or twenty miles away. The lookouts will maintain their watch throughout the day. The average swordfisherman acquires, through practice, an uncanny ability to spot fish which would be overlooked by the non-professional who will acclaim the appearance of many sharks' fins and bits of flotsam as "swordfish!" before he learns to distinguish the rakish slant of a broadbill's dorsal. Anyone with a tendency to vertigo will do well to stay away from the dizzily gyrating tops of a swordfisherman; but once one has become accustomed to it, there is no more salutary treatment for the big-city jitters than these long, contemplative hours aloft, and the slow rhythm of the little vessel as the swells take her.

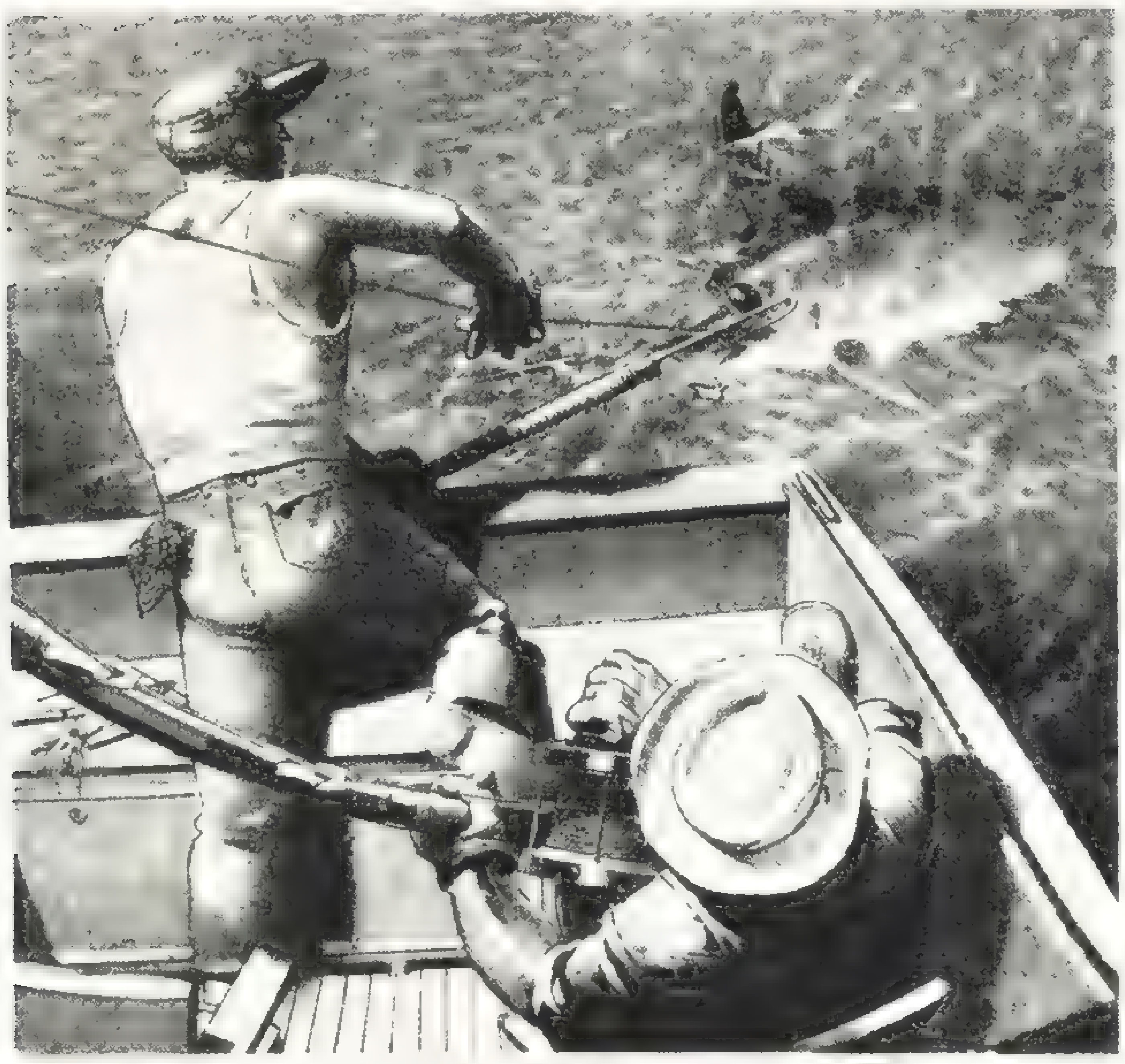


The skipper has spotted a fish and gone down to the pulpit. If he has a rod and reel man aboard who will pay for the price of a fish, he won't use a harpoon unless the fish refuses the squid trolled past him. The chances of luring a fish by trolling are ten to one against the angler, but a strike is worth the fifty dollars the angler may pay the skipper. If he is fishing for market, the steersman in the crow's nest will try to put the man in the pulpit directly over the fish. The harpoon dart is detachable and when the fish is "struck" only the barb remains in the fish's back, with a line fastened to a keg. The keg, bearing the owner's marking, is dropped overboard as the fish runs swiftly in all directions and serves as a marker buoy until such time as it is picked up by a man in a dinghy, who "tends" or wears down the fish until he is ready for gaffing.

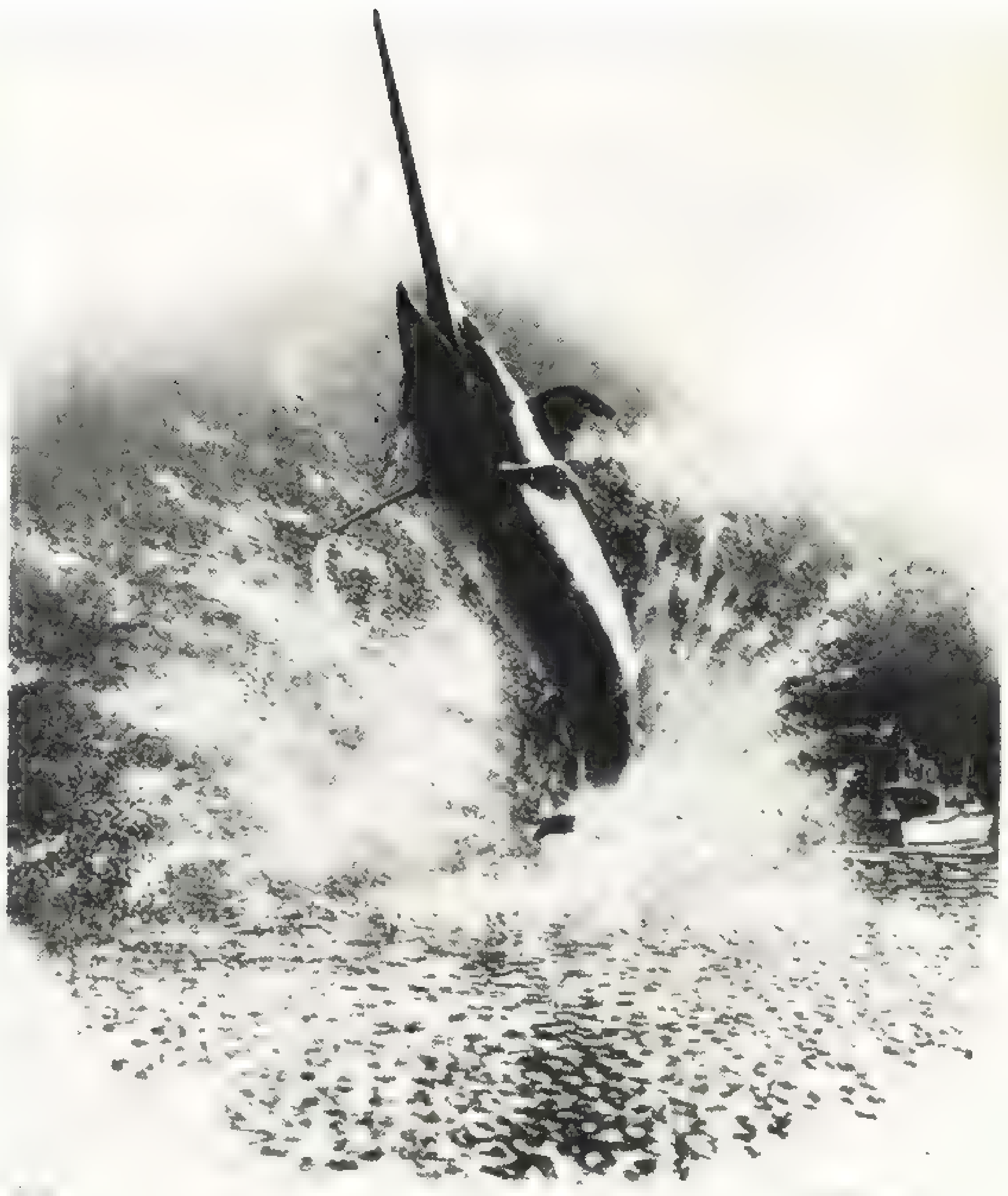


Here is Xiphias himself, sunning himself as complacently as a stockbroker, with his belly filled with plump menhaden and completely oblivious of the approach of the swordfisherman. This fish probably represents months of fishing and an investment of hundreds of dollars for the man who seeks him. He is "finning" quite relaxed, as can be seen from the angle of his dorsal. If he were traveling, the fin would slant backwards more sharply; while if he is really going places its tip would be just breaking the surface at a still flatter angle; "clipping," the fishermen call it. A lazy fish like this one is meat on the dock for the harpooner, as he will usually pay little attention to the boat. For the rod-and-reel man, however, this fish may turn out to be poison, as he will probably ignore all efforts to persuade him to accept a bait. Xiphias' great tail flukes and clean-cut fins could probably send him zooming through the water at sixty miles an hour, if he were in a hurry, and his deep, solid body and rugged bony structure are stout enough to withstand enormous impacts. His scientific name, Xiphias gladius, means "sword" in Greek and Latin. To the French he is *Espadon*, or *Empereur;* to the Italian, *pesce spada* or *galeote.* He is sometimes called the broadbill.

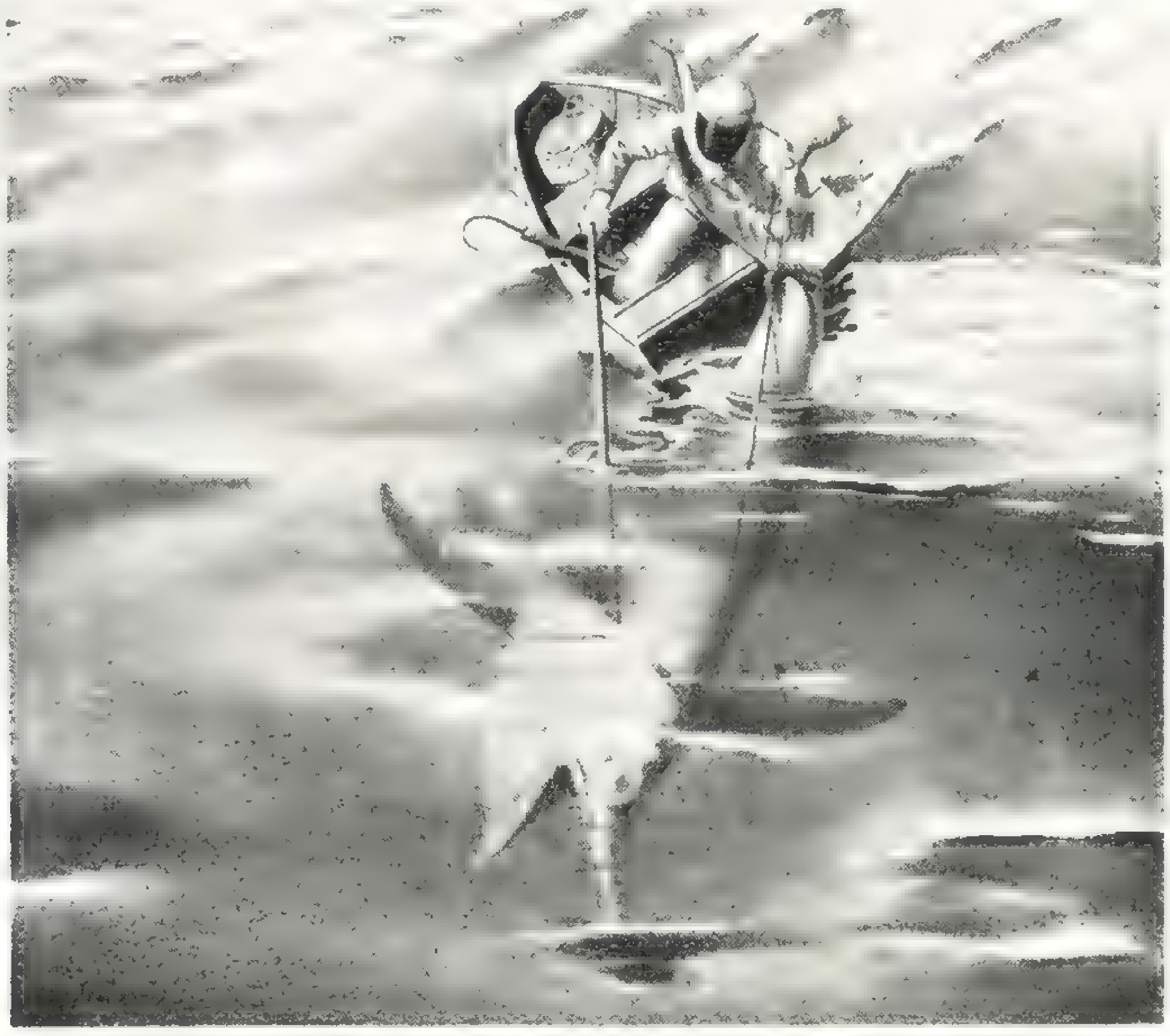
Prints may be obtained through the Sporting Gallery and Bookshop, 38 East 52nd Street, New York City



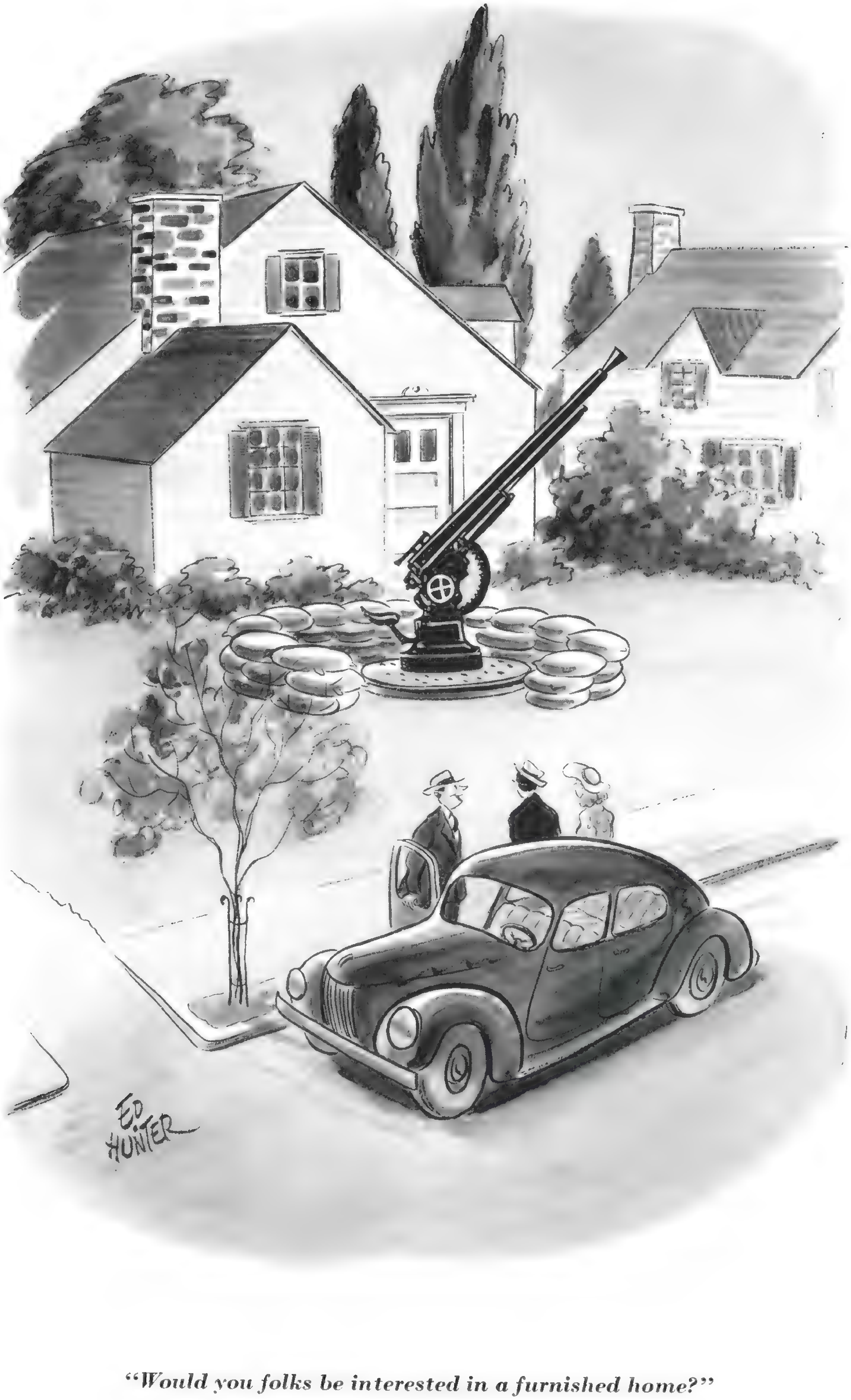
Xiphias seems to admit he's whipped, and the captain actually has the leader in his hand and is bringing the fish gently alongside, while the tired angler keeps up the tension and lifts the fish with arms numb and aching from hours of pumping. But when he sees the boat, the fish may turn and run again, and it was at a moment like this that an angler from Florida lost the last joint of a finger, neatly clipped off in a loop of the leader, but fought and ultimately licked his fish—a huge marlin. The captain will stay as far from Xiphias' great bill as he can and will try to gaff the fish near the tail. By immobilizing the tail, Xiphias' chief means of propulsion, and lifting it out of the water, it may be possible to get a "fluke rope" on the fish and haul him aboard. However, all will make sure that Xiphias is dead before this is done, as the cockpit of a charter boat is no place to share with Xiphias in his death-flurry.



Xiphias cuts loose! He is hooked in the jaw and is trying to break out the hook by shaking his head as he leaps. The chances are four or five to one against his being brought to gaff. A fish hooked in this way may break the line or tear loose the hook, or he may put a kink in the leader and snap it. Fish have sometimes been brought in trussed and helpless after entangling themselves in the heavy leader wire. But a jaw-hooked fish like this one is usually good for several hours of fight. Unlike the marlin, Xiphias doesn't often come clear of the water this way. He often prefers to do his fighting deep down and pumping his six hundred pounds, along with several hundred yards of heavy line, up from the depths is good for the waistline but terribly hard on shoulder muscles and disposition. Xiphias has been known to weigh 1,200 pounds, but the average fish taken off Montauk will run in the neighborhood of 300 pounds. Sicilian fish seem to average a good deal less; but it is off the Chilean coast that the monsters really abound, and the present rod-and-reel record of 842 pounds, taken at Tocopilla, Chile, will probably not stand for long.



A commercial fisherman administers the "coup de grace" with his flat-bladed lance. The parent ship has cruised away to other waters in search of other fish and one member of the crew has worked the broadbill within reach of the gaff after an hour or two of careful tending or wearing him down, from the tiny dinghy. The tail is held fast with the gaff while it is dexterously secured with a running noose (called a "fluke rope") to a thwart. This is one of the most hazardous points of the battle. Market fishermen tell hair-raising tales of dinghies split and sunk and men killed or terribly mangled by harpooned fish. It has been said that he can easily take a man's head off with a sweep of his bill, and a look at his powerful shoulder muscles would seem to bear this out. There are other stories of swordfish ramming their bills into the sides of boats and breaking them off. As the little "dink" bucks, jitters, and ships water, the fisherman drives the lance deep into the fish's gill.



"Would you folks be interested in a furnished home?"

Sparring Partner

The kid was fine looking, not more than twenty-one; his unscarred face showed he hadn't been fighting long

by CURT RIESS

• FICTION •

IT WAS just two o'clock when the Middleweight Champion entered the gym. He took the side stairway, avoiding the front entrance where a couple of hundred fans were waiting to see him pass. He dressed for his workout in the gym owner's private office. For a quarter the fans downstairs could have come up to watch him train.

The Champ made a dramatic entrance into the gym. Striding out of the boss's office he halted in front of the door and turned on his best publicity smile. He was wearing a long silk dressing gown over his gym outfit, a green shimmery thing, tightly belted. The Champ cut a magnificent figure and he knew it.

A moment later three men came out of the same office and joined the Champ. One of them was wearing a derby and chewing a cigar; another, without coat or vest, was rolling up his shirt sleeves; the third, in a red turtleneck sweater, carried the Champ's gloves and head guard in one hand and a jar of rub-down cream in the other. Everybody turned to look toward the door.

The gym was packed. Men were clustered around the two rings and others were sitting on the steps that led to the training rooms and to the gallery on the next floor. There was applause from those who could see the Champ. Some in the crowd called out friendly greetings to him. The Champ rewarded them with a smile and a nod of recognition. A couple of photographers pushed through the crowd and posed the Champ. He stood smiling pleasantly while flash bulbs flared. Reporters left their seats and sauntered over to him.

They didn't have a chance to talk to the Champ, however. After a few words with the fellow in the derby the Champ trotted to the ring, climbed the ropes and gracefully accepted the round of applause. It stopped suddenly when the boss entered the ring and introduced the Champ. It was quiet, too, while the Champ's face was being treated with cream and while his gloves and head guard were being adjusted.

The bell rang and the Champ turned and faced the opposite corner. Only then I noticed the other boxer, taller, slimmer and younger than the Champ. The Champ started things when they met in the center of the ring, leading with his left, stepping forward and then letting fly with a right hook. The first blow landed but the sparring partner sidestepped the right. Now they were in close, each jabbing at the other's body until the Champ pushed his opponent away, at the same time stabbing at him with short hooks to the face.

"Your left! Use your left!" the man in the derby shouted to the Champ. His left arm vaguely illustrated his instructions. The Champ tried a couple of straight lefts, but the boy danced away from them. The youngster came back with a right to the face, a neat punch that connected squarely with the Champ's nose.

Next to me sat a fight manager called Baldy. There wasn't a hair on his head, which was round and pink and shiny. He was fat and very friendly, for a fight manager.

"What's the kid's name, Baldy?" I asked.

"Whose name?" said Baldy, without taking his eyes from the ring. He wiped his forehead with a rumpled handkerchief. It was getting warm in the gym.

I took a closer look at the Champ's sparring partner. I guessed his weight at 135 or 140. He couldn't have been more than twenty-one, and his unscarred face indicated that he hadn't been in the ring much.

The Champ was in at him again now and tossed a sweet left hook. He followed through with a right uppercut that jolted the youngster's head. The kid was giving way and the crowd shouted its appreciation. A reporter leaned over to the guy in the derby. "The Champ's got a honey of a left," he said. The trainer grunted and shifted his cigar, but didn't say anything. He was watching the Champ, watching his every move.

The kid had been driven into a corner and was covering his face with his arms; the Champ was pounding his ribs with fast little punches and the kid's sides were getting red in patches. The kid ducked out of the corner but the Champ stuck with him.

"Say, all he's got to do is fight like that on the big night," somebody said.

The fellow in shirt sleeves at the corner of the ring looked around. "You ain't seen nothing yet, Buddy," he said.

The sparring partner finally recovered and shot two or three short lefts to the Champ's chest. I could see him better now. A good-looking kid. His black hair, which had been combed flat, was beginning to muss and a couple of strands fell over his forehead. His eyes were large and dark, his nose straight and very sharp. The hips were narrow, but so were the shoulders. Not yet fully developed, probably. His legs were fine—muscular and elastic.

The Champ wasn't boxing at all now. He let the sparring partner use both hands and just ducked and weaved and side-stepped, keeping out of the way. The crowd enjoyed his clever stalling, but it didn't last long. From a crouched position the Champ delivered a long, sudden left. It landed squarely on the kid's nose and mouth with just enough power to knock him off balance. He fell back and bounced heavily against the ropes. A thin line of blood ran from his mouth. The gong clanged. The Champ, about to follow up his attack, stopped at the sound and turned back to his corner. The guy in shirt

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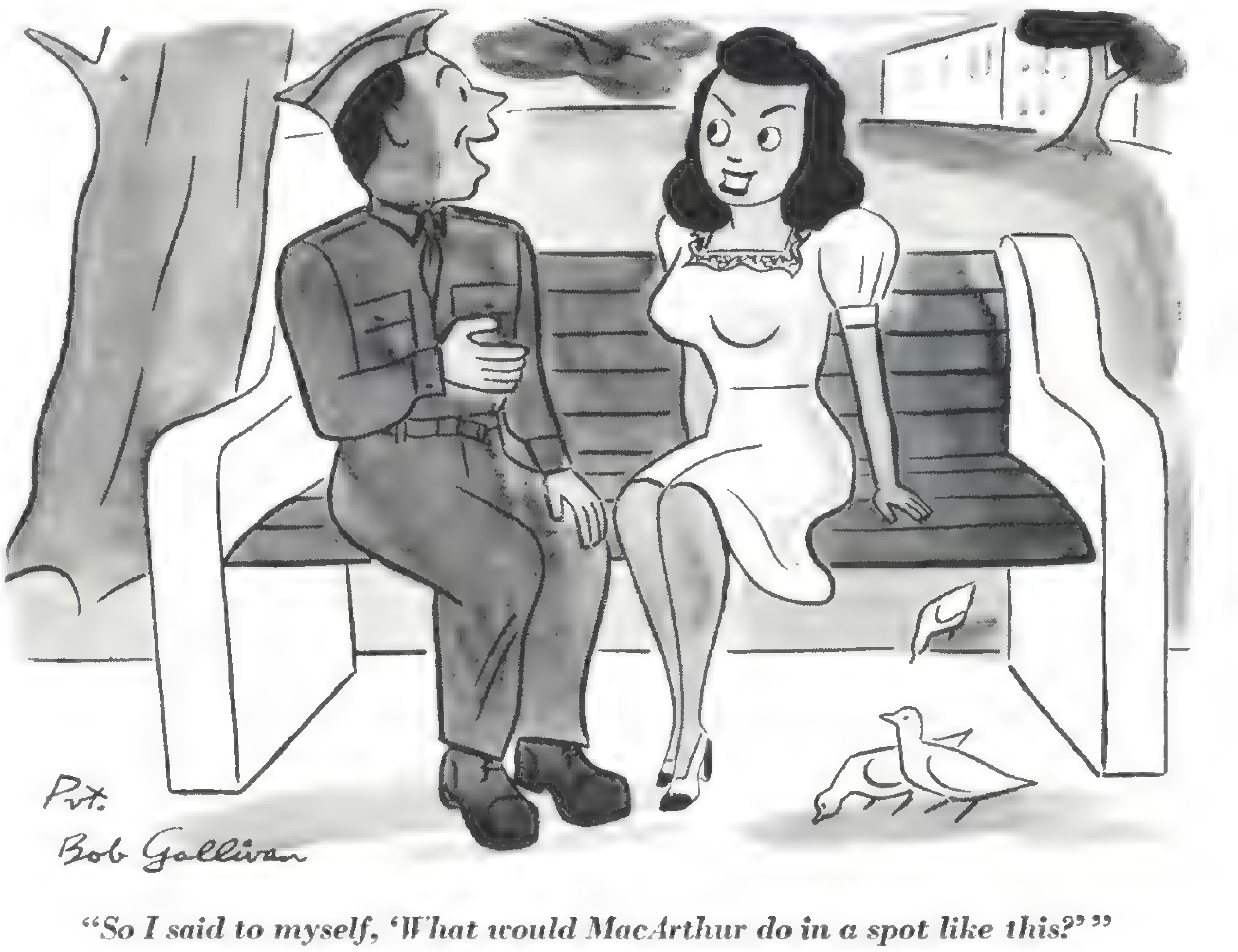

"So I said to myself, 'What would MacArthur do in a spot like this?'"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

For better or worse, women are cornering the market in acting, casting, promoting, writing, stage designing, even producing

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

If women have not already taken over a large share of the American theatre, they surely seem to be pretty well on the way to doing so. That the phenomenon has not been noticed is all the more surprising in view of the facts. In the last few years there is hardly a department that has not witnessed a steadily increasing invasion by the fair ones. Should the situation grow proportionately, it is not impossible that in the not very far future the preponderant influence on our stage will be exercised by them.

This is not to imply, as some may conceivably read into the assertion, that the startling change will necessarily be for the worse. Certainly many of the girls who have come into the theatre have done good, even excellent, jobs. And, equally certainly, many of the men in whose hands things have largely rested have in turn miserably botched theirs. The low condition of the theatre today is attributable to them. On the other hand, a great deal of the better judgment and better work is to the credit of the ladies.

Another thing. A sufficient quota of the women seem to take their responsibilities much more seriously than a recognizable quota of the opposite sex. To single out the more conspicuous male producers, for one example, at least a quarter of the lot are little more than playboys in the theatre who use it as a personal springboard for their ambitions in society, for night club eminence, for fair dancing companions, or in a general way for splashing their small personalities in a large puddle.

At the turn of the present century the advent of women in the theatre, apart from acting and occasional playwriting, was so unusual that when one of the sex, a Mrs. Osborn, undertook the opening of a small theatre under her own sponsorship and management the news was sensational. Today, there is not a single phase of the theatre that doesn't show its percentage of skirts. What is more, and more significant, they have substantially impressed themselves upon these various departments. In certain instances, indeed, the formerly independent male sex has come to rely more or less upon their assistance and judgment. For an illustration, when several of the better known masculine producers have a new play and wish to cast it, the first thing they do is to send the manuscript around to an actors' agent named Jane Broder who, after studying its requirements, submits what she considers the right actors and actresses for the roles. Her suggestions are frequently followed to the letter.

Myra Streger, in much the same manner, often looks after the preliminary casting for George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart. Theresa Helburn, assisted by Armina Marshall, selects the final casts for the Theatre Guild productions. Edith Van Cleve has helped George Abbott in the casting of his plays, and Lina Abarbanell has helped Dwight Deere Wiman. And there are others.

In the field of direction, women have become especially conspicuous. Rachel Crothers not only casts her own plays but always personally directs them. The same with Rose Franken. Margaret Webster is the best Shakespearean director in the contemporary theatre. All one need to do to appreciate her superiority to her male rivals is to compare, for one example, her staging of the Maurice Evans *Hamlet* to Guthrie McClintic's staging of the same work for John Gielgud. Antoinette Perry looks after the direction of many of Brock Pemberton's presentations; Eva Le Gallienne was last season in charge of the direction of the Theatre Guild's revivals; Auriol Lee, recently killed in an automobile accident, directed all the plays of John Van Druten; Irene Hentschel, wife of Ivor Brown, the distinguished drama critic, has supervised the local productions of several of Priestley's plays; and Miriam Doyle, Barbara Adams, Dorothy Cumming, and all kinds of other such cuties have jumped into the business.

The chief of the late Federal Theatre Project was not a male but a female, Hallie Flanagan. Cheryl Crawford was one of the prime movers of the estimable Group Theatre, has since become a successful independent producer, and operates one of the most profitable of the larger summer theatres. In the case of these summer theatres, incidentally, women are becoming more and more active in all departments. But it is the legitimate theatre that here concerns us, and in that theatre the female statistics point to the writing on the wall.

Back and front of the house, the honeys are leaping into the saddle and riding off in all directions. Some years ago, female ushers were a rarity; today you will find them in most of the theatres. Some years ago, women in the box office were unheard of. Look at the situation today. Theatrical press agentry, once controlled by males only, has seen the incursion of a number of skilful women like Jean Dalrymple, Ruth Benedict, Ann Ayres, Helen Hoerle and Phyllis Perlman. Even the lemonade stands in the rear of the auditorium are no longer in charge of the boys.

Twenty and more years ago male acting stars shared prosperity and acclaim both in New York and on the road with the feminine stars. The wind since has blown in an almost completely opposite direction. The only really big money-making male dramatic star on the road today is Alfred Lunt, and he himself freely admits that at least fifty per cent of the draw is due to his wife and co-star, Lynn Fontanne. Maurice Evans has lately had to share his enthusiastic Shakespearean audi-

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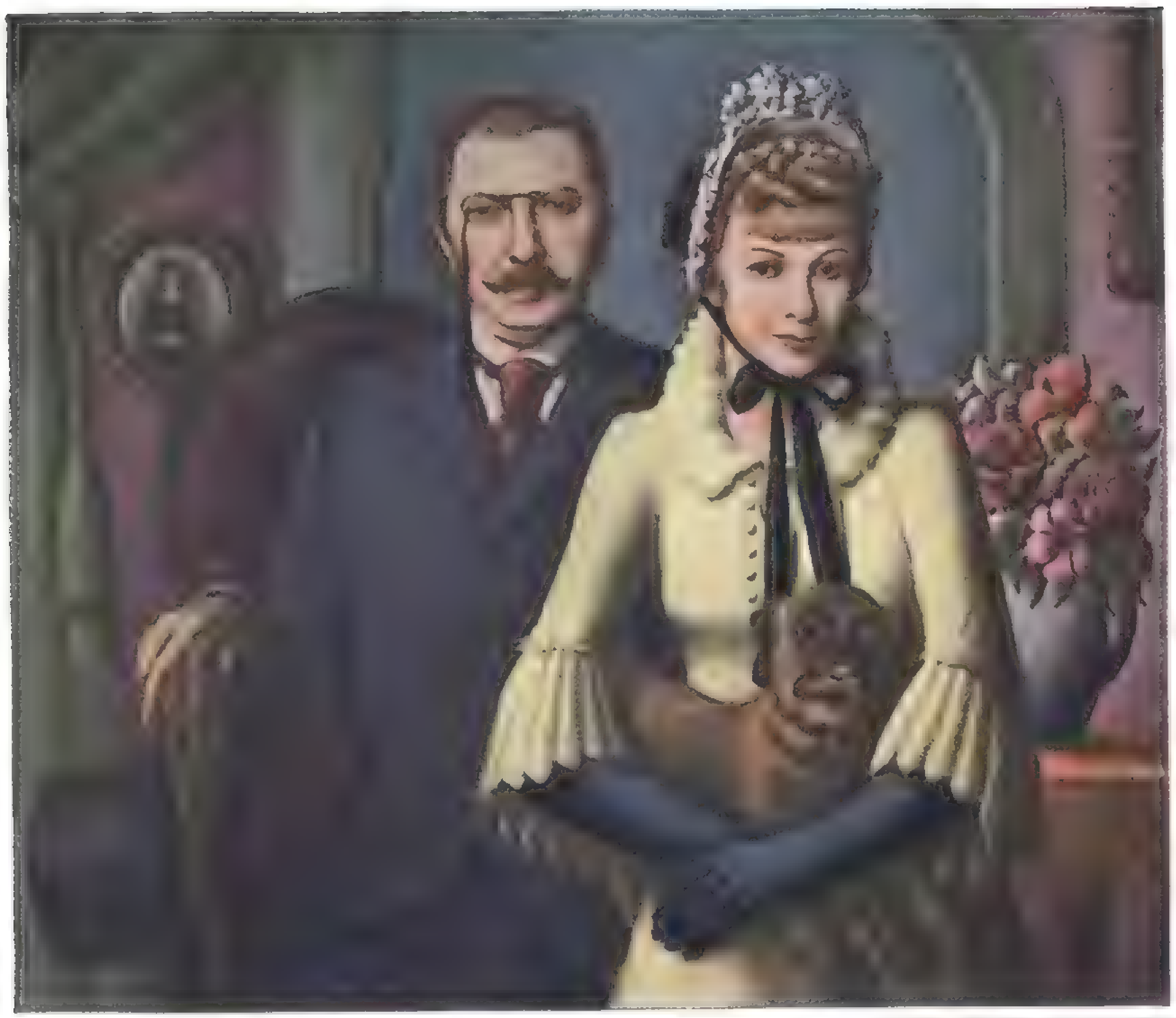
QUIZ
Frank BEAVEN

"I'll give you a hint—he was known as the Father of Our Country"

Off-stage Paintings

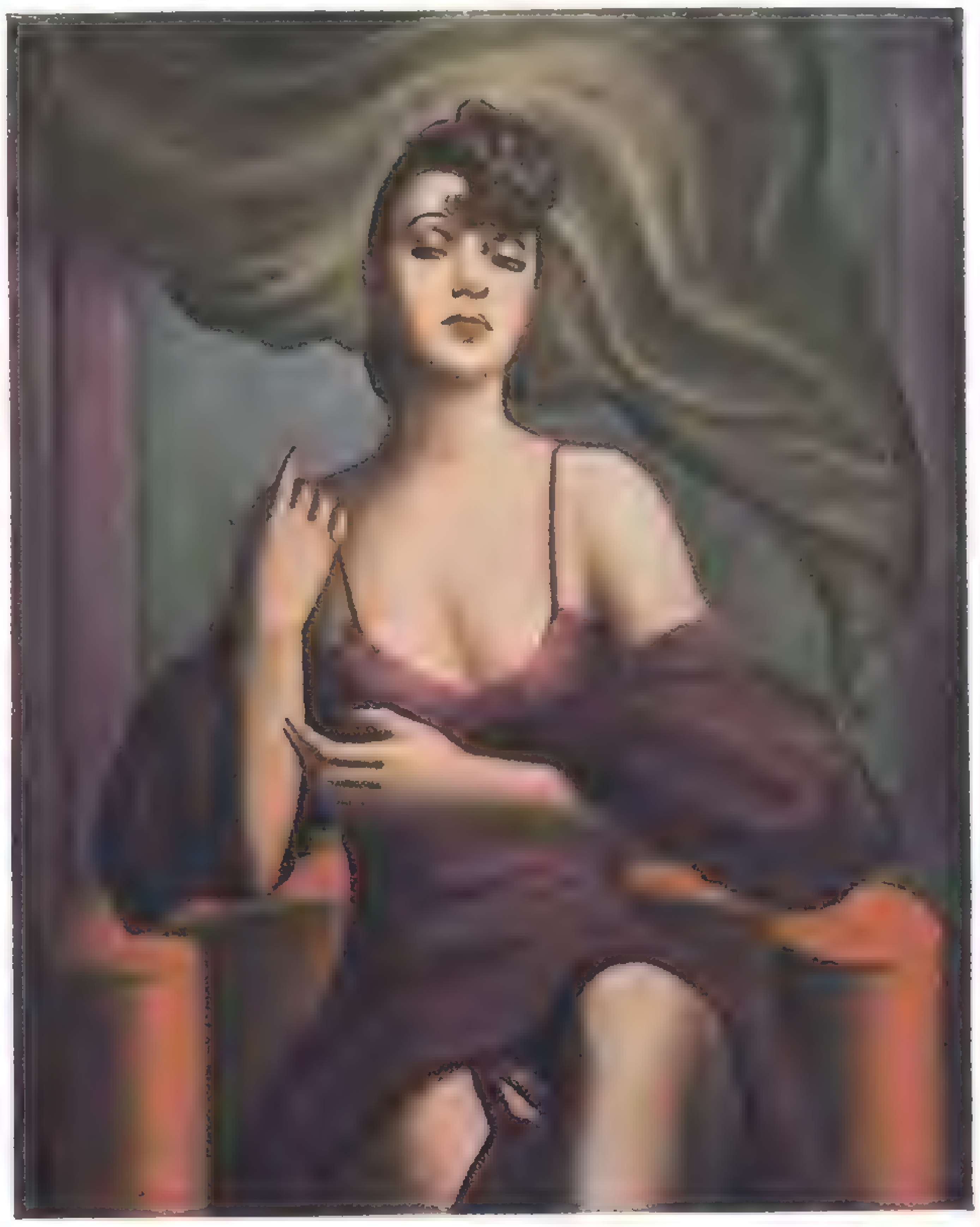
by PAUL MELTSNER



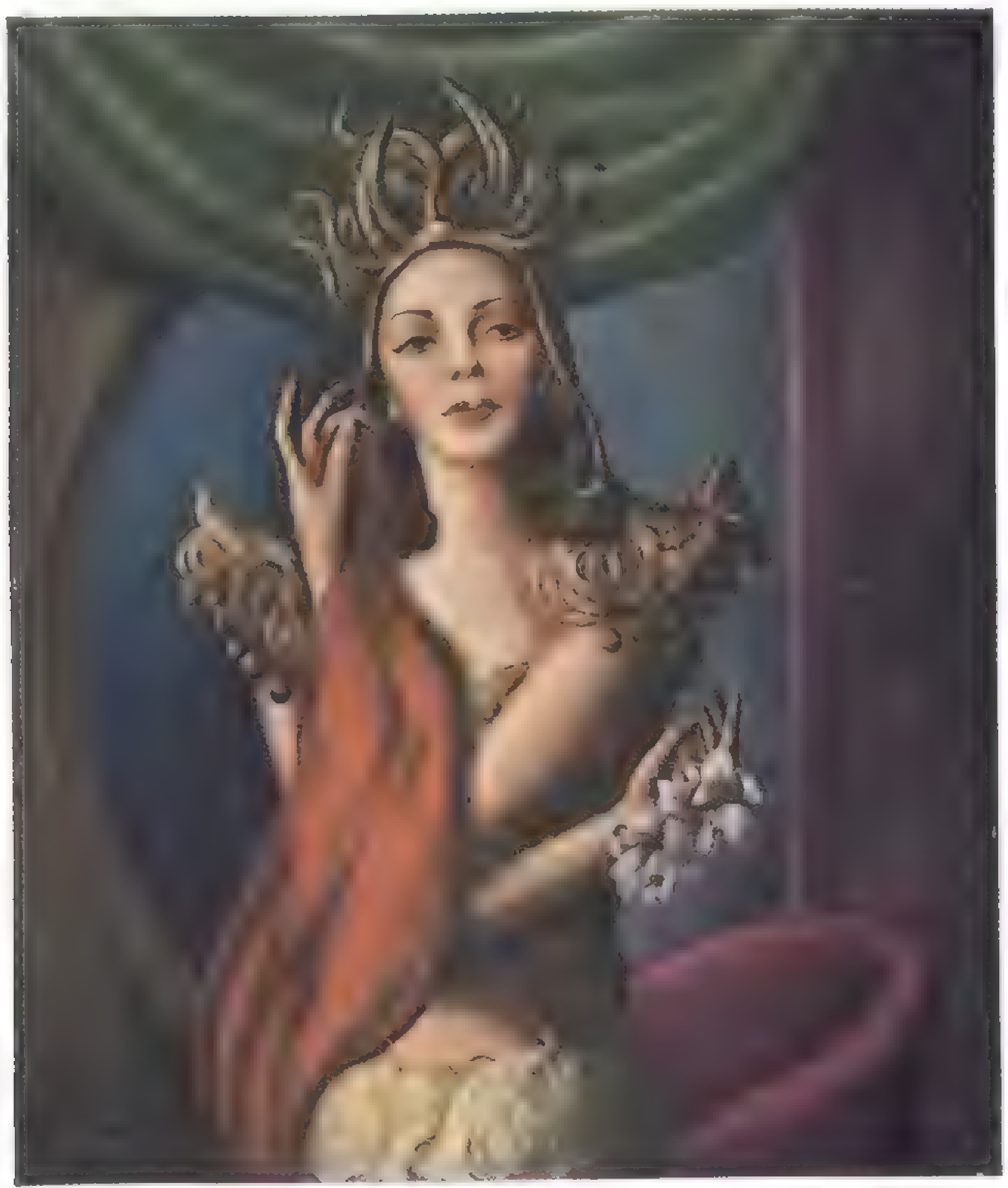
BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

LIFE WITH FATHER

LIFE WITH FATHER. In this double-take of Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney, regarded as the artist's best realized theatrical painting, Mr. Meltsner tried to capture in details of dress and furnishings the flavor of the period represented in the play. The artist recalls gratefully that this was the first canvas in his career paid for in advance of production.

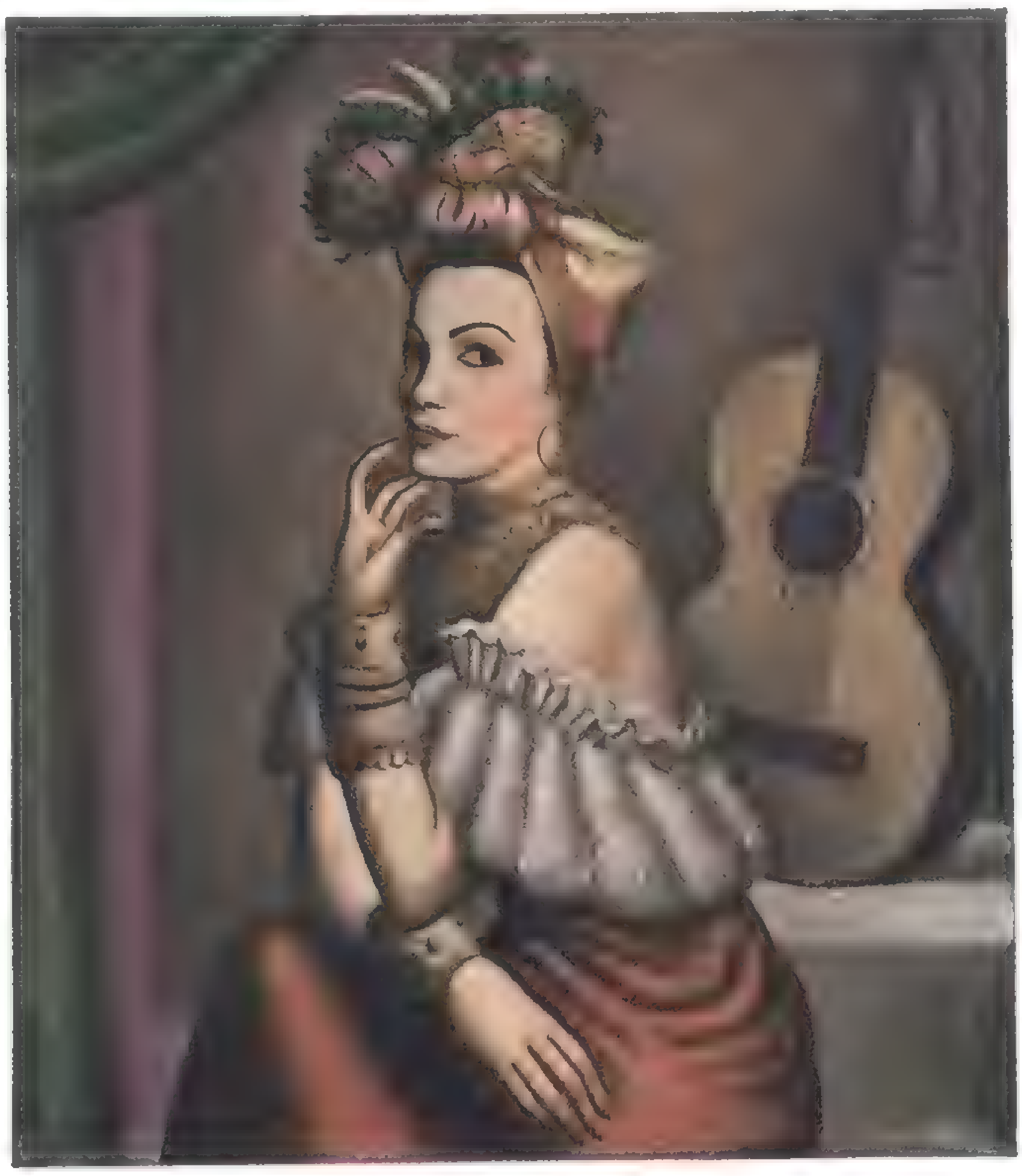


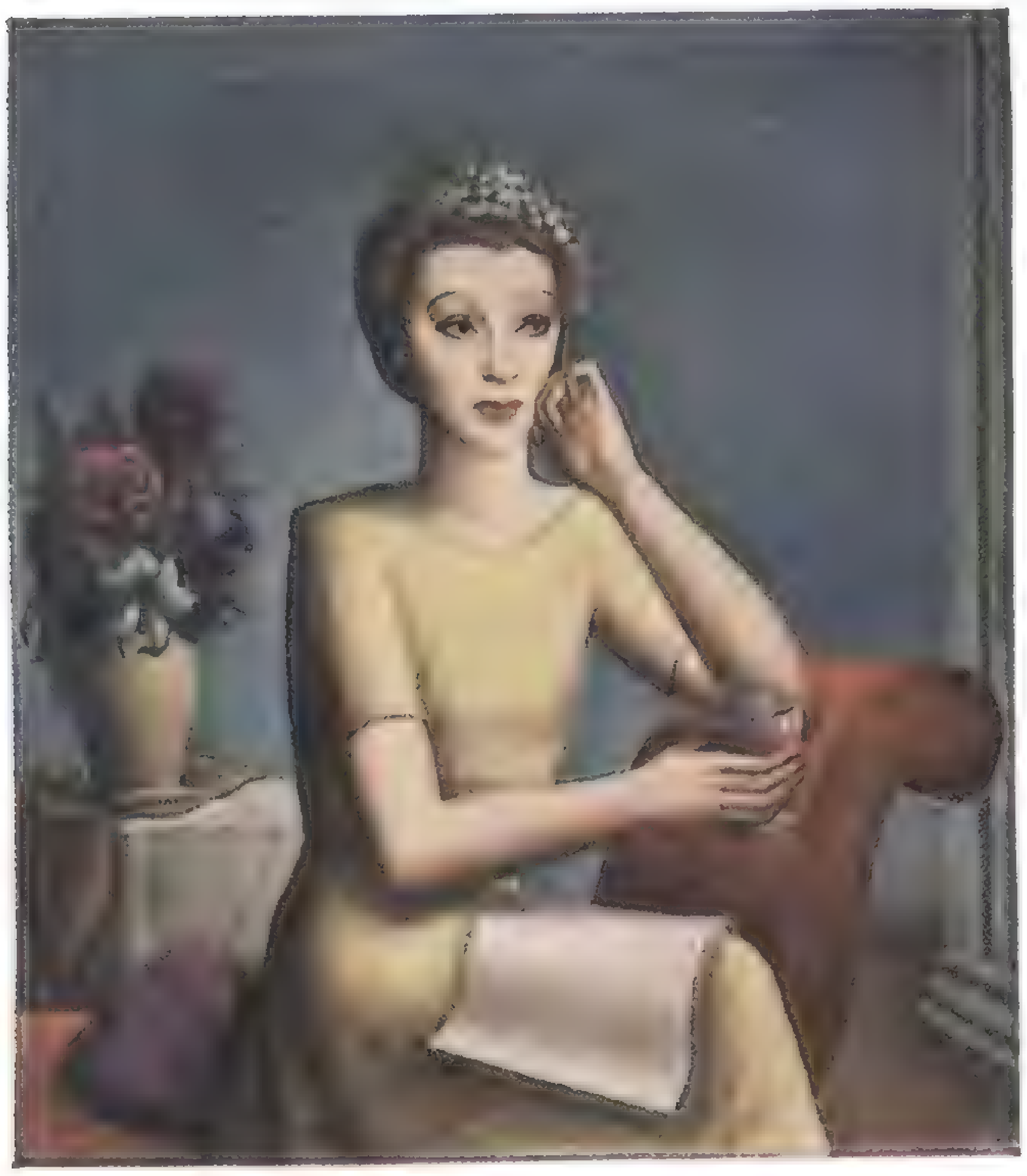
GYPSY ROSE LEE. When the famous tease-stripper posed for this picture, she was writing her *G-String Murder Case*, being otherwise at liberty. She beguiled the tedious hours with talk on literature and art, duly impressing Mr. Meltsner. The artist suggested the strip-tease within reason.



VERA ZORINA

VERA ZORINA. Mr. Meltsner is among those artists who feel the challenge of the dance, who have struggled with the problem of arresting motion at its significant instant. He initiated his series of stage people with Martha Graham, of whom he completed seven portraits in action. He was impressed with the ease and naturalness with which Miss Zorina took and held the most complicated of poses. In this series he compromised between the stage and off-stage looks of the stars.

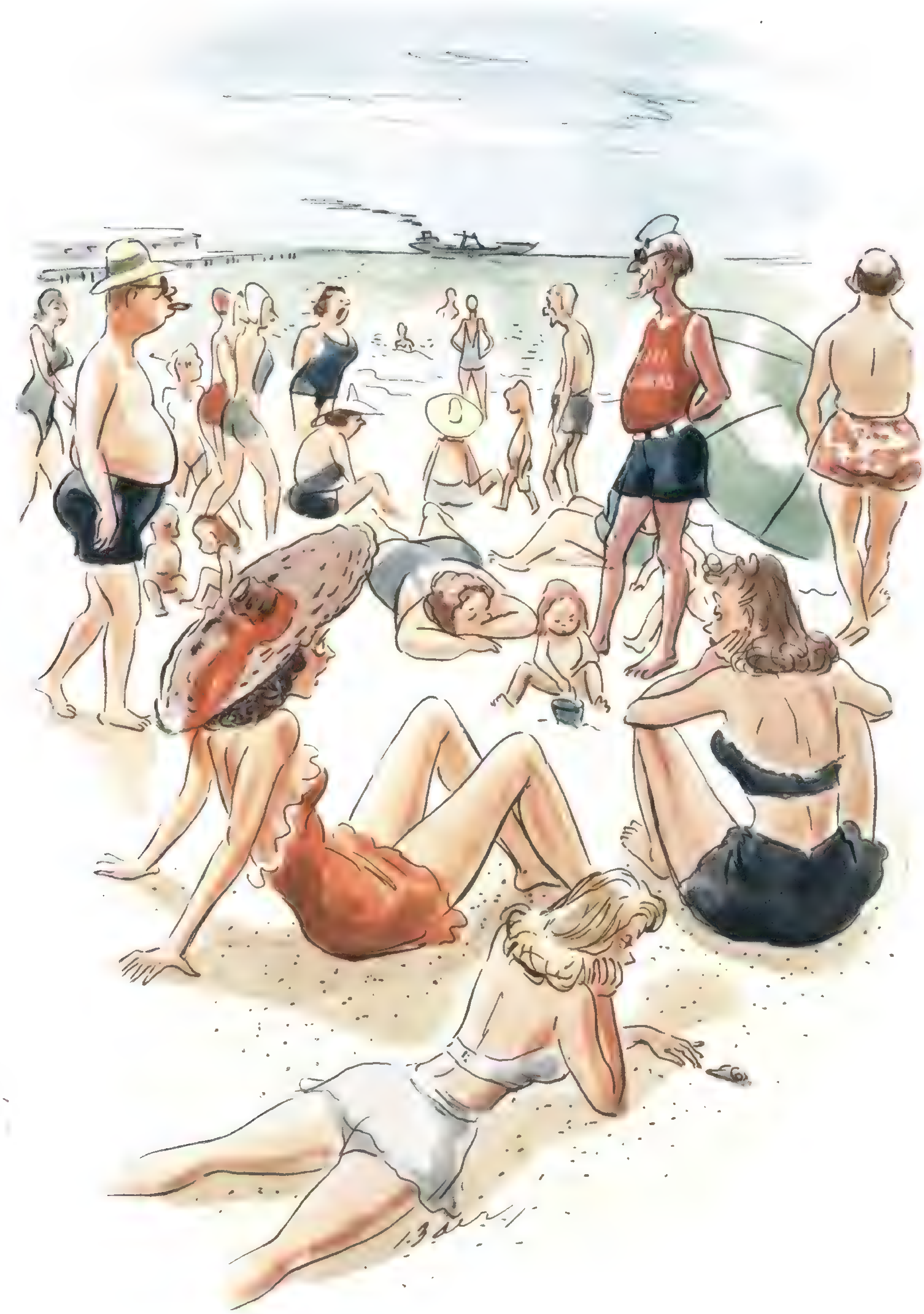




GERTRUDE LAWRENCE. Miss Lawrence was so pleased with this portrait and the artist's work generally that she gladly sponsored showing of his theatre paintings for the American Theatre Wing War Service. To the opening Noel Coward cabled a gigantic floral piece.

CARMEN MIRANDA. From forty-odd sittings, emerged three portraits of the Brazilian entertainer. The one above is to hang in Rio's National Museum. When Miss Miranda began posing, she knew no English, the artist no Portuguese, but they clicked smoothly with signs.

These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through courtesy of Ferargil Galleries, 63 E. 57th St., New York City



"Somehow I don't seem to care much for the beach since conscription"

Highbrows Hate Sport

Some suggestions for filling the gap between repressed intellectuals and happy clunks who fill the bleachers

by GILBERT SELDES

• SPORTS •

For the past few months, Herb Graffis and Ralph Cannon have been polling the good and the great on many sporting topics, and publishing their findings in Esquire; and maybe because they're too busy to do it, they've handed over to me the attractive job of finding out the meaning of one big bright statistic; the intellectuals are indifferent to sport.

The facts first? Here are re-quotes from the Sports Poll:

H. L. Mencken: "There is no man on earth who is more ignorant of sports than I am!"

William Allen White: "I haven't seen a ball game in twenty years."

Ted Robinson: "I have not seen a ball game for thirty years."

S. G. Blythe: "My interest in sport is . . . perfunctory."

Note that while these men are professional writers, they are also popular figures; they are not remote from the activities and interests of men; they are not poets and aesthetes; every one of them has made a living by writing for daily papers or popular magazines. And they, and hundreds of thousands like them, do not care for sport.

What is more, it would appear that they never did. I thought at first that the recurrence of "thirty years" and "twenty years" might mean something. Lots of people don't care for art studies as much as they used to when they were in high school; some people lose their appetite for classical music or light fiction. But I think Messrs. Graffis and Cannon have unearthed a "constant" in the American intellectual attitude toward sport, it isn't sinister enough to be turned over to the G-people; but it will bear examination.

For a scientific test we ought to discover whether our voters dislike also all the other things liked by the average man: beer, women, tobacco, smutty stories, etc. Lacking the data, we can't say whether indifference to sport is affected or real; do highbrows look supercilious (high-eyebrow, so to speak) when the World Series is mentioned because they hate the polloi and want to be isolated from low passions; or do they really get damned bored by baseball. Let's assume for a minute that the indifference is real, honest, candid. I make the assumption because in the commentary of the pollsters I find a doubt; true sports lovers cannot believe that anyone honestly doesn't care for their particular sport. And I think I can supply a few specific reasons why critical people aren't yelling in the bleachers and stretching in the seventh.

Ted Robinson saw his last baseball game in 1912 and about that time one Ring Lardner was getting ready to destroy the national game. A book called *You Know Me Al* undermined all the elaborations about the generalship and strategy of baseball which were then current. The true highbrows didn't read Lardner until long after, but the drift of his ruthless satire was caught by all. The baseball player was subhumanized. He might have recovered but a few years later the scandal of the Black Sox came up. Sorry to mention it, but the thing didn't sit pretty. Intellectuals are naturally hostile to any big money except the big money they can earn; add graft to business and they think it stinks. By the way, it does stink.

Move along into our own time: Cash-and-Carry Pyle, making a sporting event out of anything; also dance marathons; also the equivocations about amateurs; also the business of officials over Eleanor Holm's glass of champagne; also the infrequency of sports figures appearing in an interesting light anywhere except in sport. (This applies to amateurs, particularly; the professionals are busy. Yet the professionals have turned out the relatively few figures who became notable: like Tunney and Dempsey and Gehrig.) Also the widely advertised "fixing" of wrestling matches; also Harvard bothering Husing about "putrid." And moreover, the antics of alumni when the new President fails to turn out a winning team, even if he has encouraged a Nobel winner in biochemistry.

These are a few of the news items about sport which have broken through the surface and reached the consciousness of the intellectual. What has not come through is sport itself; nor has the intellectual in any democratic country seen that the alternative to crowds watching sport is a crowd doing gymnastics for future military use. The intellectual, when he has had time to consider the well being of his country has remarked with pleasure an increase in public golf courses and free tennis courts; he has deplored our habit of engaging in sport hind end foremost but nearly everything he has heard about sport has been cynically commercial, downright dishonest, or unutterably trifling.

This sounds as if the sports writers haven't done their job well. When Heywood Broun went to a Harvard-Yale game, dripping with sentimentality but loving the game, and when he got page one for his Sunday morning story about Albie Booth—then sport had charm and interest for the non-sporting-life. But by that time Broun had ceased to be a sports writer exclusively; and toward the end of his life—in his early forties, I suppose—he was hardly ever writing about sport because the world had gotten between him and an early passion. Lardner himself was working to the last day, almost; but he was always as cynical about sport as he was about the duller manifestations of human existence. The sports writers who have had no other major interest have been more consistent; but they have fallen into another error which has, I think, wrecked sport for the thoughtful. It is the

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"He's trying to make a sucker out of Gene Tunney"

The Art of Twitterpating

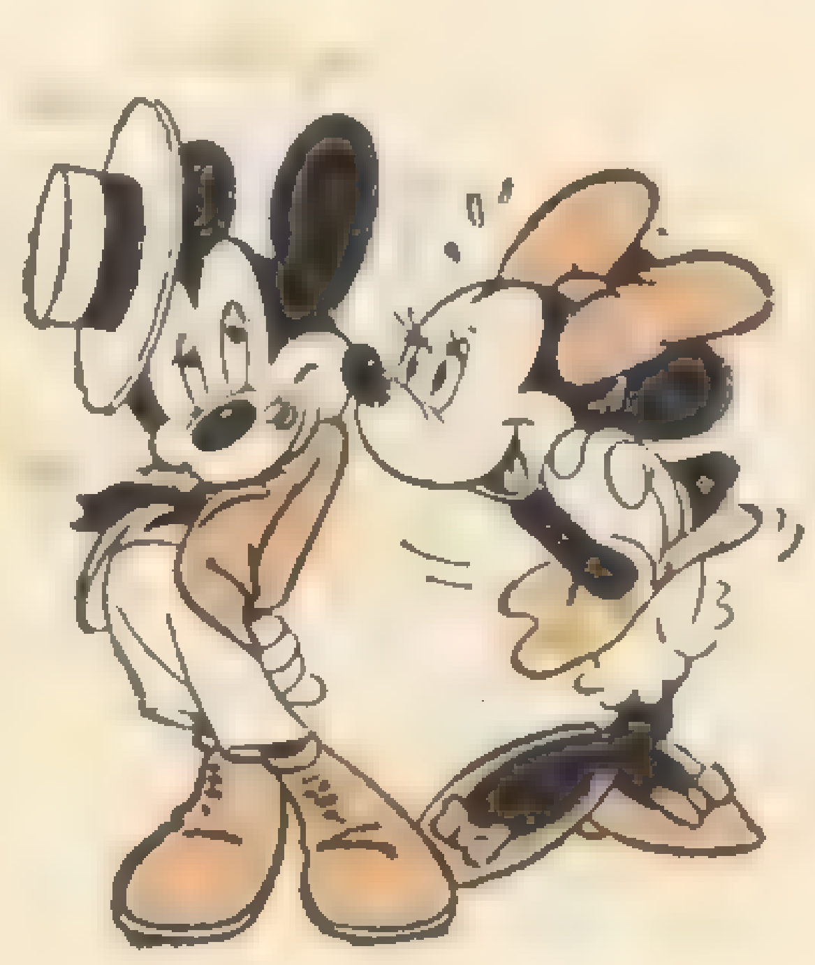
Seductio ad absurdum of that state of mind the preying female conjures up while readying her lethal sting

by MARK ASHLEY

ARTICLE

The female of the species, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling once observed in a now-hackneyed observation about the Black-Widow spider, is the one who spins the web.

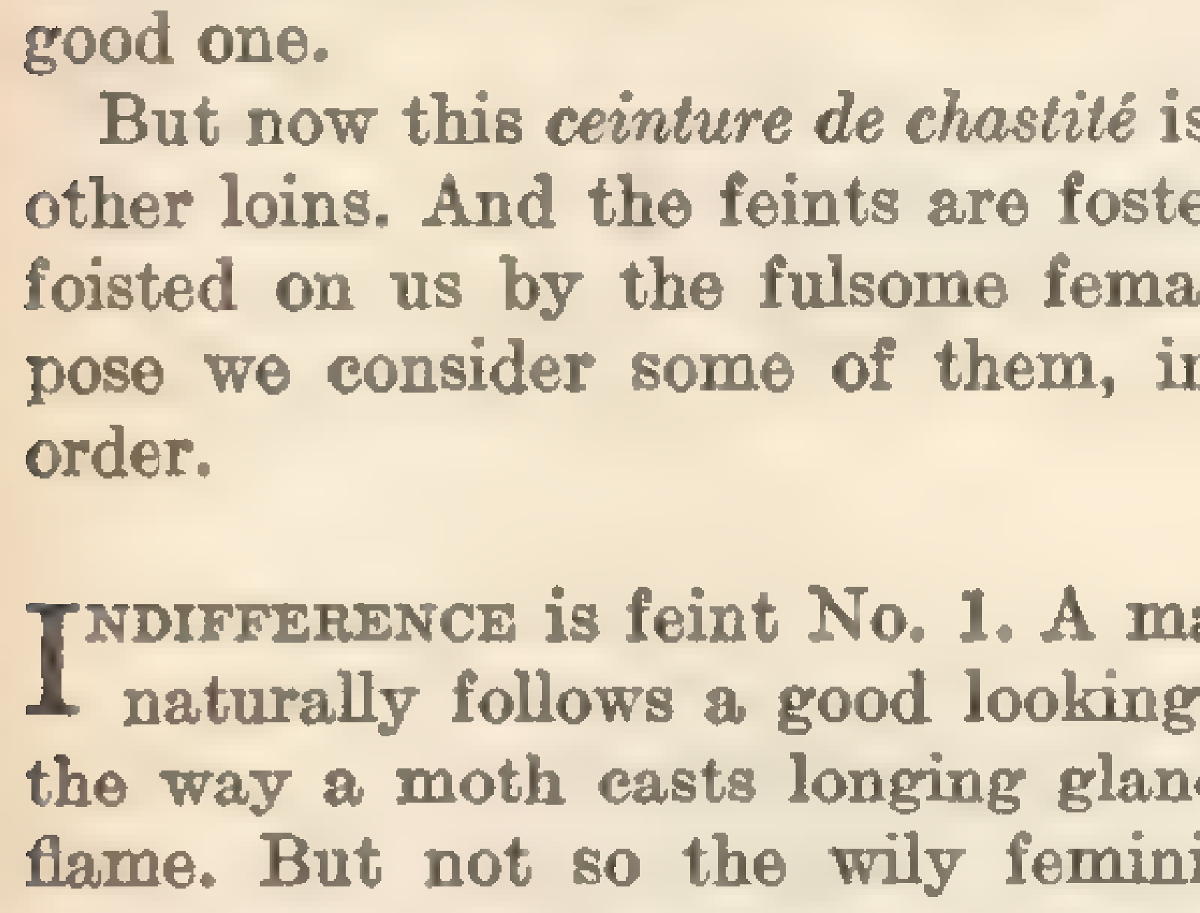
"Twitterpated," a word introduced by that master of the shadow play, Mr. Walt Disney, describes sharply the state of mind the predatory female conjures up, before bringing into play her lethal sting. The by-ways intertwined with this ensnaring mechanism are devious enough to warrant a special chair, or even chaise longue in a modern university. For the most part, such instincts of aggression are well masked. They can be identified only in the forms of feints—wherein feint is taken to mean an act, a gesture, a symbol, or an attitude intended, consciously or unconsciously, to deceive.



Of course, feints are old in history—even on our side of the ledger. When Lohengrin turned up, one day, as a swan—that was a feint. When Jupiter converted himself into a ray of light, in order to pass through a keyhole, and have his wont with an imprisoned myth, that, too, was a feint—and a mighty good one.

But now this *ceinture de chastité* is around other loins. And the feints are fostered and foisted on us by the fulsome female. Suppose we consider some of them, in logical order.

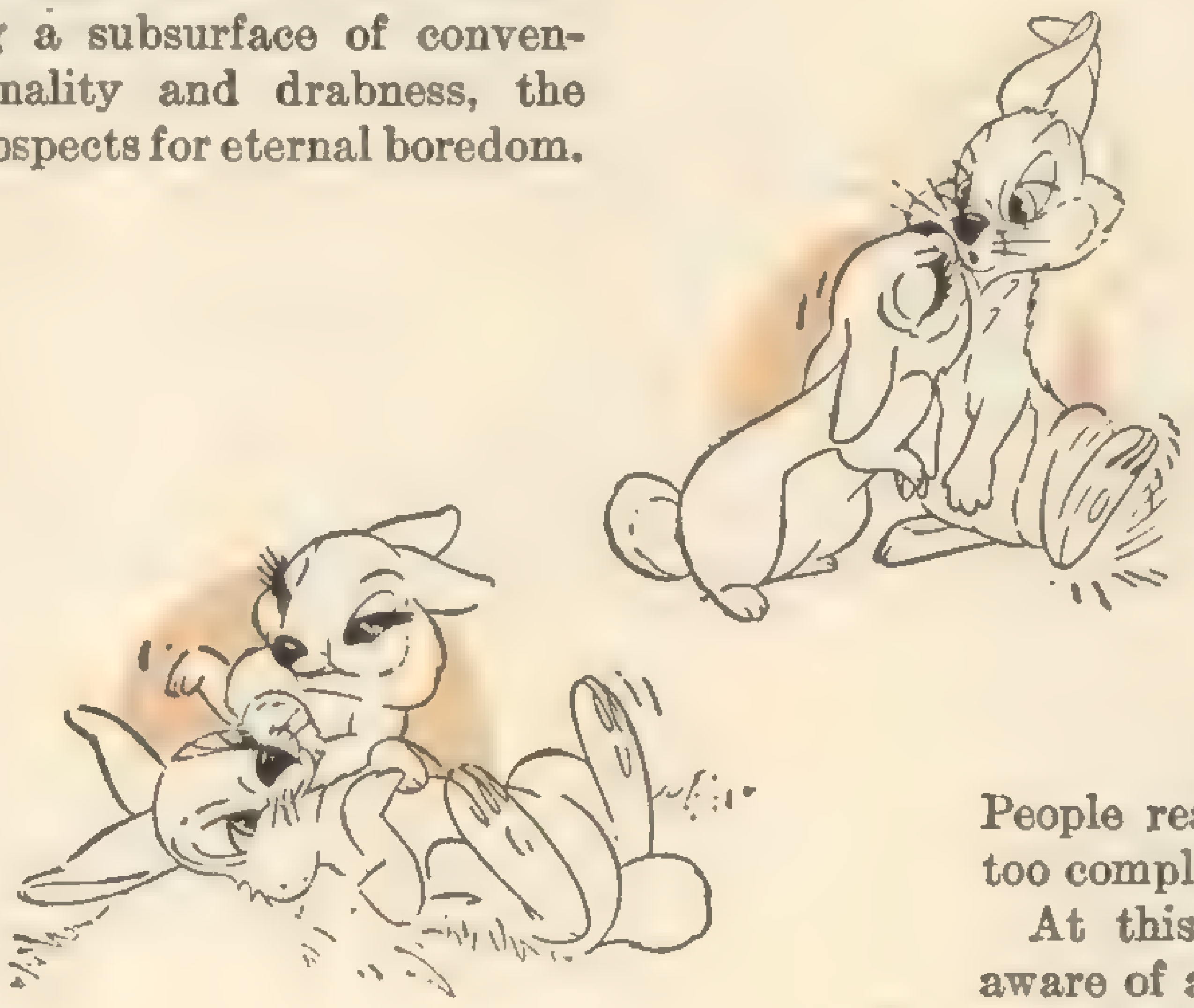
Indifference is feint No. 1. A male's eye naturally follows a good looking female, the way a moth casts longing glances at a flame. But not so the wily feminine. She keeps looking at her grapefruit, as you pass; implying that you are less interesting than the lowly citrus product on her plate.



Two results follow, with dispatch, if not aplomb: (1) You are given the nucleus of an inferiority complex, held thus so contemptible, and put on your mettle; and (2) you are disarmed; for your natural conclusion is that anyone so disinterested could scarcely portend any danger.

Little do you know. Under that placid, well-proportioned, and scarcely-intelligent face, a venal blueprint has already been drawn up. And in this diagram, you have already been made a substantial breadwinner; the father of scraggly, muling brats; a loyal and devoted son-in-law to her tedious parents; and the faithful, wing-clipped wearer of carpet slippers.

Her sheer stockings, her uplifted skirts, her heavy makeup, her air of sophistication, are all parts of a magnificent fraud—masking a subsurface of conventionality and drabness, the prospects for eternal boredom.



It is scarcely possible to quarrel with the quality of this perennial phantasmagoria—this state of being "twitterpated." It is a good illusion, as illusions go. It is artistry at its finest. All art, after all, is, in a manner of speaking, an illusion. And art, far from losing its departure from realism, actually derives a *raison d'être*. For it is the picture of unreal worlds that men live by: the symbolism, the essence, the quality—never the thing itself. Who, after all, would care to own a cloud? Or touch a rainbow?

From indifference, our 1942 *femme fatale* feigns mild intellectual interest. She talks astutely of power politics; she gives new twists to old bromides; she passes on a new Dorothy Parker story. Meanwhile, you are let into the secret that she is a female of great business importance, hence economically independent. Her phone calls, her introduction of friends and admirers, lend credence to the apparent fact that she is the center of an admiring retinue, that she has as many friends as an upper-class inmate of an English drawing room comedy. You conclude that she is socially independent.

So much for the come-on. You take it that she is not only difficult as a target, but remind yourself that hard reading makes good writhing. This is no Xantippe, you say to yourself, thinking back to your last debacle.

Obviously, you are in for a predestined disappointment—for all females are Xantippes at heart.

Friendship ripens into companionship, companionship into affection—and affection into tentacles.

One by one, the signs of economic independence slough themselves off. The friends that once were, begin to disappear, mysteriously, into those cosmic wayfarings of somebody else's weekend. Soon, for all the skyscrapers around you, the two of you might as well be on a South Sea atoll.

Now comes the *coup de grâce*. Your paragon of desirability begins to see great things in you. "You were cut out for important work," she informs you, starry-eyed, "you are much too intelligent, too big, for the things you are doing. People really don't appreciate you—you're too complex . . . too imaginative."

At this moment, you become suddenly aware of a sensitivity you never before suspected in this quaint, quite lovely creature.

"We could do such great things together, you and I," she continues, preparing to pop the demand, "we supplement one another." A strange hypnotism is thrust out at the modern male, under these circumstances—for who, after all, can resist the charms of such amazing discoveries?

Now, males can be divided into two classes, in terms of their reaction to this stage of the *vox domesticii*. The first, weak, young, or thyroid deficient, succumb without a struggle. Lured by these feminine tremens, they wind up bound hand and foot, and potentially manic-depressive.

Those more worldly wise take proper heed of a psychic red light. They reach for their hat, dash to the nearest phone booth, and spend the rest of the evening elsewhere.

But suppose, for the sake of this thesis, the predatory female is allowed to play all the stops in her organ. She goes on. She plans for the future. She paints a glorified, if un-

real picture of all the pleasures, the creations, the honors, and the riches which a unified future holds. She bandies the word happy, as though happiness, like sugar, were as sure as the Prophet's Paradise—once you got your ration card.

The females assume that this procedure will be operative in ninety-eight out of a hundred possible cases. For the adamant two per cent, an additional, and almost suicidal bag of tricks is held in reserve. Within this bag are tears, hysteria, nervous breakdowns, and parturition.

The world is a gloomy enough place, as all readers of Strindberg well know, without dwelling too long on the cantraps held in reserve for the two per cent. It suffices to say that it's the ungallant part of wisdom to leave Lady Vere de Vere holding the bag.

It must be conceded, in all fairness, that with economic insecurity what it is, most females are faced with the problem of "Root hog—or die." But the purpose of this clinical discussion is an objective, disinterested analysis of the mating habits of the female of the species. Whether its findings are savory or not, is something apart from our pseudo-scientific quest.

The problem which derives from the unhappy situation the modern male finds himself in, is something best stated by old clichés, among which is the admonition against letting the tail wag the dog.

It seems reasonable that the pleasure of feminine friendship could be enjoyed, now and then, in some civilized way—without the stipulation that you, as its curator, should give your life in exchange. After all, there is such a thing as paying too much for your whistle.

Certain preventive generalities follow, although it must be clear that from this danger, as from the common cold, there is as yet no certain remedy. The safety of numbers cannot be overemphasized. It is a defense always to be recommended, even in preference to the safety of distance.

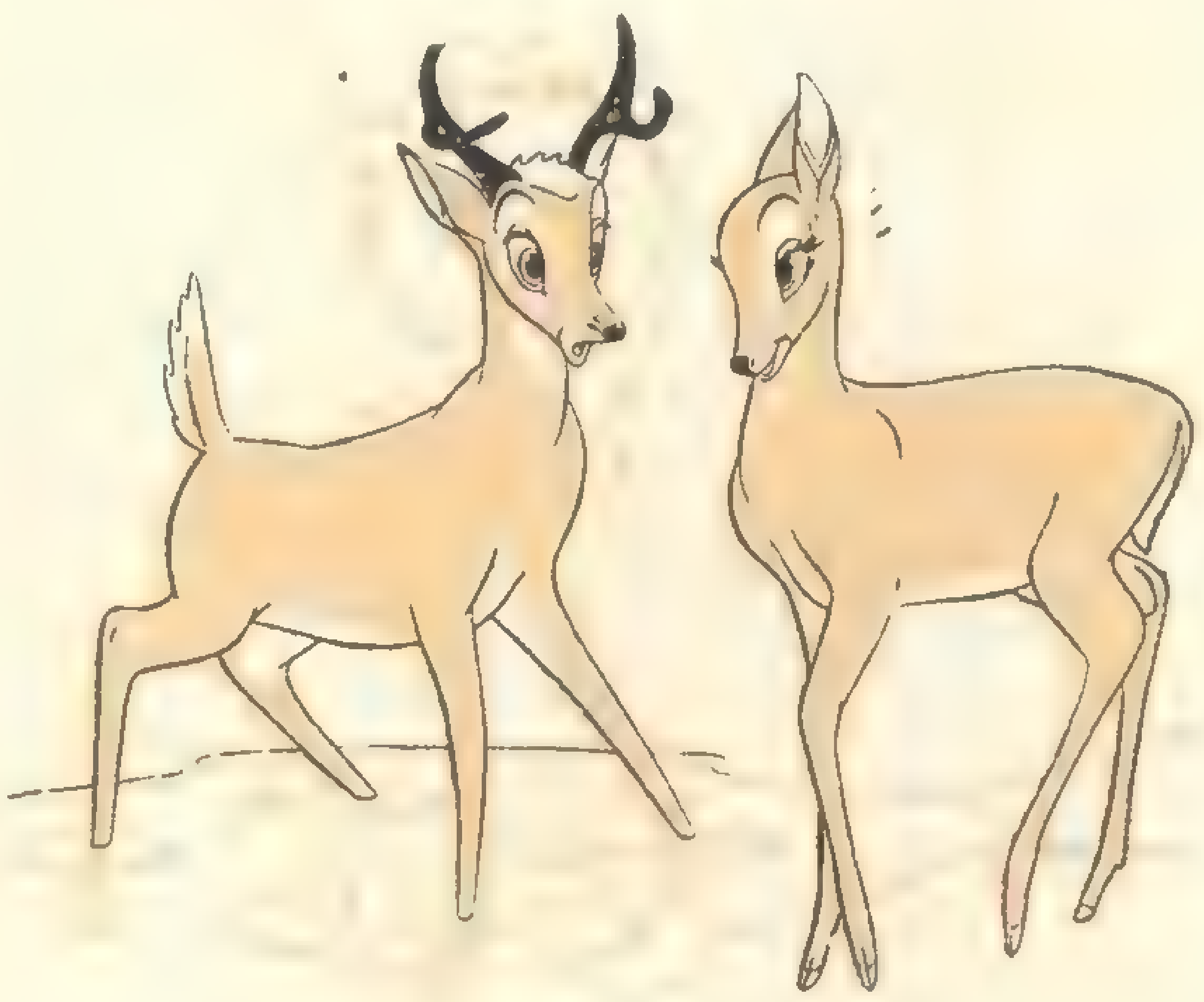
Forthrightness is another piece of armor, sometimes helpful. "This is where I stand," you can say, after having attained your given end, "I can't stand otherwise." After this, you can pack up Dr. Martin Luther's twenty-four theses.

Of course, candor is no real help. The mind of a biologically-sound female is so designed, that it refuses to accept what it has no wish to believe. "Marriage," you may say, "is all right for other males, but not for me —I need freedom, and light, and air, and space . . . and many other women."

Your enemy will smile sweetly, considering this no more than an old husband's tale.

Nevertheless, it is proposed that the tactic of truthfulness and catharsis be steadfastly adhered to. It may do no real good; but it will at least salve your conscience.

Travel is also to be highly recommended. If your business and bank account will stand the strain, keep moving. Find far-off places. Spend more time with maps. Search out Golden Fleeces. Bear in mind that an airport can be reached within twenty minutes—and that two hours' flying can bring about a considerable amount of horizon changes.



If the worst comes to the worst, play one female against another. Get yourself caught *in flagrante:* and, like old Father William, do it "again and again."

Naturally, these foibles and fol-de-rols will cause scenes; but they'll be angry scenes, not tearful. And an angry scene is as easy a thing for an ingenious male to handle, as a cold hard-boiled egg.

Now, a word as to types: Mannish females are easy game; but when their hair is let down, they turn out to be more helplessly feminine, more the clinging vine, and, if anything, more bourgeois than little Nell.

Exotic females are another quagmire. Too often their exoticism turns out to be nothing more than a trick of eye makeup, or a dress patterned on somebody else's remembrance of Bali. Sponge off the symbols, and you'll find yourself stuck with one as conventional and troublesome as Madame Bovary.

Beware of the sophisticate! By the theory of opposites, this witch is usually doing little more than masking a sense of social insecurity. Her Krafft-Ebbing ad libbing is a Freudian way of saying, "I'm scared to death—honest I am—and what I really want is a strong, unsuspecting shoulder to drape my tears on."

Perhaps a better bet is a sweet, demure, Lillian Gish thing, in whose limpid, pearl-shaped mouth even Yogurt wouldn't melt. This one you can be sure is hard as nails; and damn well able to stand on her own two feet. In her mind's eye, she's been around. She knows what a quiet life is, and is thoroughly and maturely fed up with it. She comes like Lady Godiva, with no long sleeves to deceive you.

Yet, only a Goth would deny that the best bet of all, is another's. For here, at long last, is one who has everything—except affection. She asks of you nothing but the pleasantness of your best moments; and then, only for those moments' sake.

If her mate were, perchance, to learn of your interest, he, as a cultivated being, should be both delighted and grateful. For what are you, but a free giver of sweetness and light, one capable of turning his nagging mate into a momentary duenna of loveliness? You are the one with a magic cure for the monotony and gloom which overhung his household . . . since the day he made the unhappy mistake of confusing *meum* and *teum.*

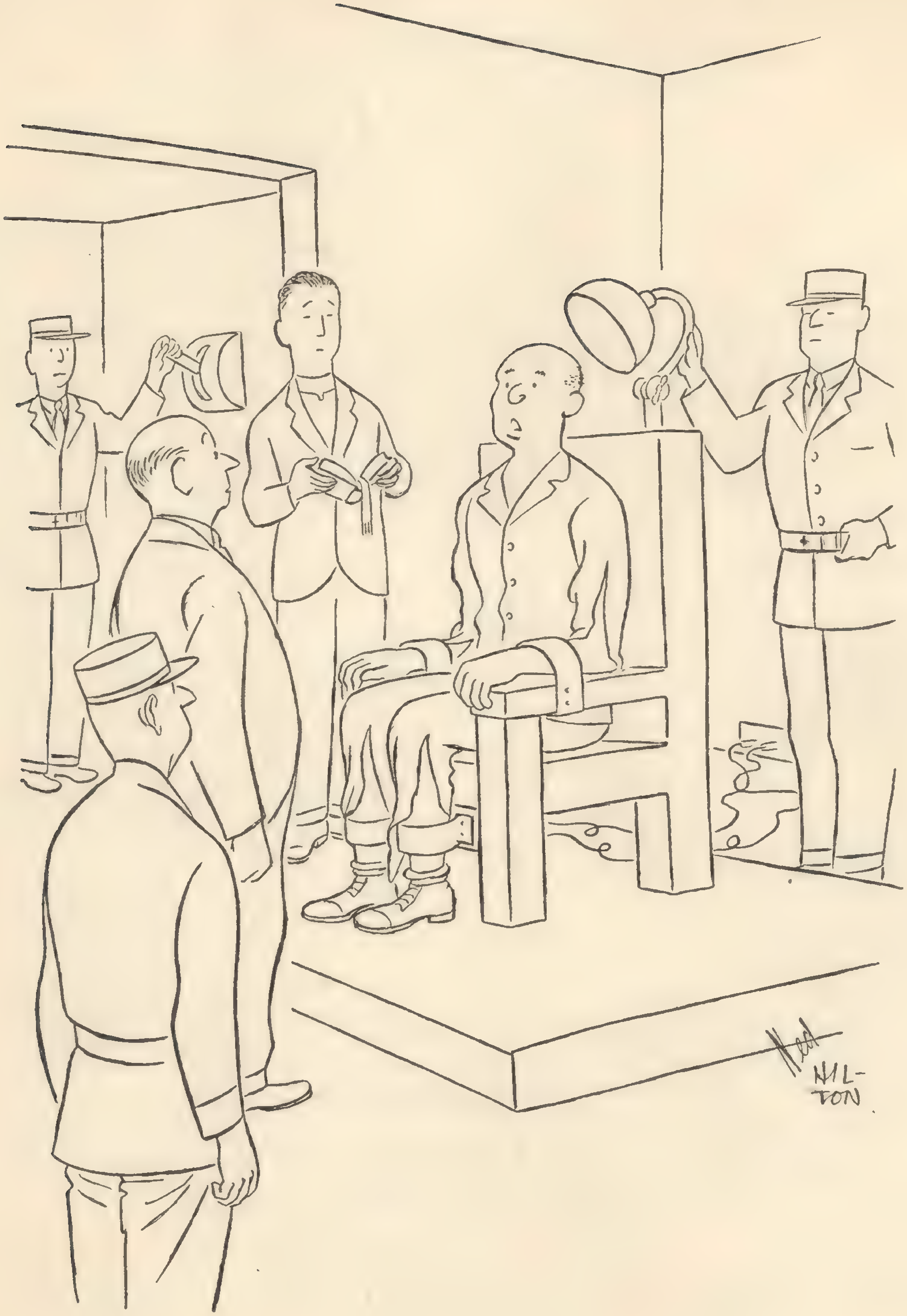
Further, your generosity and graciousness automatically frees him to spread the light within the portals of another's dwelling.

Well, this is no place for the teaching of reeling and writhing, no platform for instruction in eurythmics, gestation, or frustration. This is a scientific study, a compendium of social truths.

And beyond all fustian and hyperbole, one conclusion stands clear: He who winks and runs away, is free to wink another day. Such are the facts on the table, sirrahs.

Mutter about them, if you will, and draw what surcease you can; for, as Mrs. Parker put it so succinctly, a man's only friend, these days, is his mutter. #

DRAWINGS BY
WALT DISNEY STUDIOS



"Is this AC or DC?"

How to Play King Rummy

Directions for three good games of rummy, all more exciting for four players than the kind known as Gin

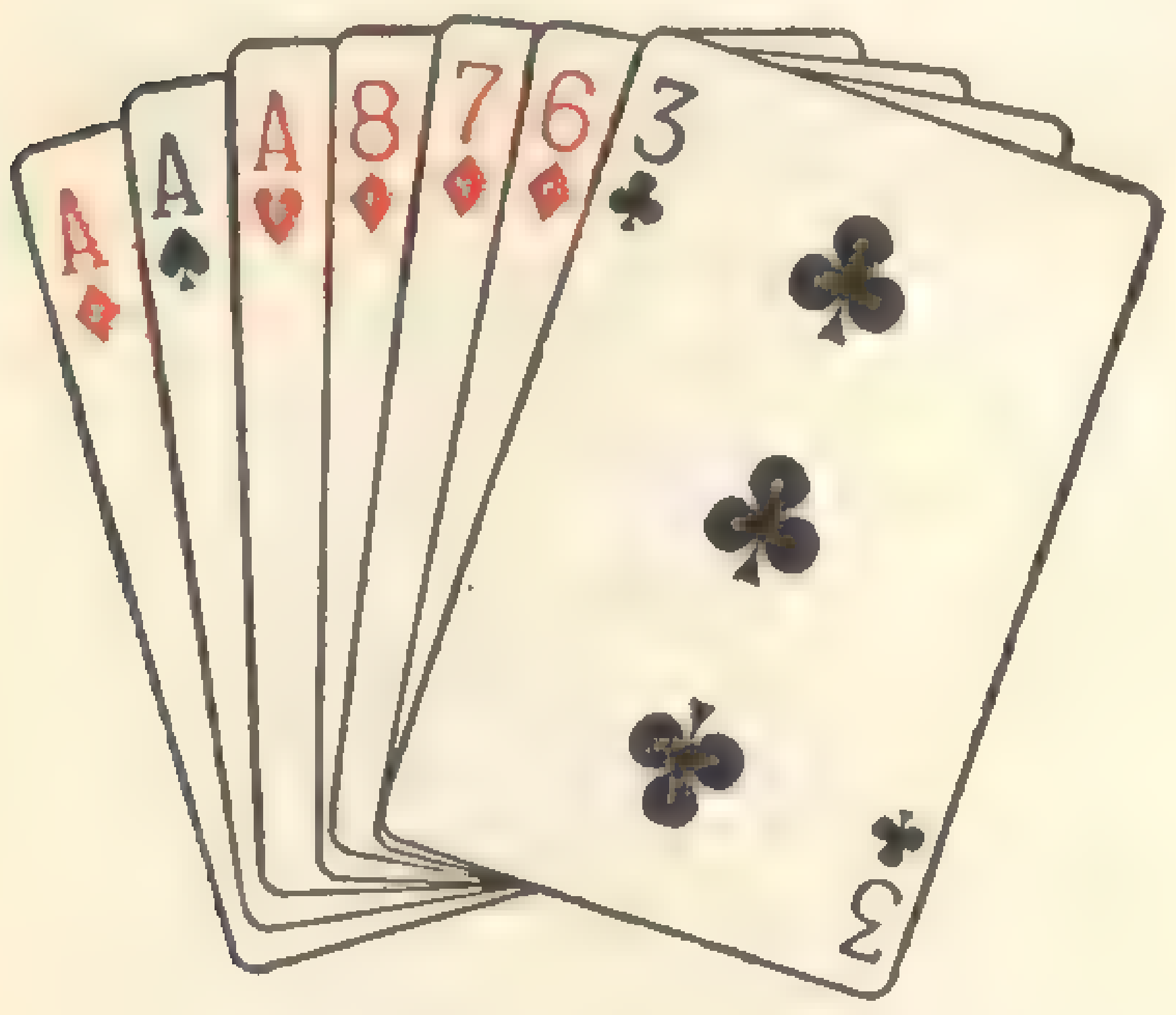
by CLEMENT WOOD

• ARTICLE •

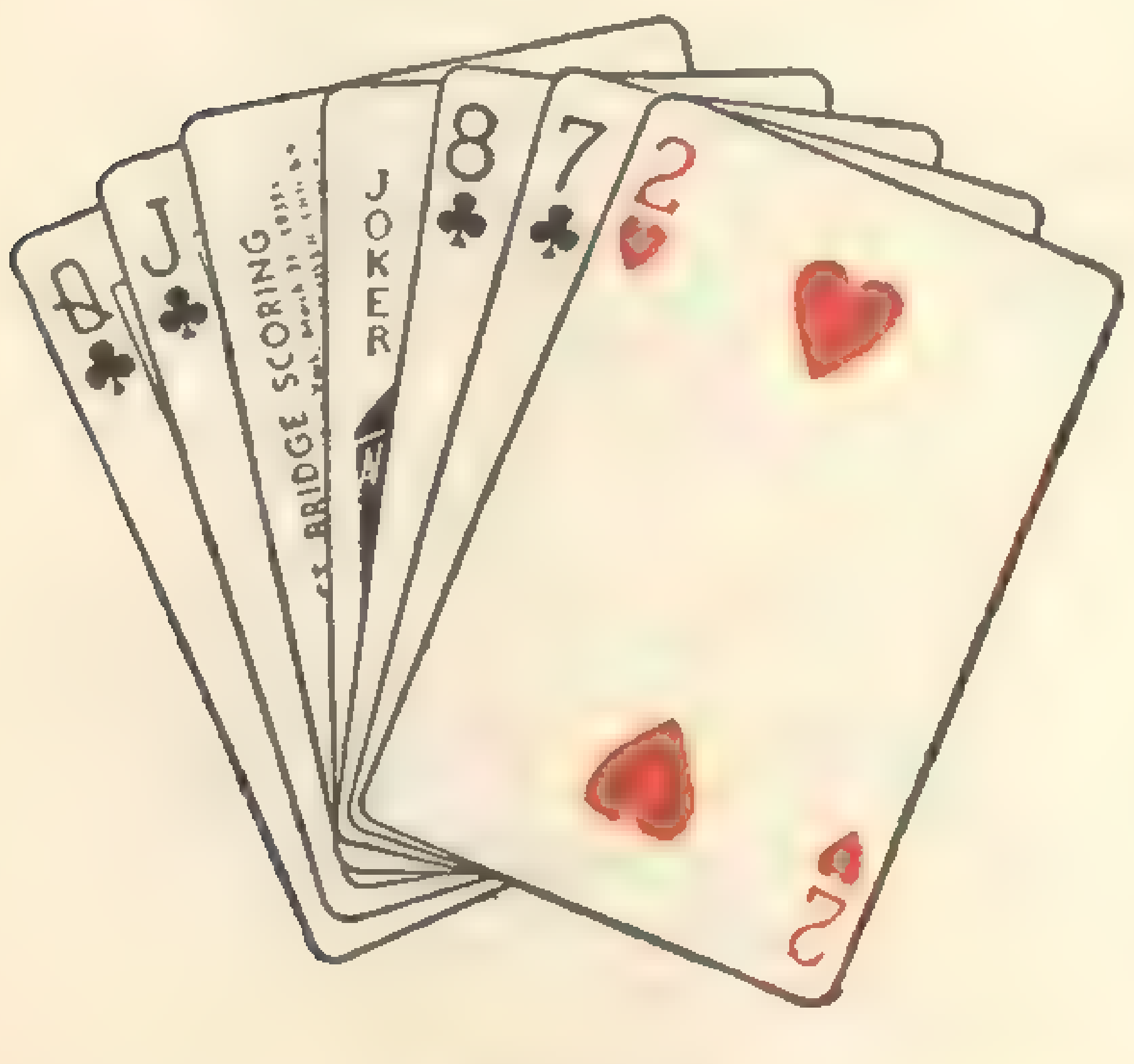
GIN RUMMY would be the swellest game on earth, its devotees mourn, if only it were a natural for four players, as it is for two. A Gin Rummy foursome isn't even like a foursome at tennis: it's merely two singles matches. For months, these devotees have been exploring for the perfect four-handed Rummy, to match the two-handed Gin game. Since we were the authors of *The Complete Book of Games*, most of these Rummies were submitted to us for our approval. Some threescore different games, in all.

Only three of these survive rigorous continued testing in actual play—one from the Dutch East Indies, one from the Middle West, and the best of all from Source Unknown. But each of these is a livelier and more enjoyable game than any of the Rummies so far included in the books. And each has the distinct advantage over Gin Rummy that it may be played by three, four, or more players, simultaneously competing against each other. That is why all three are spreading rapidly in popularity, and are replacing Gin Rummy, when more than two wish to play.

Java Rummy



"Taking a sting of 3—"
Six cards matched—three Aces, and a 3-card sequence in diamonds.



Minus 25
A 7-card sequence in clubs, 6 through Queen, using two jokers and a wild deuce.

Java Rummy

This game is played with a full deck of 54 cards, including two jokers. The jokers and the four deuces are wild.

As in many Rummies, first dealer is selected by dealing the cards in rotation left to right, faced up, the first Jack dealing. Or by a cut, high winning. Two or more can play; but four or five is the ideal number. If more play, further decks should be added.

Seven cards are dealt to each player, and the next card is faced up, beside the stock of undealt cards, which are faced down.

The object of the play is to go down by melding all 7 cards, in groups of 3 or more of a kind, and/or sequences (that is, straights) of 3 or more in the same suit. If 6 cards can be melded, and the seventh is a 5 or less (Ace scoring only 1, although it can be used in an A-K-Q sequence), this may be done, the player saying, "Taking a sting of 5," or 4, 3, 2 or 1.

To arrive at a hand which can be melded, player to left of the dealer takes either the exposed card, or the unexposed top card on the stock; and thereafter discards one card, face up. The play rotates to the left. When a player is ready to meld, this must be done *before* drawing. If the deal gives a meldable hand, the player may meld it, when his turn comes, provided he does not draw. If he draws, he must wait a round before melding.

When one player goes down with his hand, the others are not penalized for any meldable combinations in their hands. There is no playing permitted on the groups melded by the player who went down. Each player is then scored with the value of the cards left in his hand, which cannot be included in any of his melds. Face cards count 10 each; pip cards, their pip value; Ace, 1; a joker, if it cannot be combined, 25.

The deal then passes to the left. As soon as a player's score reaches 100, he is eliminated. When the rest have been eliminated, the survivor wins—since the aim is toward the lowest possible score. If the final two players go over 100 on the last hand, the lowest score between them wins. Final scores are settled by subtracting the winner's score from the score of each of the other players. The winner is entitled to the differences.

There is one combination which scores in player's favor—a straight (sequence) of all 7 cards, in any suit. This gives a minus 25, deducted from your score. A player may win the game by reaching minus 100.

When the stock is exhausted, the discards are shuffled, and faced down, for a new stock. If necessary, a new deck may be shuffled and added to the stock. The game is thus a swift, speedy elimination game, played with one deck only, and hands of 7 cards each.

Chicago Rummy

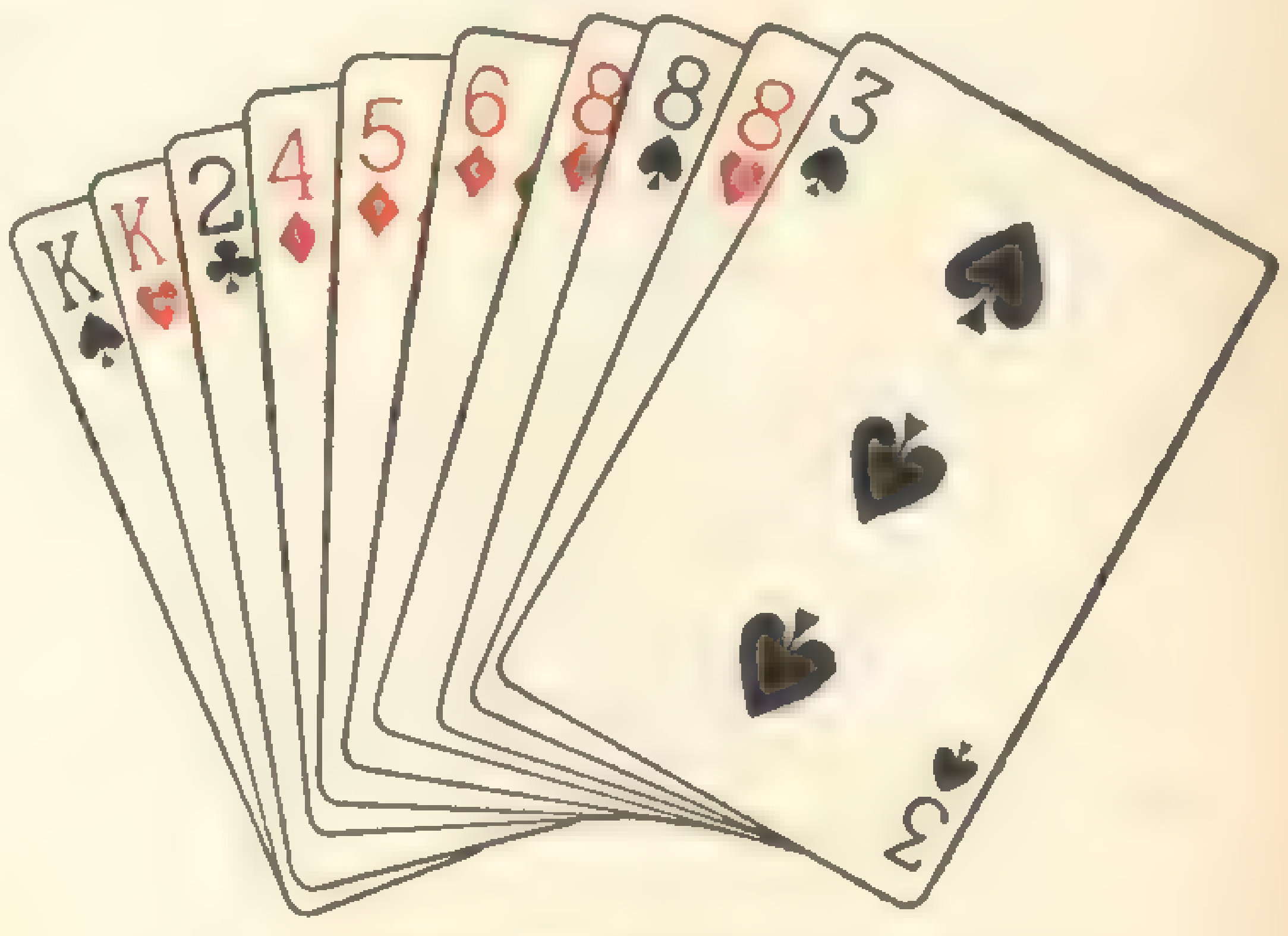
This is a doubled variation of Java Rummy (using two decks of cards, and hands of 10 cards each), with certain additional exciting negative scores to be aimed for. It is the favorite from the Middle West to the Coast. It was first taught to us in Indianapolis by a United States Marshal, when I was testifying as a United States expert witness on games in one of the recent pinball cases.

The game is played with two full decks of 108 cards, including four jokers. The jokers and the eight deuces are wild. Two, three or more may play; four or five being the ideal number. More decks are used, with more players. Ten cards are dealt to each player, and the next card is faced up beside the stock.

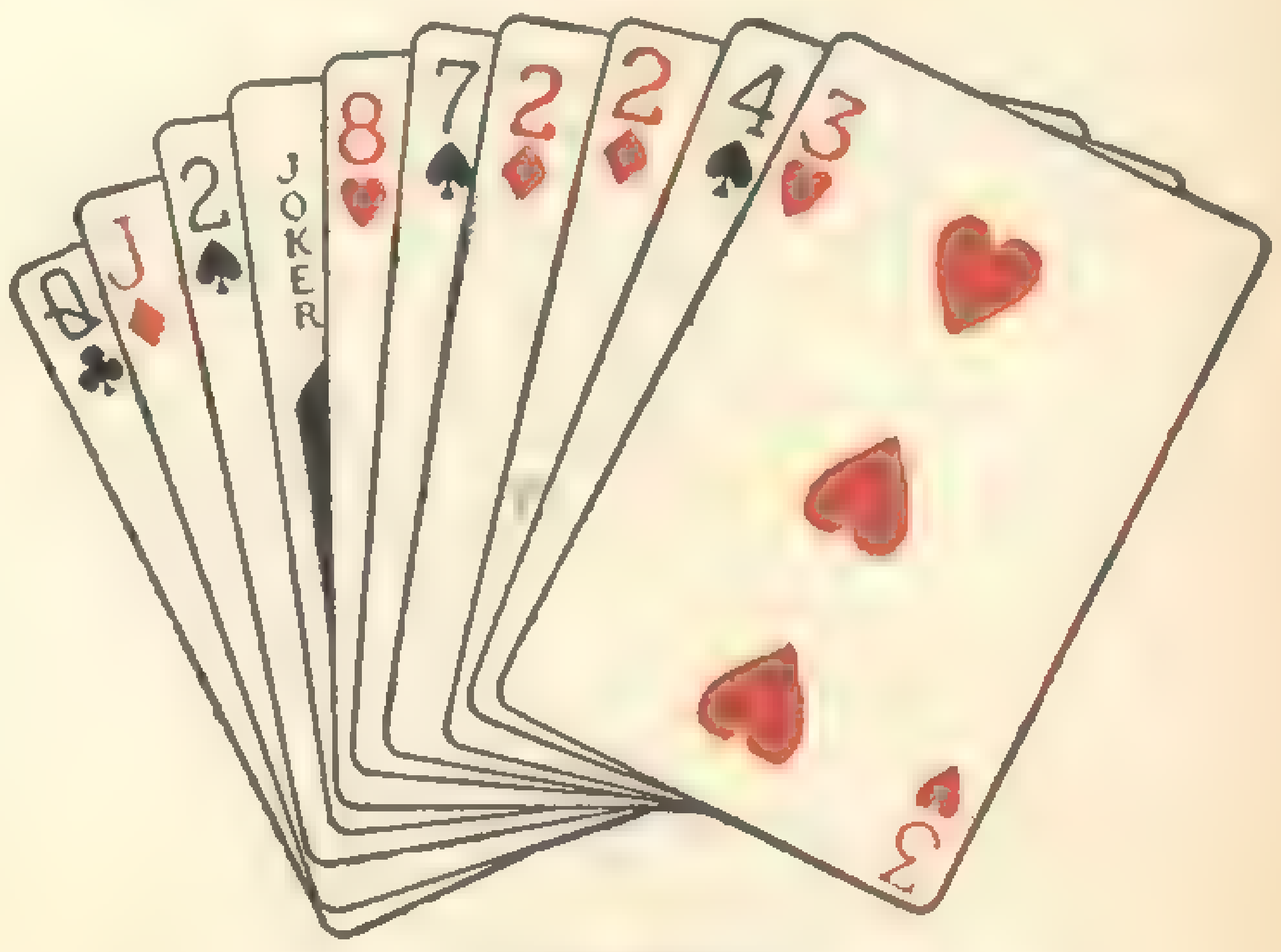
The object of the play is to go down by melding all 10 cards, in groups of 3 or more of a kind, and/or sequences of 3 or more of the same suit. The Ace always counts 10, along with the other face cards; pip cards, their pip value; and an unmatched joker, 25. If 9 cards can be melded, and the tenth is a 3, the player may knock and go down, saying "Taking a sting of 3." Thus an extra 3 in the hand is extremely useful, at times.

Continued on page 144

Chicago Rummy



"—A sting of 3—"
Three kings, including a wild deuce; three 8's; and a 3-card diamond sequence.



A Straight
Queen down to 3, including 4 wild cards —scoring minus 25, in your favor.

An Ocean of Melancholy

Getting stuck in camp while the rest of the company took a crack at the Japs was misery enough without having to worry about Corky

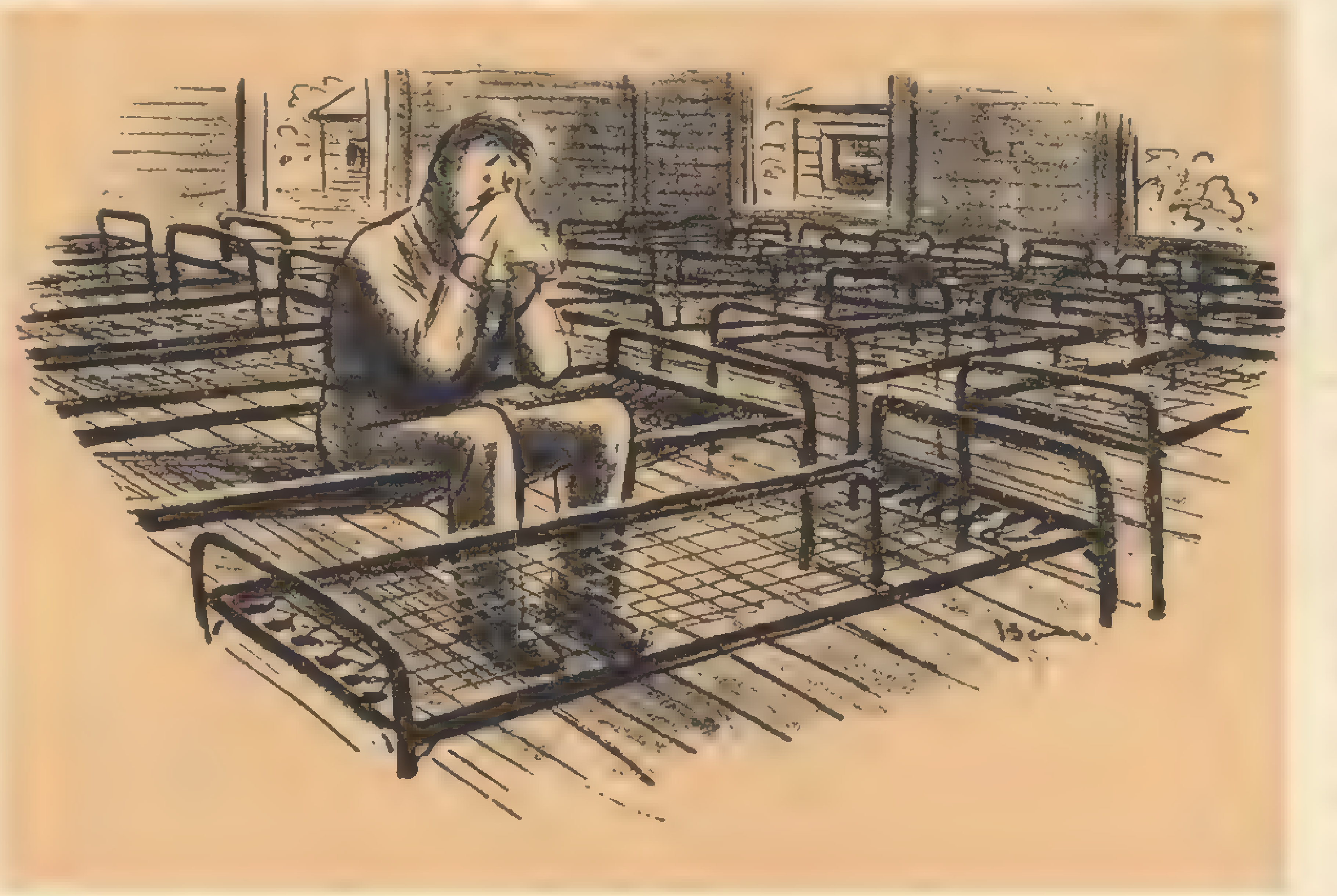
by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •

Sergeant Smoot stood in the doorway and surveyed the deserted barrack. Each one of his features co-operated to produce an expression of profound tragedy. Smoot extracted a handkerchief from his back pocket and blew his nose noisily, the sound echoing hollowly against the wooden walls of the empty quarters.

Entering the room where his platoon had once been, he sat down on the springs of an unmattressed bunk and gave himself up to his emotions. A strong man in tears is a heartrending sight. "To think," he muttered in his wretchedness, "that the U. S. Army, to who I have gave some of the best moments of my whole life, should be doing this to me."

The sergeant, hearing a couple of pairs of footsteps approaching, blew one great final blast of his nose and put away his handkerchief. But his lower lip still quivered, like a heartbroken child's. He knew who the footsteps belonged to. Harrison Hyler and Ortwingle and Smoot were all the soldiers who were left of Company L.



"Hello," said Harrison Hyler sadly. One would have thought that Hyler's background, his philosophical education, might have endowed him with something of the stoic outlook. But he, like Smoot, was obviously overwhelmed by melancholy. As for Ortwingle, his face wore an expression of disgust that would have turned sour a bucket of milk freshly extracted from the cow.

"Well," said Hyler, sitting down beside Sergeant Smoot.

Ortwingle, taking the opposite bunk, faced his downcast companions. "The way I figger, if it was ony one thing to be sad about, a guy would be able to concentrate on that one worry. But with two tradigies to worry about, it makes it confusing."

"Tragedies," said Hyler absentmindedly. "From the Greek tragoidia, goat song, apparently from the singers' custom of wearing goat skins."

"To think," said Sergeant Smoot, "that the army should do this to me after all these years of—" A lump came into his throat and he paused to swallow it. "And now all my dreams is scattered."

"Shattered," said Hyler.

"Shattered. After what I sacrificed to make soldiers out o' them draftees, after all these months of drillin' some sense into them recruits, it is them guys who gets to go overseas an' Smoot is left to drill some more sense into some more recruits. It makes a person that he astes himself finely if life is worth while."

"Don't you suppose Ortwingle and I are conscious of an equal degree of frustration?" demanded Hyler. "Don't you suppose we too appreciate the exquisite injustice of being left behind?"

"Awys, after a long hot day tryin' to teach a guy like Private Bradley which is his right foot, I would lay in my bunk and dream of the future in which I would go forth and start bustin' the skulls of them Japanese against each other. Is it right that some people should git to bust Japanese skulls and some people shouldn't? Is that the fair sportsmanship we was learned about in school? Is the U. S. of America a democracy or ain't it?"

"A soldier," said Hyler, "can only obey orders."

"Or he kin go over the hill, like Corky Smith," said Ortwingle.

Bitterly Sergeant Smoot cast his eyes over the rows of empty bunks. "I ain't exactly sayin' Corky should of deserted, because it is no excuse for anybody to be a deserter from the army in war time. But on the other hand, when a soldier is told he is bein' left home to train new recruits while his compny is gave the orders to sail for overseas and come to gripes with the enemy, why that same soldier it is possibly his mind cracks under the strain. It is my candied opinion that Corky Smith right now is somewhere walkin' around in a daze under a state of omnesia."

"Yeah," said Ortwingle. "Even if our compny has went and sailed for overseas, at lease if we had Corky Smith with us it wouldn't be so bad. At lease we could of played four-handed rummy until the new batch of raw recruits arrives. But three-handed rummy don't keep your interest in it." Ortwingle blinked, on the verge of tears. "Now also I am got no pardner to play tricks on Smoot with. I had Corky trained to play tricks good, and now—" Ortwingle, by an heroic effort, brought his emotions under control. "Besides all that, he never paid me back the eighty cents he owned me before he left."

"A army barracks without no soldiers in it kind of gives a person the willies," said Smoot. "It is kind of eerie, like a haunted house without no ghosts."

"In time of war when they ketch a deserter," asked Ortwingle, "do they shoot him again a wall or hang him or electrify him in the death house?"

"Ain't things sad enough without you bringin' up the subjects of hangin' and shootin'?" said Smoot.

"I was ony thinkin' a thought that came to me in case if they should bring Corky Smith back to be shot again a wall and in case I would be picked out to be on the firin' squad I'd aim up in the air and shoot over his head. I don't like the idea of shootin' a close friend."

"Can't anybody think of something cheerful?" said Smoot petulantly.

"All right," said Ortwingle. "How about gittin' drunk?"

Smoot shook his head. "Gittin' drunk ony makes me sad, and I am as sad now as I kin stand it."

"Then how about girls," said Ortwingle. "Girls is a cheerful subject. We could fling ourselfs into the arms of some beautiful girls and put all our cares and worries asunder."

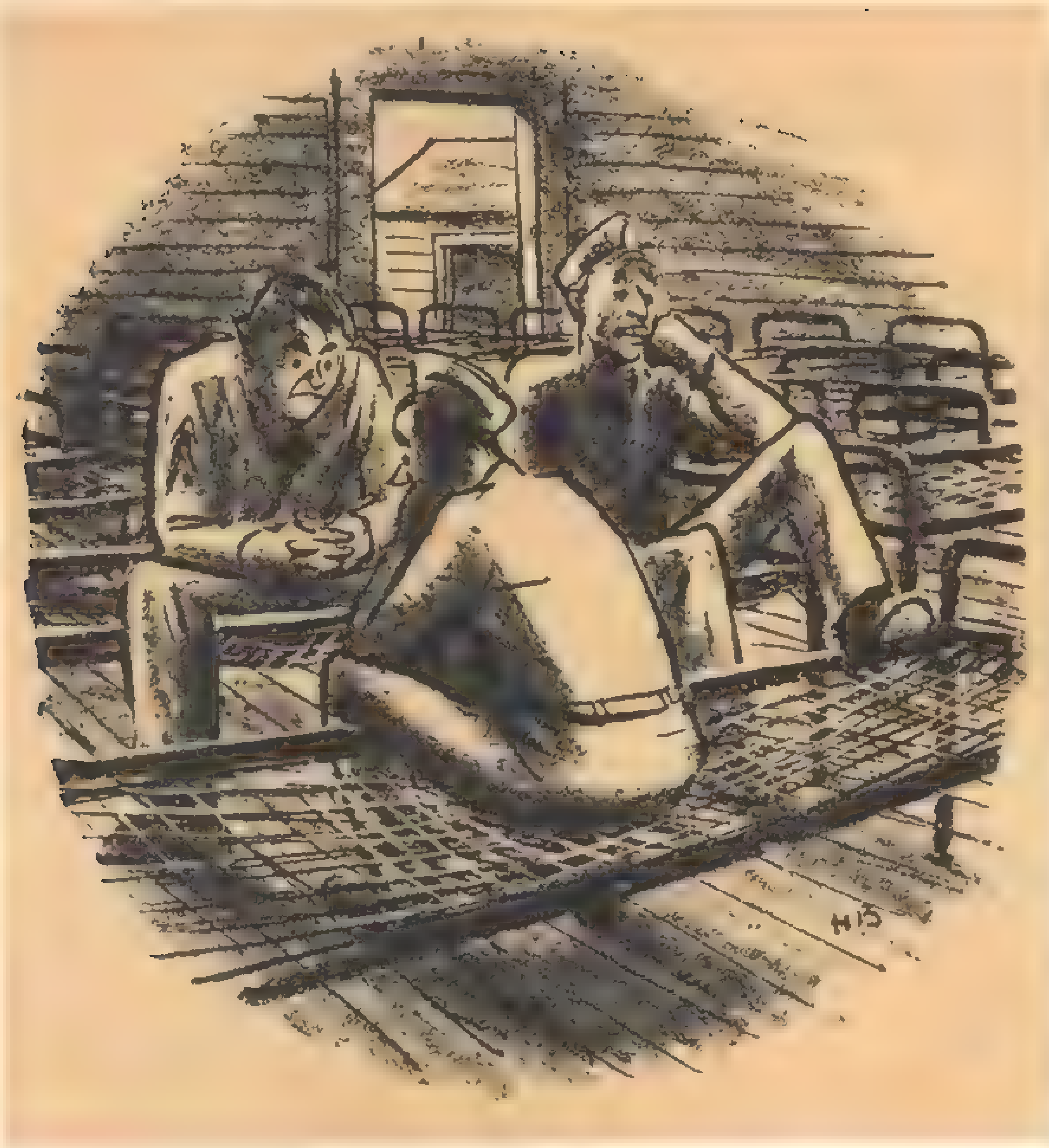
"If there is any girls around here that is beautiful and also they have arms," said Smoot sarcastically, "then they are probly dated up ahead for fifteen years solid."

"Well, that's all the cheerful subjects I kin think of," said Ortwingle.

"I understand they're going to increase the army by another two million," Hyler observed.

A painful look spread over Smoot's features. "Two million recruits!" he exclaimed, shaking his head dolefully. "And I bet I am got to drill a large percentage of the majority of them personally," he groaned.

"As I say, I had myself looked forward to the time when I should come with my company into direct contact with the enemy," said Hyler. "I wouldn't like to describe myself



as a blood-thirsty chap precisely, but I had rather anticipated rubbing out a considerable proportion of the armed forces of the Axis powers. But since it is deemed fit that I remain to instill a degree of discipline into our new fighting men, I can only bow gracefully to the inevitable. Nevertheless, I think this is that fat little regimental sergeant-major's doings, and I must concede that I should like nothing better than to catch him unawares some dark evening and bust him one in the nose."

"Lissen," said Sergeant Smoot. "This is still the army, see, so control yourself. There is no corporal in this outfit that is gonna punch that fat guy in the nose except me because I am still the rankin' non-com around here. It is traditions in the army, don't forget that."

"All right," said Hyler, chastised. "I am no doubt being victimized by an atavistic impulse. Unquestionably the sergeant-major in question had his orders from higher up. Reason tells me that each man in the military hierarchy must efficiently perform the function assigned to him regardless of his personal desires, but instinct tells me I would prefer to strew the battlefields with dead Japs." Hyler sighed. "We had that in Professor Hartrampf's psychology course in my junior year—the conflict between reason and instinct."

"I wish Corky Smith was here," said Ortwingle sorrowfully. "He could tell us a story about his ole grandmother that would probly make us laugh. That old grandmother of Corky's certainly must be quite a cart."

"A card," said Hyler.

"I never thought Corky would do this to us," said Ortwingle.

"Why," Smoot demanded, "don't you go out some place and look for a funeral to cheer you up?"

"Well, I was ony tryin' to keep up my end of the dialect."

"Dialogue," Hyler murmured.

"Remember them song learigs that Corky use to make up? Maybe he deserted the army to go to New York and be a song writer on Tin Pan Avenue," said Ortwingle wistfully.

"With all due respect to one that is absent," said Smoot, "if Corky was the last song writer on earth he would still haff to dicker to git them to publish them learigs."

"How long do you suppose it will be," asked Hyler, "before we receive our replacements from the recruit center?"

"I don't know," said Smoot, "but I will ast Madam Von Doehm at the Gypsy Tea Shoppe the next time I git my fortune told wit' tea leaves."

"Kin them gypsies really glance into the future and tell people what is liable to happen to them?" asked Ortwingle.

"There are numerous schools of scientific thought which admit the probability of genuinely clairvoyant types," said Hyler.

"Because I would like to go and ask some one of them gypsies if Corky Smith accially went over the hill and deserted," Ortwingle explained. "It is a theory which has suddenly came to me like a belt from the blue that maybe instead of desertin' he has fell in with some fifth columnist spies. I seen a movie that a soldier was captured by the Nazis who they wanted to know the secret of a bomb sight and started torturin' him but he would not tell them. In the meantime his buddies all thought he was a deserter, but instead of which he excaped from them spies and become a hero and was made a captain in the Air Corpse."

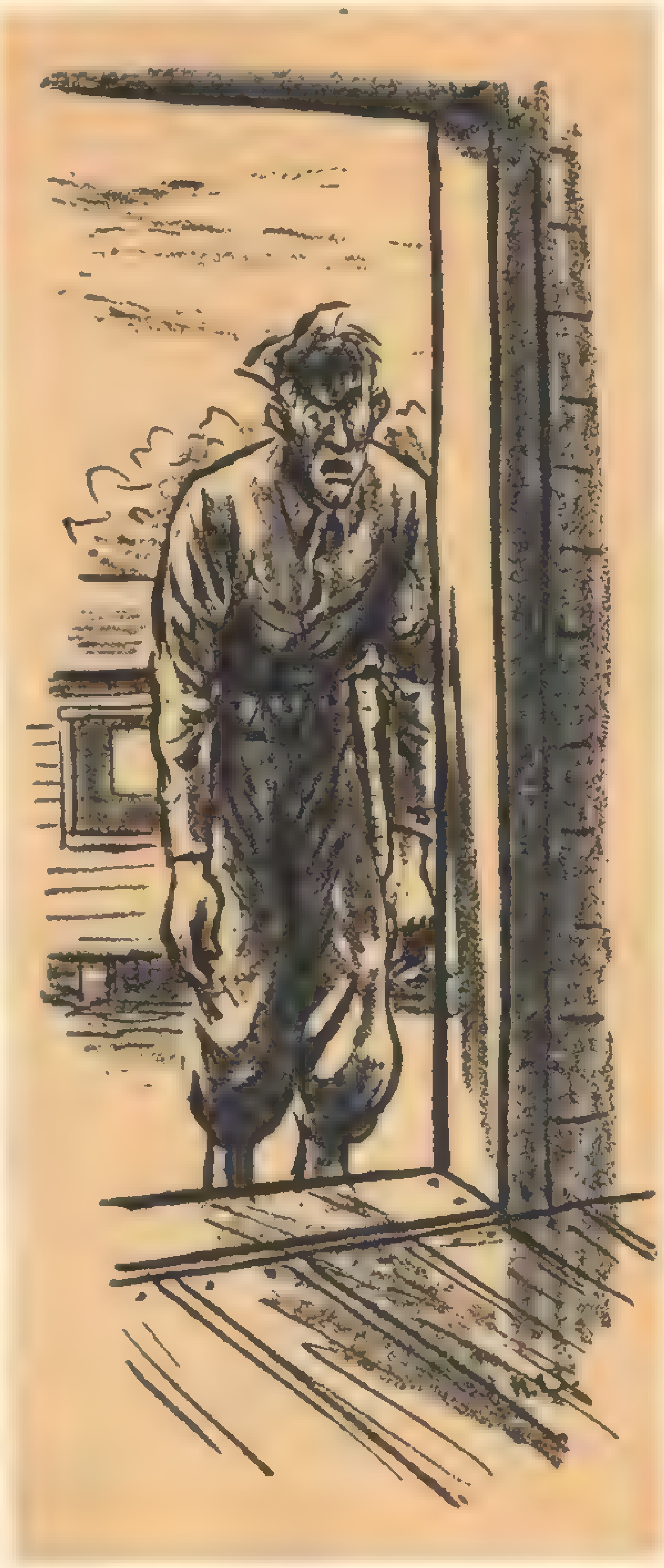
"Corky Smith wouldn't be able to remember the secret of a bomb sight if he invented it himself," said Sergeant Smoot.

"Well, I would still like to find out from some gypsy where he went to, because even if I had to pay this here gypsy four bits to hear the future I would still make a profit of thirty cents by gittin' back the money Corky Smith still owns me."

Smoot looked at his companion sourly. "I will be gladly willing to give you thirty cents in cash if it is the ony way to stop you from talkin' about Corky Smith. You are becoming a hypochrondriac on the subject."

"Well, how about goin' over to the canteen and drownin' our sorrows in a bottle of pop?"

"Skip it," said Smoot. "I would not mind goin' out and drownin' myself, but not in no bottle of pop. I am too sensitive to enjoy any fun in this mental condition into which I been thrusted by the army keepin' me on domestic soil while my fellow-buddies is sailin' the seven seas in search of skulls to bust. I even become a sergeant against my better nature, and this is the gratitude I get. It is enough to exhaust the patients of a saint. And then you come around and want somebody to go for a bottle of pop."



"I was jist tryin' to think of something to relax the monotony of bein' ony three non-coms in a compny with no first sergeant around to yell at us and no recruits that we kin yell at. Well, for one good thing, it is about time that chow call is about ready to blow. Chow call invariably places me in a better mentality most of the time."

"Myself," said Smoot, "I am got very little appetite to eat with when it is the case that our compny has also sailed overseas with the best compny mess in the whole battalion and we are left to eat in Compny K who they have a mess sergeant that thinks the money he spends for chow comes out of his own pocket."

"I've never considered myself a gourmet," said Hyler, "but I too have observed that Company K's mess leaves something to be desired." He looked down at his feet thoughtfully. "Perhaps our imaginations are playing tricks on us. Waifs of unstable fortune, all commonplace pleasures turn to dust in our mouths. Life strikes us as incongruous. We have been sideswiped by a capricious fate. No doubt we will mellow as time goes on. Our interest in corporeal things will unquestionably revive. But for the moment we stew in a veritable ocean of melancholy. We are wretched, miserable, bored, aggrieved. In spite of the sanctity of military traditions I still think I will punch that fat little sergeant-major in the nose."

"Look," said Ortwingle. "Every suggestion that I suggest gits turned down. Well, this is my last suggestion. How about after supper because of this place bein' so deserted we all go down to the camp movie and see this here picture. It is called *The Monster Is Loose* and it is all about a mad doctor who he kills hundreds of innocent victors to get their lungs which he is gonna transplant into sharks in order to see if with them human lungs it's possible that fish kin live on dry land. I guess a picture with hundreds of murders in it oughta take our disgust off our minds for a little while. The paper had an ad in it for this movie which it said that it's a *Must* picture for all who like to feel horrible."

"Did this mad doctor git any of them fish to live on dry land?" asked Smoot.

"How do I know? If they tole you that you wouldn't haff to go and see it."

"The hell with it, then," said Smoot. "If they ain't got confidence enough in their story to say how it comes out, the hell with it. I ain't gonna buy no pig in a poke."

"He is kind of hard to please sometimes," said Ortwingle to Harrison Hyler.

Just then mess call echoed up and down the company streets.

"Well, I ain't hungry, but I figger we might as well go through the motions of eatin' to keep up our morale," said Smoot. "Come on."

At that moment Corky Smith's apparition appeared in the doorway. "Corky!" exclaimed Ortwingle.

Corky's face was dirty, his cheeks streaked with sweat. He looked angry. "Don't talk

Continued at top of page 149

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

On Tolstoy, Dickens and Stephen Benét, Maugham, *Treasury of Democracy*, and the undeveloped capital of Katharine Brush

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

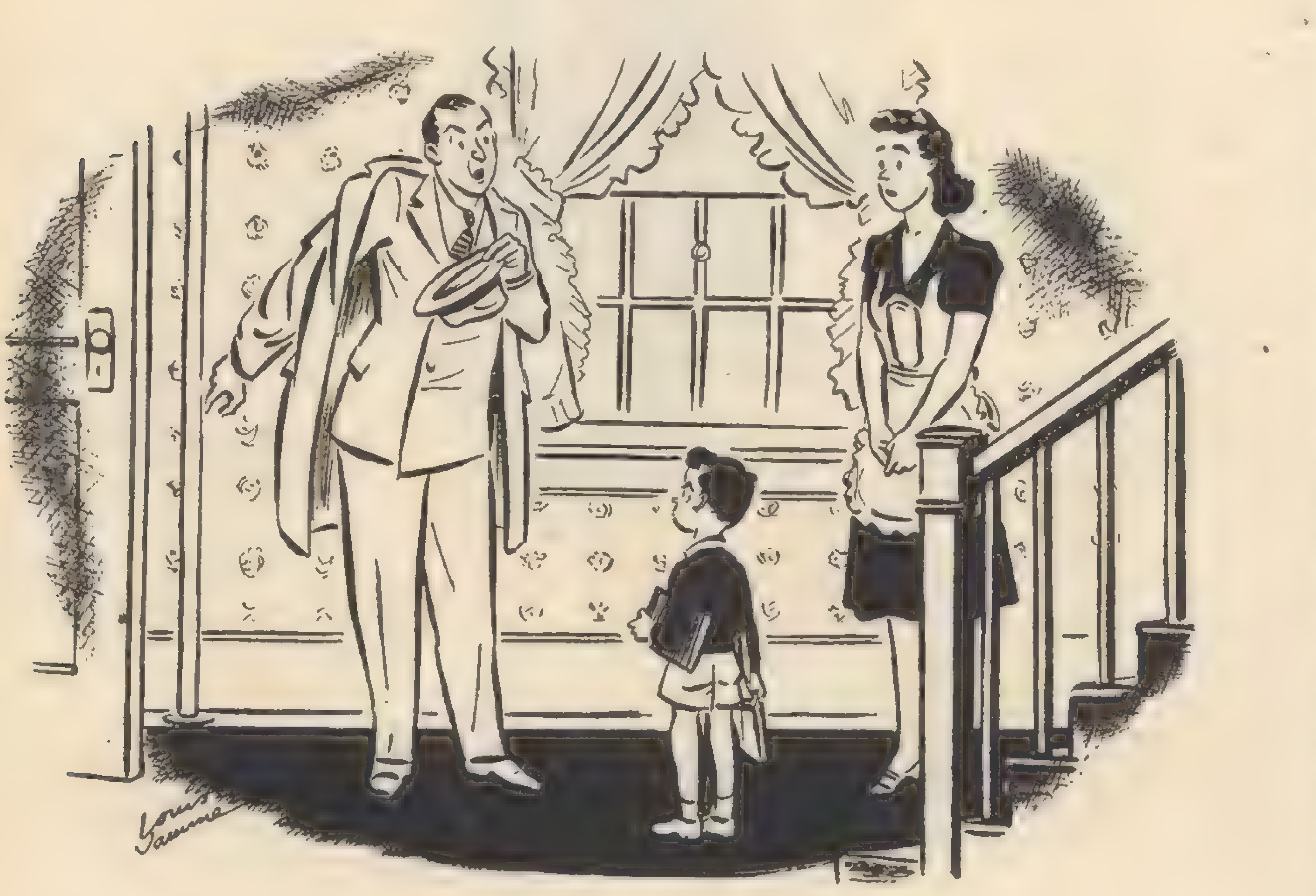
• BOOKS •

EVEN as the best plays in New York during the season of 1941-1942 were either classics or legacies from the recent past, so during the same period some of the most notable new books were old ones. I salute the publishers for their magnificent Inner Sanctum edition in one volume of Tolstoy's *War and Peace.* The original appeared in Russia in the sixties, and was translated into French and German before any English version was made. Just for the fun of it, I wonder if there is any living American who *published* a review of this novel before I did. My review appeared in the *Yale Literary Magazine* in 1886, when the novel was translated from the French by Clara Bell. Here are some extracts from my review:

> Tolstoy, who in his own country is regarded as one of the greatest of Russian writers, and who enjoys a wide European reputation, is only beginning to be appreciated in the United States. . . . His life has been such as to give him a clear insight into and a thorough familiarity with his Russian countrymen, both those of high and low estate. His pictures of court life may be accepted as real, because he speaks from personal experience; the same may be said of his sketches of the army, for he was among the defenders of Sebastopol. He began to earn his reputation as a writer after that siege, and in 1860 appeared his masterpiece, the romance before us. It is ranked in Europe as one of the great literary productions of the age, and a reader, even with this high opinion, will not find it at all disappointing. . . . The historical part is simply the easel for pictures of Russian life and portraits of Russian character. They are sketched in a masterly manner. . . . The reflection is so clear that it bears its own evidence of its reality; and the reader, transported to a people and an age of which he has very slight knowledge, becomes fascinated in gazing at the strange panorama. Pierre, who resembles no other famous character in fiction, may be taken as the chief personage, though the stage is crowded with so many actors, that it is impossible to fix the attention on one exclusively. . . . The romance is evidently the work of a great mind, and one reads it with the keenest pleasure. . . .

What interests me about all this is that I began reading Tolstoy fifty-six years ago, and never stopped. I have had the pleasure of knowing personally his most well-known translators, Nathan Haskell Dole, Isabel Hapgood, Constance Garnett, and Aylmer Maude. The Oxford Centenary edition of the (almost) complete works of Tolstoy in many handy volumes, is edited and translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude, whose translation is used in this new volume, with an Introduction by Clifton Fadiman.

Another important publication appearing this summer in two volumes is *Selected Works* of Stephen Vincent Benét, the first volume Poetry, the second Prose, with an admirable Introduction by Basil Davenport. He tells us that the first book he ever bought because of a review was Benét's *Heavens and Earth*, and the review appeared in the *Yale Literary Magazine,* when he was in prep school. Not many college teachers can have been more fortunate than I, when I had in my classroom at the same time in Yale three undergraduates, Philip Barry, Stephen Vincent Benét, and Thornton Wilder. In Chaucer's phrase, I gladly *learn* as well as gladly teach.



"You shouldn't complain about having to walk to school—why when I was your age I had to ride in a nasty, smelly old bus"

Mr. Davenport well describes the *spirit* in Mr. Benét's writing: "such a man who has both the surest guard against ultimate despair, and the most tragic sense of immediate peril." Every American in these times who suffers from the disease of complacency should read *Nightmare at Noon*, which I am glad to see included among the poems. It literally scared the daylights out of me when I read it in 1940.

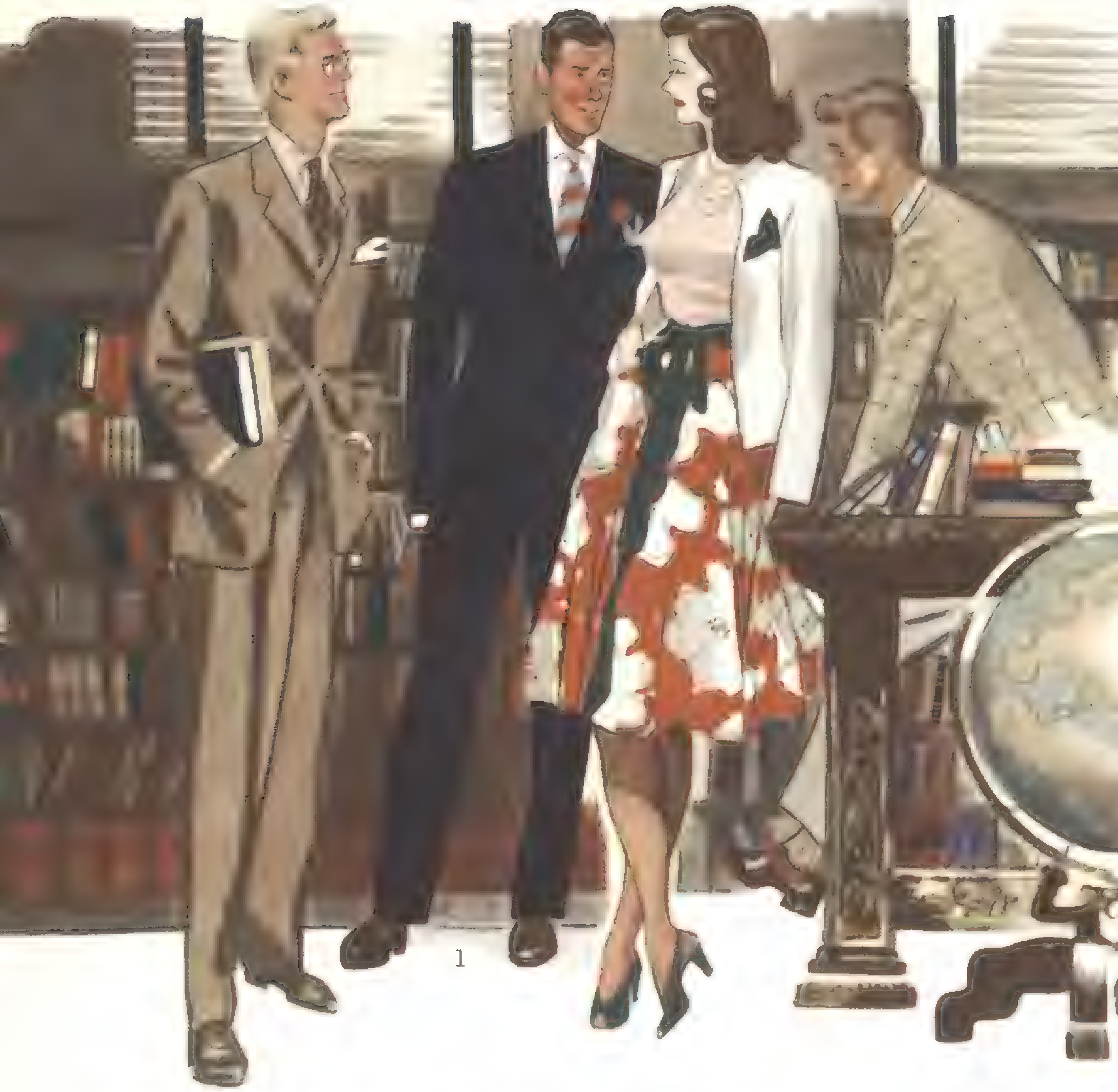
Let me advise my readers to *buy* these two volumes; the work of no living American writer seems surer of a permanent place in literature. *John Brown's Body* is an epic. *The Devil and Daniel Webster, The Last of the Legions*, and many other short stories are very remarkable. Mr. Benét, has the ideal combination; something to say with the ability to say it. Of all his fine poems I think I should put first the *Invocation* to American Muse at the beginning of *John Brown's Body*.

Norman Cousins has performed a great service to Liberty by editing *A Treasury of Democracy* with an interesting introduction. Freedom, Liberty, and Democracy gain in realization by frequent discussions of their significance. What is it we are fighting for? Thus in this book *The Aphorisms of Democracy* are considered chronologically by individuals from Homer to Thomas Wolfe; the last division is called *The Living Affirmations of Democracy*, being contributions by seventy-seven persons yet alive. Citations from Lincoln fill four pages; and naturally have some humor; "the man who murdered both his parents, and then, when sentence was about to be pronounced, pleaded for mercy on the grounds that he was an orphan." I like the contribution of Robert E. Sherwood: "In the last days of his great life, Benjamin Franklin said, 'God grant that not only the love of liberty but a thorough knowledge of the rights of man may pervade all the nations of the earth, so that a philosopher may set his foot anywhere on its surface and say: This is my country!' Ben Franklin and Abe Lincoln. These two men were the supremely representative Americans. In them were magnified our greatest national qualities: high idealism and plain common sense, Yankee shrewdness and adventurous courage, earthy humor and deep faith."

It is well to remember that if Franklin's wish were realized, this earth would be a better Utopia than any imagined by writers who have printed a "planned economy." Because, apart from the feeling of freedom and absence of fear, there would then be enough money to feed, clothe, house, and educate every person in the world.

The Boy from Maine, by Katharine Brush, is the best book of hers I have read. Her danger is always *success.* She is amazingly clever,

Continued on page 129



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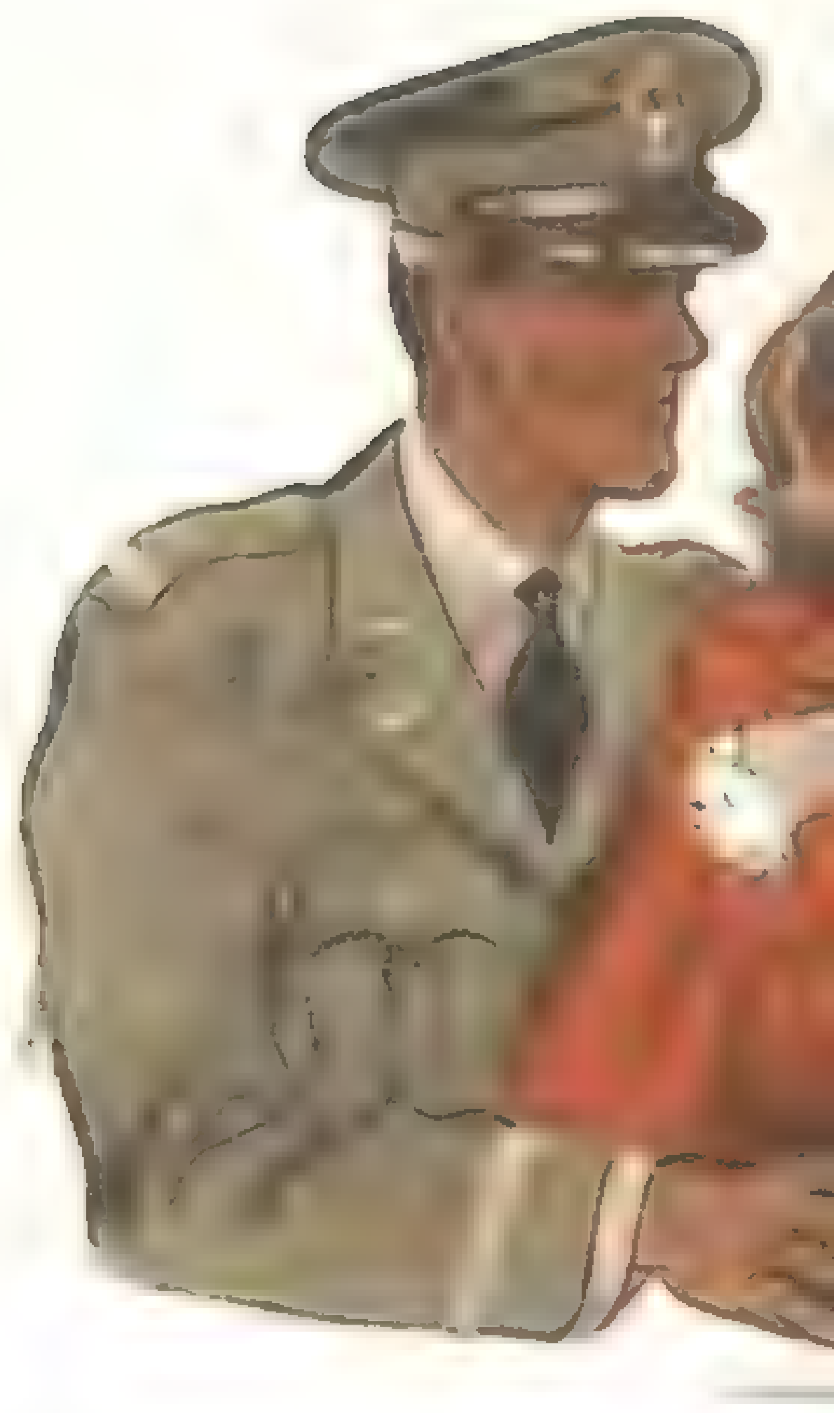
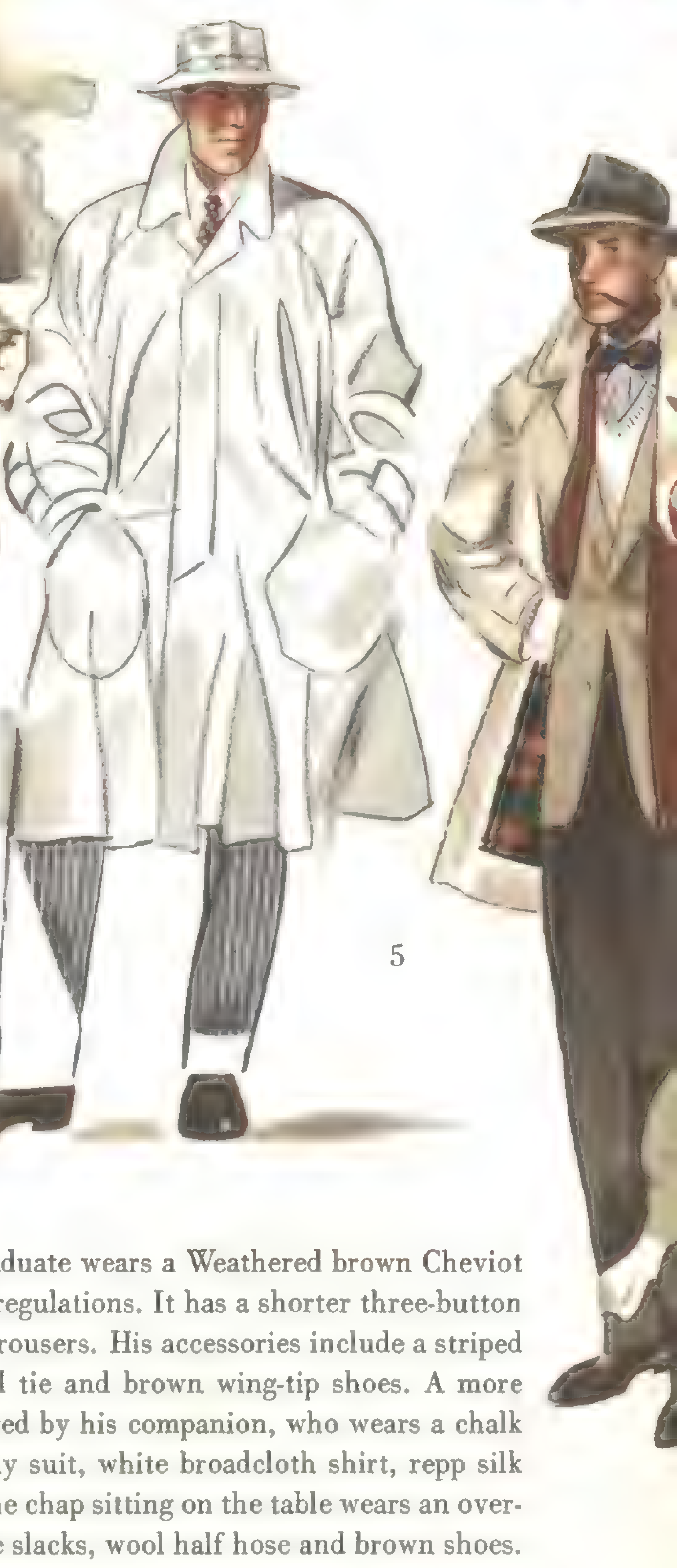


right dress for campus . . .

says Esquire



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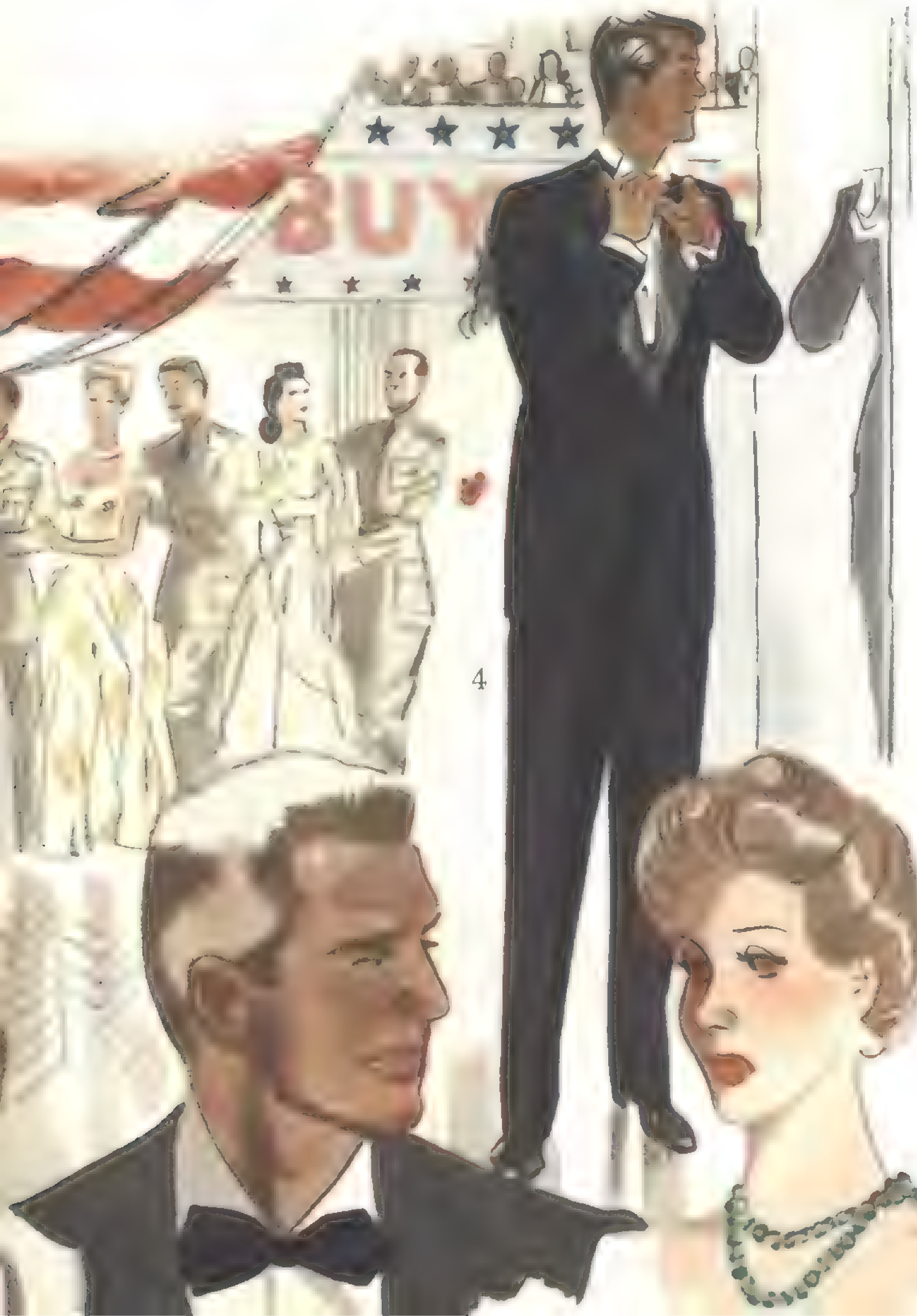
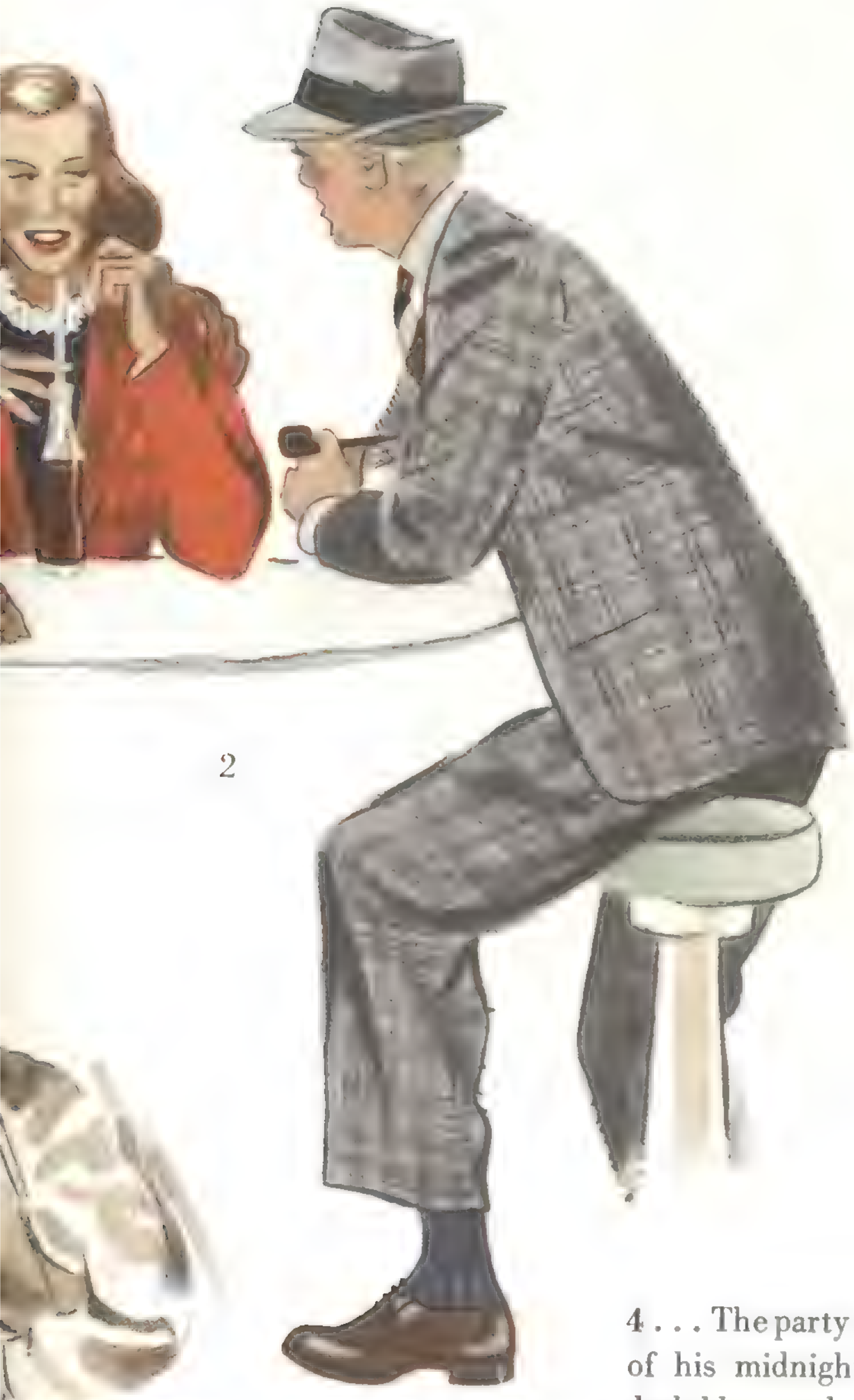


4

1 . . . The studious undergraduate wears a Weathered brown Cheviot suit that conforms to WPB regulations. It has a shorter three-button jacket and tapered, cuffless trousers. His accessories include a striped oxford shirt, figured foulard tie and brown wing-tip shoes. A more dressy appearance is presented by his companion, who wears a chalk striped Freedom blue Saxony suit, white broadcloth shirt, repp silk tie and dark brown shoes. The chap sitting on the table wears an over-plaid tweed jacket, gabardine slacks, wool half hose and brown shoes. **2** . . . Even this handsome grey Glen Urquhart plaid suit can't win the gal from her officer. It too has the shorter jacket and cuffless trousers, and combines well with oxford shirt, repp silk tie, grey hat, blue socks and brown wing-tip shoes. **3** . . . Chatting with the R.O.T.C. officer is a student wearing a brown and natural Shetland jacket with blue and yellow plaid, natural shade corduroy waistcoat, blue oxford shirt, foulard tie, grey flannel slacks and moccasin slippers.



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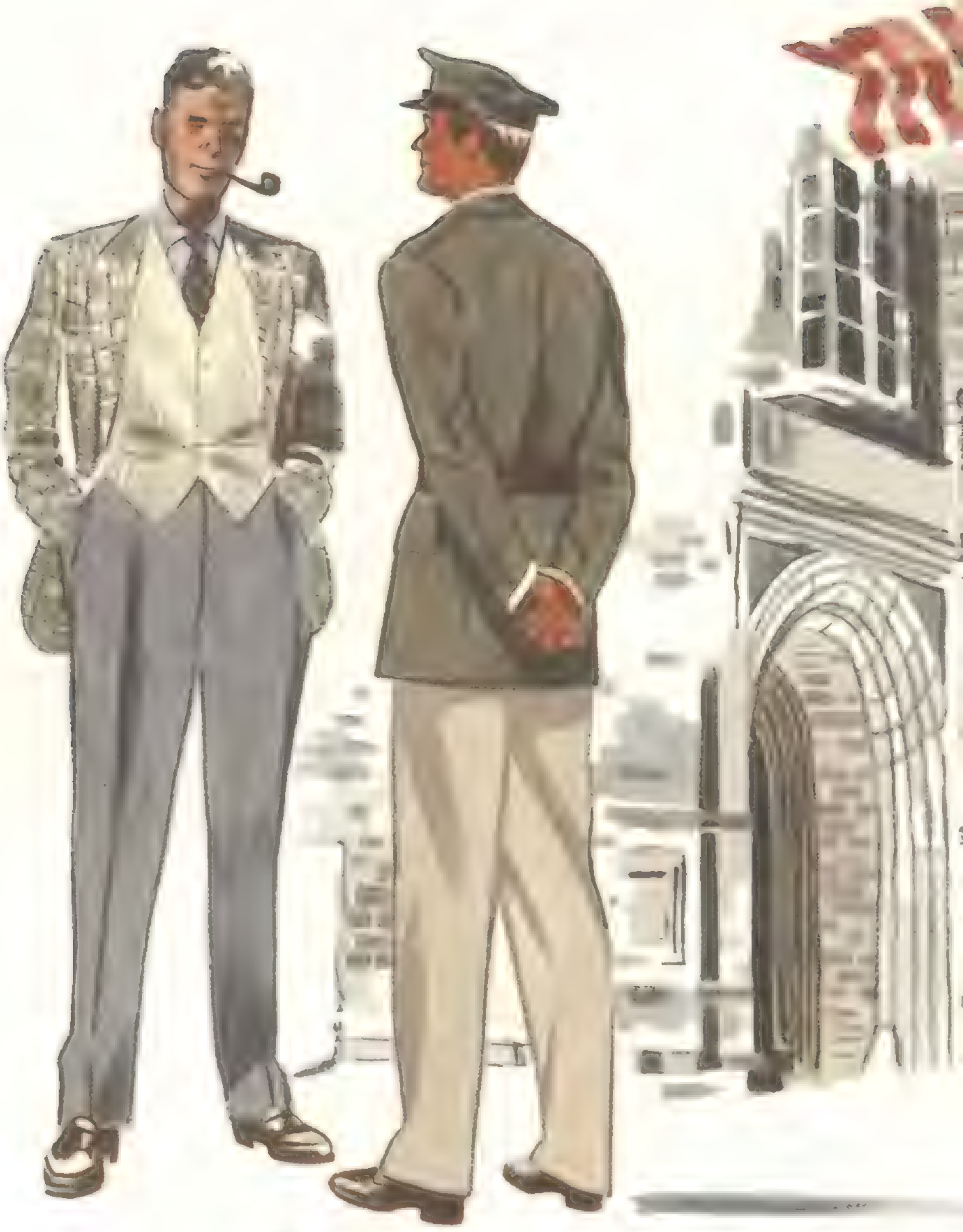
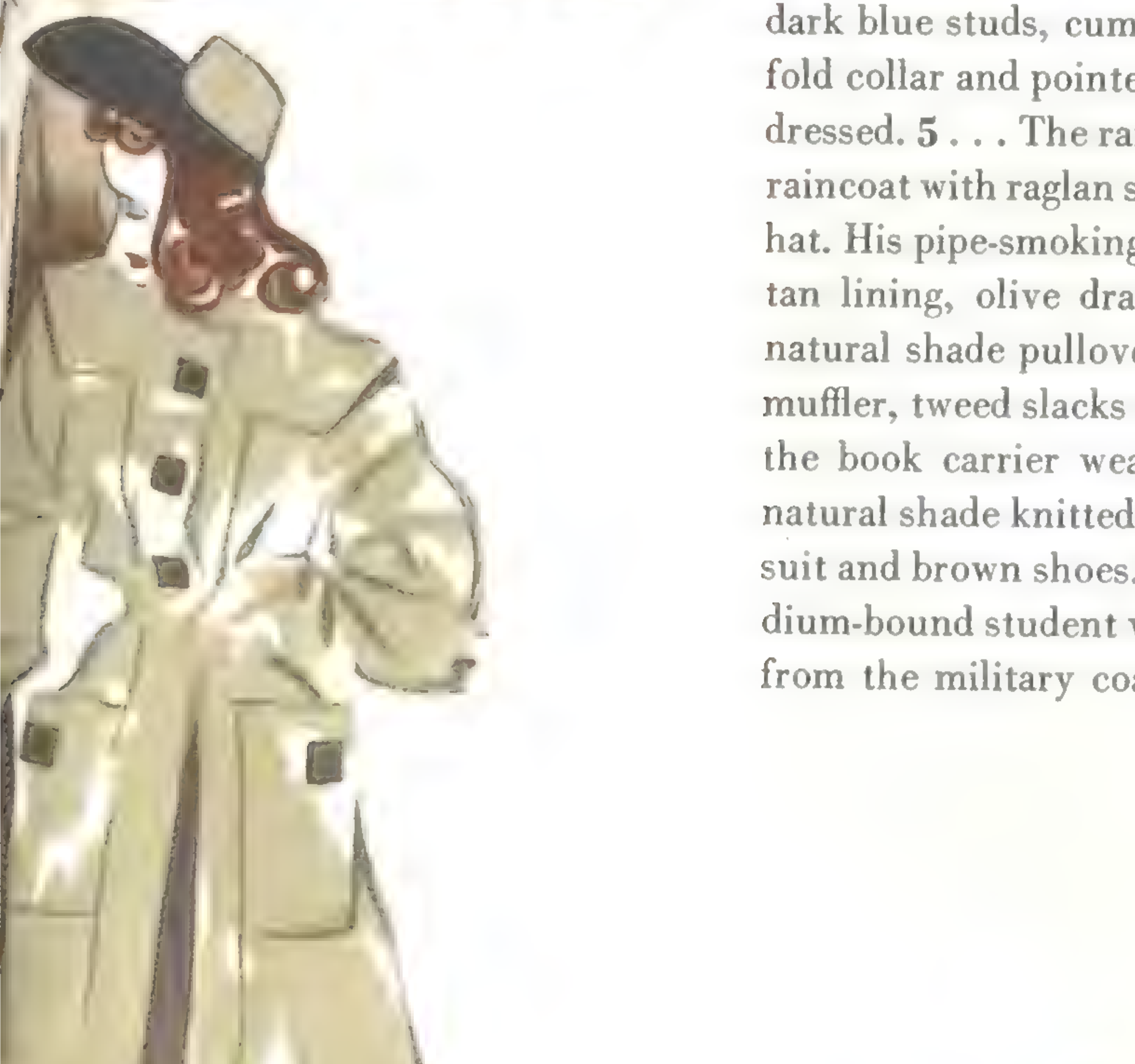
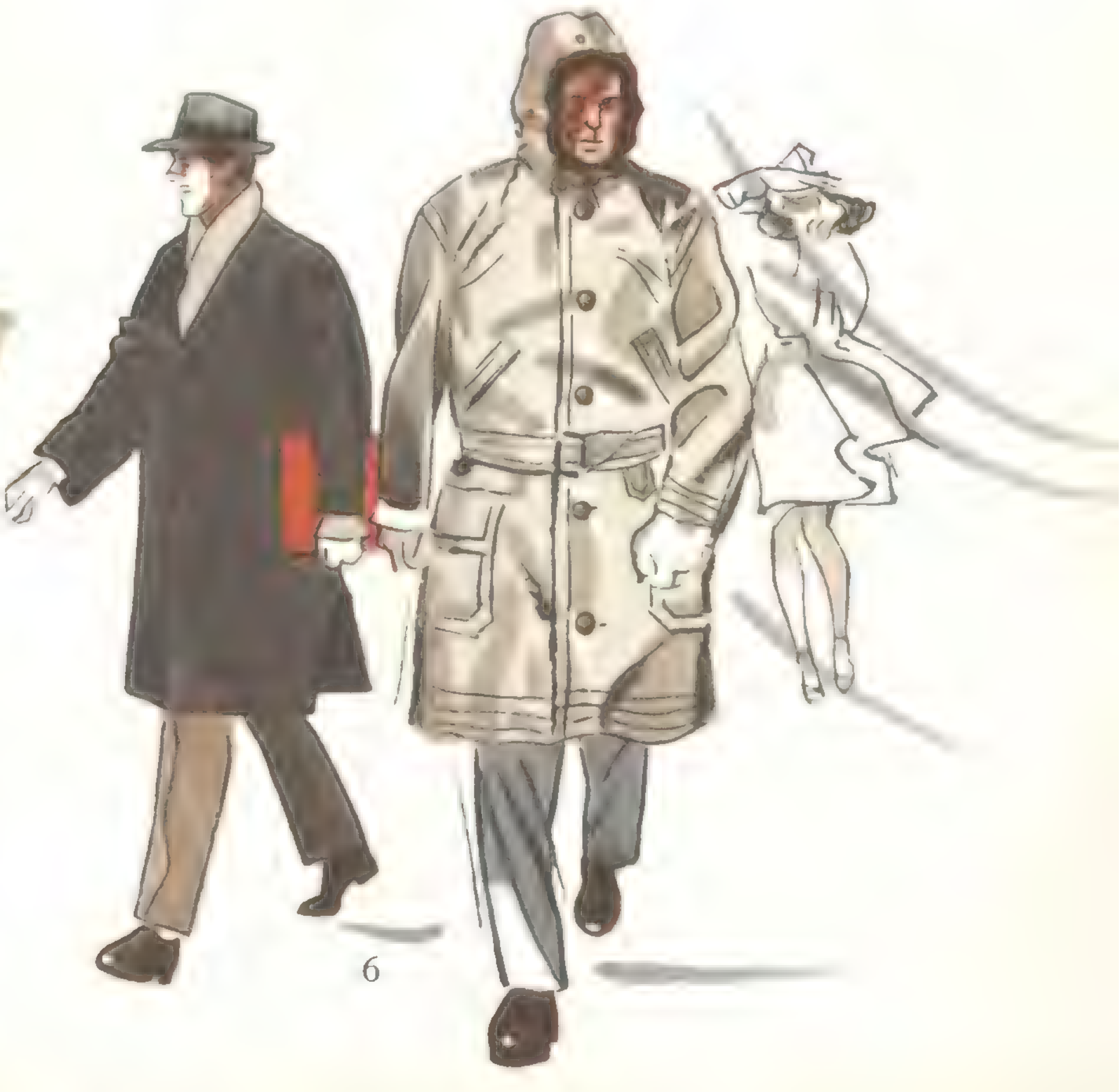


3

4 . . . The party man adjusts his butterfly bow tie and gives us a glimpse of his midnight blue single breasted dinner jacket, pleated shirt, dark blue studs, cummerbund and patent leather shoes. Except for a fold collar and pointed end tie, the man in the foreground is similarly dressed. **5** . . . The rain defier protects himself with a processed cotton raincoat with raglan shoulders and slash pockets, and processed cotton hat. His pipe-smoking friend favors a corduroy fingertip coat with tartan lining, olive drab felt hat with contrasting trim, oxford shirt, natural shade pullover, camel hair jacket, long maroon knitted wool muffler, tweed slacks and brown wing-tip shoes. **6** . . . For chilly days, the book carrier wears a brown tweed topcoat with set-in sleeves, natural shade knitted Shetland muffler, olive drab hat, brown Cheviot suit and brown shoes. No, that's not an Eskimo next to him, but a stadium-bound student wearing a pile fabric-lined coat with hood, copied from the military coat worn by service men in Alaska and Iceland.





6

FRANCES GIFFORD

Hurrell Photograph

The Maize Craze

Proffering a recipe for Mint Julep with due respect to the tweakem, the twistem and let-em-alone theories

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

So far as pronunciation is concerned, all connection with French royalty has ceased. Not "Boor-bon" but "Ber-bun," uttered with the upper lip jutting out ready to pounce upon the rim of a frosted beaker. Or, if you are really efficient, you grow a white goatee which speaks for itself, obtaining service without the bother of a syllable.

How come the foreign title in the first place? Well, they'll explain all *that* to you, suh, out of the archives in Paris, Kentucky, seat of the blue-pastured County of Bourbon. Seems that this gifted region, now the happy munching ground of thoroughbred colts and their sires and dams, was once a draughty forest infested with hoot-owls and howling, prowling tomahawkers. The settlers lived in log cabins of the rude sort that give one a crook in the neck due to faulty chinkage. They hated to complain, but many a night, as they put the catamount out, they couldn't help feeling that Daniel Boone with his ballyhoo about the joys of the wilderness had coaxed them out on a limb.

Dissatisfaction was added to by rumors that flatboatmen were lolling their way down the Ohio River, dipper in hand, at the rate of twenty miles per gallon of whiskey—Pennsylvania Rye brought along in kegs. But, curiously enough, it wasn't the Kentuckians, it was the Pennsylvanians who kicked over the traces, breaking loose in what is known in the history books as the Whiskey Rebellion: farmers of the western end of the newly liberated Keystone State raising flintlock objections to excise taxes which they feared would crimp the market for their crops. Up till then, agriculture in back of the Eight Ball of the Appalachians had prospered by a system of distilling before shipping, and merrily the barrels had rolled down the mountains to Philadelphia and other points east. Now, the whole setup was in jeopardy, by jingo. Hence the shooting match. Finally in 1794, three years after the tax had been imposed, an expeditionary force of 15,000 Militia from Virginia did a successful quelling job, thereby relieving Secretary of the Treasury Alexander Hamilton of a bad headache. And believe it or not, the City of Brotherly Thirst didn't stop imbibing, tax included.

But in Western Pennsylvania there were numerous individualists who, staying indignant, preferred a change of scenery and cast their eyes toward Kentucky. Thither had already gone a neighbor, Jacob Spears, who settled in Paris in 1790, his principal piece of baggage being a still. With this he gave bubble recitals which attracted a wide circle of culture seekers.

Whiskey? No, something different. A burgoo of moonbeams.

Yet it *was* whiskey, built on a different flavor principle. Scanning the horizon from his cabin door without glimpsing a single rye beard a-wag in the breeze, Spear had gone after bigger game. You know those tall, floppy-eared plants with silk-topped spindles of kernels, don't you? They've been prevalent in Kentucky for quite a while, judging by the fact that the sandstone floors of prehistoric caves and rock shelters are pitted with "hominy holes" in which the lady of the house pestled up supper for her lord after his hard day's war dance. Anyhow, Spear was intrigued, and we can imagine him going over the situation, first with corn bread, then with spoon bread, pone, and so on, till morally certain of mashworthiness. And then, after fermentation and kettling, came the long fidget of waiting while colorless rawness gradually, taking its own sweet time, attained amber maturity in the wood so that a taste of it would make sense.

Great hornets, it was lovely!

In his excitement he forgot to give it a name, so the county got the credit.

"Unjustly!" says Scott County, abutting in with the claim that *its* seat, Georgetown, about twenty miles west of Bourbon's Paris, began distilling a whole year earlier. And if assertion of priority doesn't awe you enough, you are politely but effusively conducted to the campus of Georgetown College (Baptist) to behold the impressiveness of grand old Graeco-Early American Giddings Hall, fronted by a stately portico of six Ionic columns. Tradition solemnly swears that under each of these columns is a bottle of bourbon. And how straight they stand!

Scott County snort-snooteur doesn't, however, stickle to the point of informing the waiter, "Scott and Soda." No, there's too big a catch in that terminology for it to catch on. We too, noting how pride is swallowed, might as well let so-called bourbon be bourbon as it has been, by general and Kentucky Colonel acceptance, these 154 years.

But there's no blinking the fact that bourbon's founding fathers were mostly those Pennsylvanians from whom we seem to have got separated somehow in our tipple tour. They came by the boatful, bringing their stills and skills like Byzantine scholars bringing Lamps of Learning to Italy. And got busy, constructing liquor hot off the cob. By 1810 two thousand stills were simmering, and horses were passing the crack, "Good thing this blue grass has vitamins in it, because it's all we're going to get to eat." Which was unduly alarmist, as no deserving stallion was ever skimped of his maize.

Indeed, although corn was the star ingredient, it wasn't the only one after the experimenters arrived at the sort of bourbon we now send on expeditions to our palates and ribs. They found that a discreet admixture of rye had a broadening influence on bouquet. And malted barley had been in the picture

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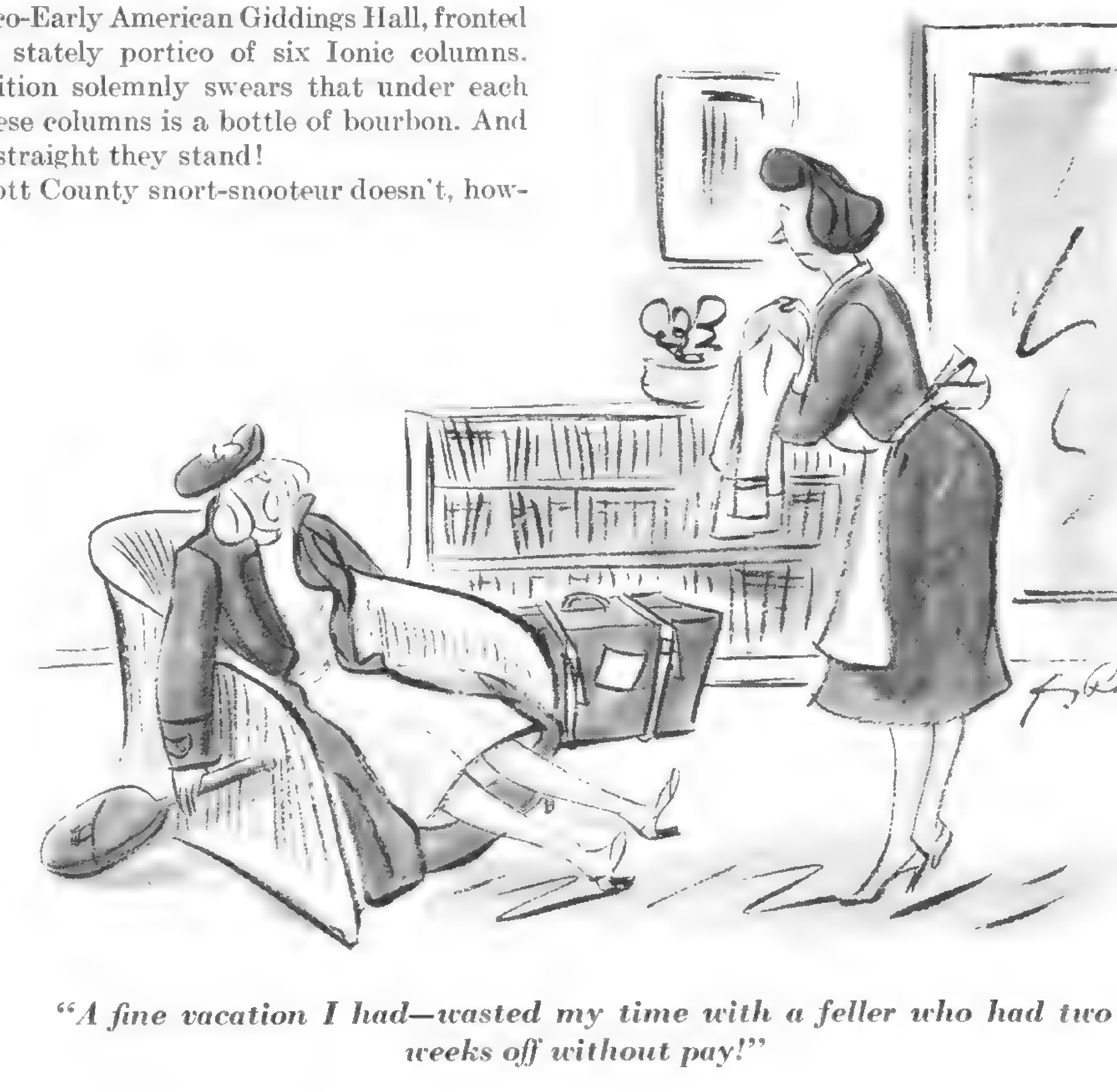

"A fine vacation I had—wasted my time with a feller who had two weeks off without pay!"

Man the Kitchenette

Kissing Madame's hand is small reward for Kentucky dishes like Calf's Head Soup, Jowls with Greens, Hopping John

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

GATHER round, lads, and I'll tell you something about real Southern gastronomy. I didn't dare to bring the matter up before, but I learned a lot from a trip to Louisville, Kentucky, last Derby day. Lucky guy that I am, as soon as I stepped off the train at this blue grass country town, I found myself invited to the hospitable home of a gracious Southern lady. Mrs. Churchill Humphrey, my hostess, turned out to be a veritable fount of information on the special dishes of that particular region.

The invitation to dinner came out of a clear sky and while I was being driven toward the lovely mansion through an alley lined with huge old lime trees, I made up my mind to have my extra best manners with me, for I remembered the *bon mot* of Count Cobentzel, a diplomat of Napoleonic times: "Breakfast is the meal of friendship; luncheon that of childhood; dinner that of etiquette; while supper is the banquet of love, and the scene of its hushed and whispered confidence."

Accordingly, after having accepted the sentimental though somewhat moist greetings of a red setter before the portico, and the reserved but courtly salaam of a venerable colored butler behind it, when I finally faced my unknown hostess, I took her extended hand and raised it to my lips, European fashion. This wasn't a difficult task at all—Mrs. Humphrey is a very beautiful woman and has an air of infinite kindness about her. However, even if she weren't so handsome and charming I would have done the same; for while I do not advocate indiscriminate hand kissing—a silly business if you overdo it—I am very much in favor of thus honoring the hostess. After all, she is going to feed you, isn't she? This Old World custom—so difficult to discard for men who were brought up over there—is harmless and pleasant, and a deferential hand kiss seldom fails to evoke in your hostess the best possible attitude toward you. Sure enough I soon saw the lady of the house smile at me from across the long living room, at the same time whispering some instructions to a maid. As it turned out orders were probably being given for an extra delicacy to be put on the dining table, or may be it was a message for the butler to bring up *that* certain cobwebbed bottle from the cellar. My advice to you, therefore, is to practice the hostess-hand kiss, let the onlookers laugh all they like, and we'll see who gets the best meal and the choicest tidbits. . . .

After this little hint in ways to ensure happy culinary experience, I am ready to conduct you to the Humphrey dining room. However, I'd first like you to meet two great Southern dishes. They are great and yet they are simple, both in preparation and in ingredients required. As you may know these virtues count a lot in gastronomy. The real beauty today in serving simple, and therefore economical dishes, is that you help the war effort. The war brought about changes in the national diet; you must cut out luxuries of the table, and forget for a while about imported foods. But you don't need to worry about the restrictions, government or self imposed—the best things in culinary life are the things that are almost free: cheap and simple dishes, as I have said.

THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN THE NEWSPAPERS SOLD HERE, DO NOT NECESSARILY REPRESENT THE VIEWS OF THE PROPRIETOR
VICTORY
WAR FRONT
PEACE RUMOR
BOMB AUSTRALIA
HITLER
READ THE DAILY

There is, for instance, Southern Pig's Jowl with Kale. In Kentucky they call it Jowls with Greens. The jowls are the cheeks of the animal, and they are mostly fat, so essential in your diet, although, of course, there is some lean meat in it too. The price of this pork product is extremely low—seventeen cents for a pound! If your butcher doesn't keep it, ask him to order it for you from the packing house with which he does business. Bologna makers are the principal buyers of pig's jowls, which are used extensively in sausages, but I learned an even better use for them down South. Cook it with kale, slice into neat slices after cooking, place them around the vegetable in the service platter, and put some halves of hard boiled eggs on the kale.

The perfect complement to this dish is Hopping John, a great Southern favorite. Here is the recipe for six:

Take two cups of black-eyed peas, one cup of uncooked rice, three cups water in which the peas were cooked, three tablespoonfuls of bacon drippings, salt and pepper to taste. Boil the peas until tender. Add the rice and bacon drippings and enough of the water in which the peas were boiled in order to steam the rice (about three cups of water would do the trick). Cook over slow fire for one hour.

This Hopping John, an exceedingly good dish, is really a native of South Carolina; but there they make it with cow peas. One Southern state swipes the special dishes of another; there really isn't a serious border line. For example, I found the Kentucky diet strongly under the influence of New Orleans cooking.

To round out the list of humble dishes with magnificent flavor, I insert one that also comes from the South—but the south of my own native country and not Kentucky. It is made with the modest lentils. Take two pounds of these, I say, and soak them in cold water for a few hours. Then chop up some onions and brown them with butter or lard in a pan. Add salt and paprika, and when you add the lentils, a cup of water or meat stock. Have a piece of smoked ham or any other smoked meat handy, and place this with the lentils. Cook for three hours over slow fire. When about ready, add a little vinegar and a little grated lemon rinds.

This simple vegetable dish is a poem. The lentils become permeated with the smoky

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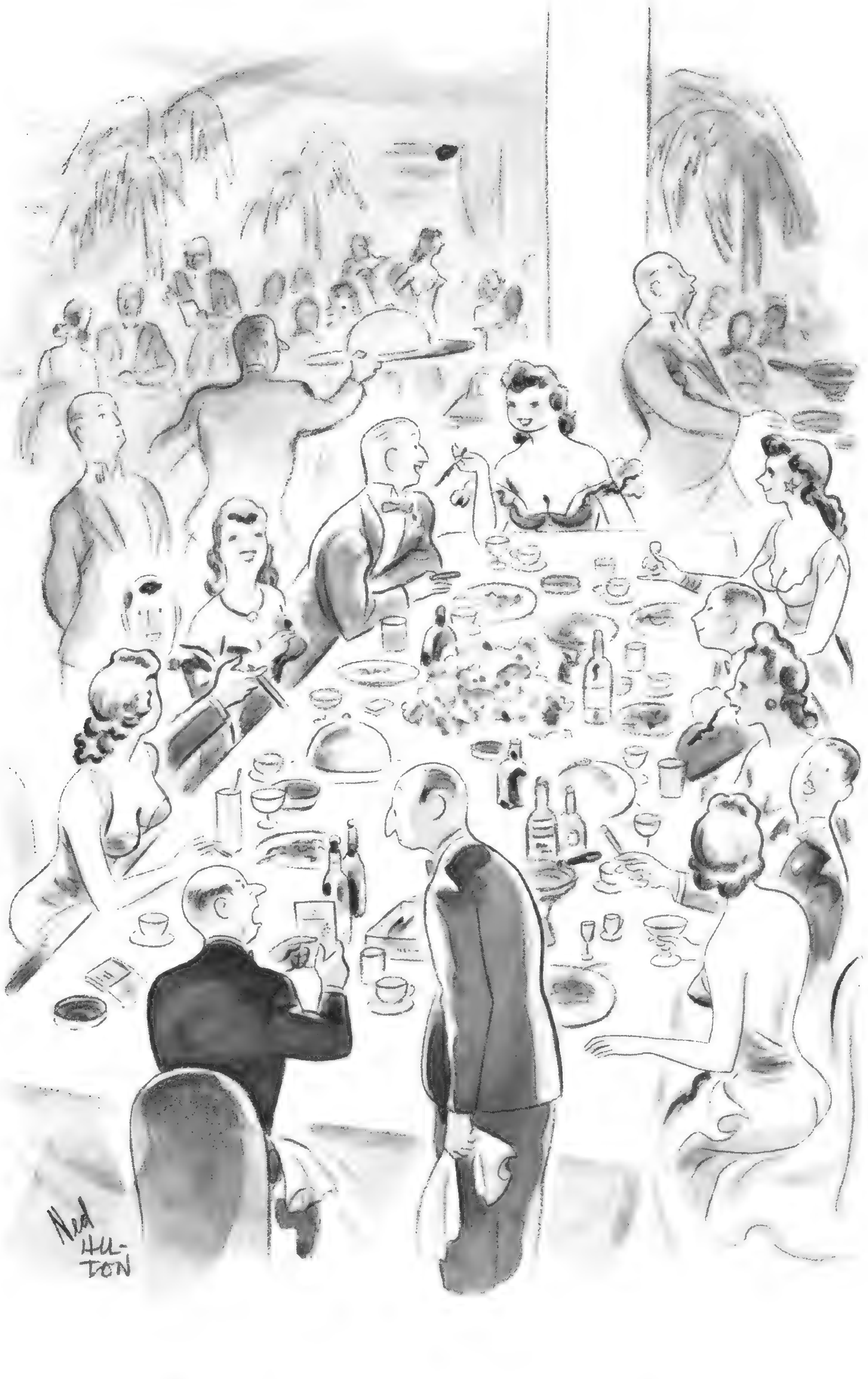


"What's this five cents for an extra cup of coffee?"

Ladies of Charity

In a desire to emulate the social workers who plied Harlem's streets, Mrs. Geranium Finn had a proud air only fortified by gin

by EDWARD HARRIS HETH

• FICTION •

℞

Mrs. Geranium Finn stood before the third story window of her one-room flat, feeling astronomical. Poetry as well fluttered in her as she watched the sun peel the darkness off Ruby Street. In sly disproof that it rose on the good and the evil alike, the sun rolled with obvious pleasure down Ruby Street, grazing the smudgy windows of Mme. Pompom's Beaute Saloone; smashing against the Old Heidelberg Black and Tan Cafe, where drunken end-of-the-nighters leaned slumbrously against the silent nickel phonograph; crawling gently through the windows of Mrs. Wakefield's buffet flat, where marihuana smokers lay tangled against each other in sodden sleep. Only then did the sun cross Ruby Street, veer westward, and sprawl its rays on the tall square buildings where white folks slept.

Mrs. Finn delved down the bosom of her wrapper to bring out a nubbin of pencil, twirling it on her pink tongue. Words bobbed up like corks, only to bob down again before she could grasp them. She spat on the pencil point and, in sudden fervor, clutched at the words nearest her.

Tokel, Tokel, littule Star, she wrote, enscribing the words for want of paper on her newly-painted window sill, little troubled that her emotion was not of immediate kin to the moment.

Her spasm of poesy subsided, Mrs. Finn returned to gazing through the window. Drowsy faces appeared in the doorways down Ruby Street and blinked upward at the hot morning sun. Her eyes—one of which sometimes darted off on a tangent as though in fright of the other—made studious notes of Ruby Street's ways, as befitted one who like Mrs. Geranium Finn aspired to be a Social Worker.

Even now, seated at her window, she assumed the austere, rather tipsy, expression which she felt so suitable to her profession. She nodded occasionally, and somewhat aloofly, to passersby. And was pleasurably engaged in noting that Mrs. Wakefield, Mrs. Billie Gettysburg and Mrs. Sadd had already passed through the doorway of Mme. Pompom's Beaute Saloone that morning (hence portending some imminent Social Activity on Ruby Street), when its doors opened again to disgorge, from its scented bowels, none other than Mme. Pompom herself.

Mrs. Finn stiffened. Straight as an arrow of death Mme. Pompom crossed the street in the direction of Mrs. Finn's dwelling. Mrs. Finn, frozen to her chair as she saw Mme. Pompom turn into the entrance, regained the use of her limbs in just sufficient time to slip under the door, at the very moment Mme. Pompom was beginning to knock, a hastily scrawled note:

Noebdi Hoem.

Mrs. Finn stood still as a mouse. A faint scratching sound penetrated from the hallway, and after a moment her note was pushed back to her under the door. On it was neatly written,

Dear Geranium, it is I.

Mrs. Finn studied the spelling with amused tolerance, and after drawing a chair quietly up to the door, climbed it recklessly and let a fresh sheet of paper flutter through the transom and float gently to the floor.

Pleas dimsapere. Yrs. trilli, Mrs. Granimum Fin.

Mme. Pompom tried cajolery. "Geranium," she whimpered through the keyhole. "You so terse—"

Mrs. Finn's ensuing response was tightly rolled in the shape of a miniature diploma and jabbed, with certain hopes, through the keyhole.

Cant haer you. Pleas vamish. Soembdi putt im fronk mi doer a grete big mat sae WIKLOMM?

La! was the curt pencilled reply of Mme. Pompom, tossed with considerable vehemence through the transom.

There was silence on both sides. Mrs. Finn at length conceded herself the victory, even to the extent of musing over suitable phrases with which to describe the encounter in her dossier, when a sneeze resounded in the hallway. Mrs. Finn moved swiftly, her pencil swifter.

Bete it. Ol dri upp Rasin.

"Pleasurably," Mme. Pompom's voice said icily. "If you don't *choose* to function on the Committee . . ."

Like magic the door opened, and such was Mrs. Finn's distraction that her eyes buzzed about the hallway for some moments before at least one settled on Mme. Pompom.

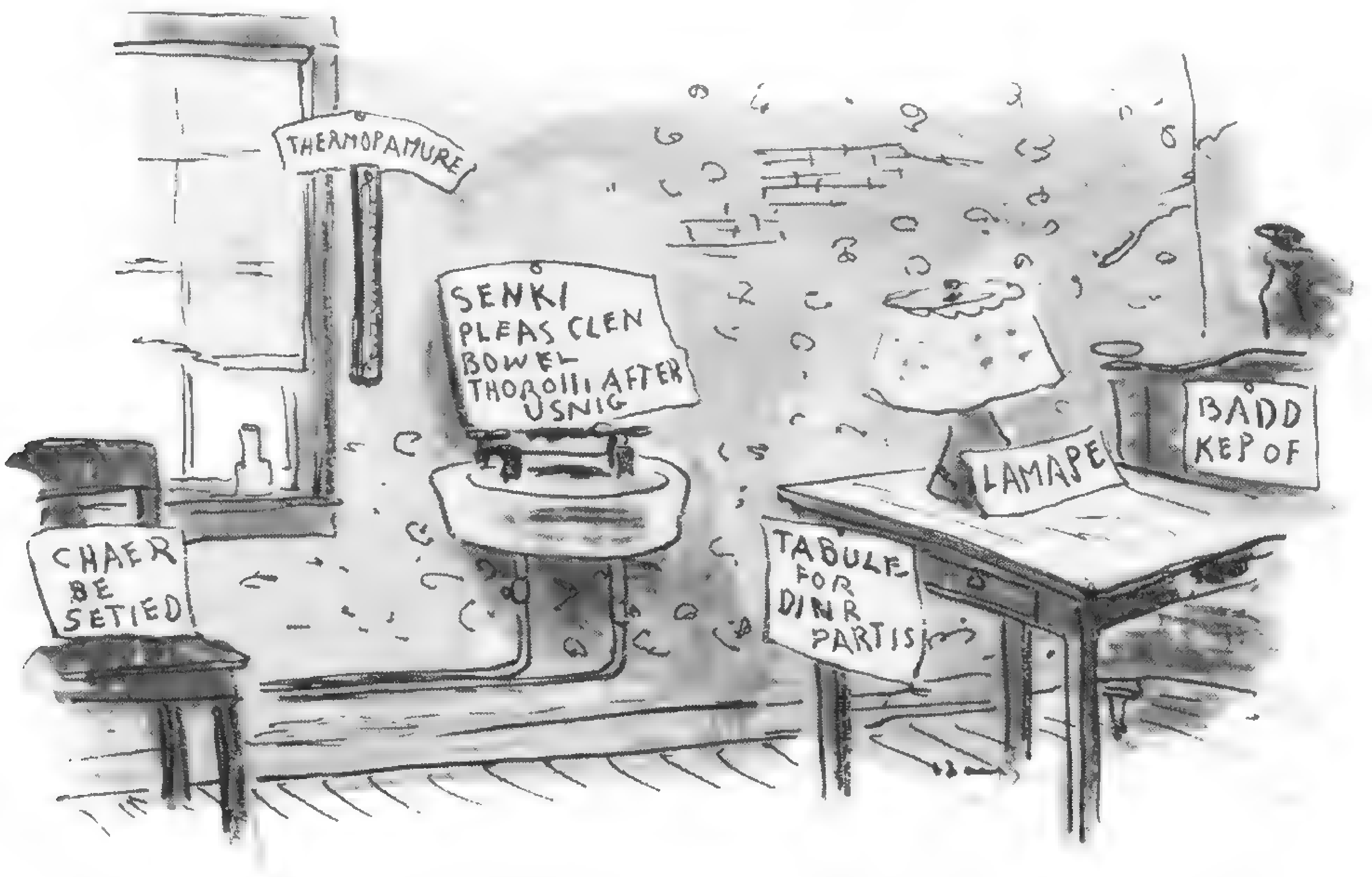
"Compliments," Mme. Pompom mouthed.

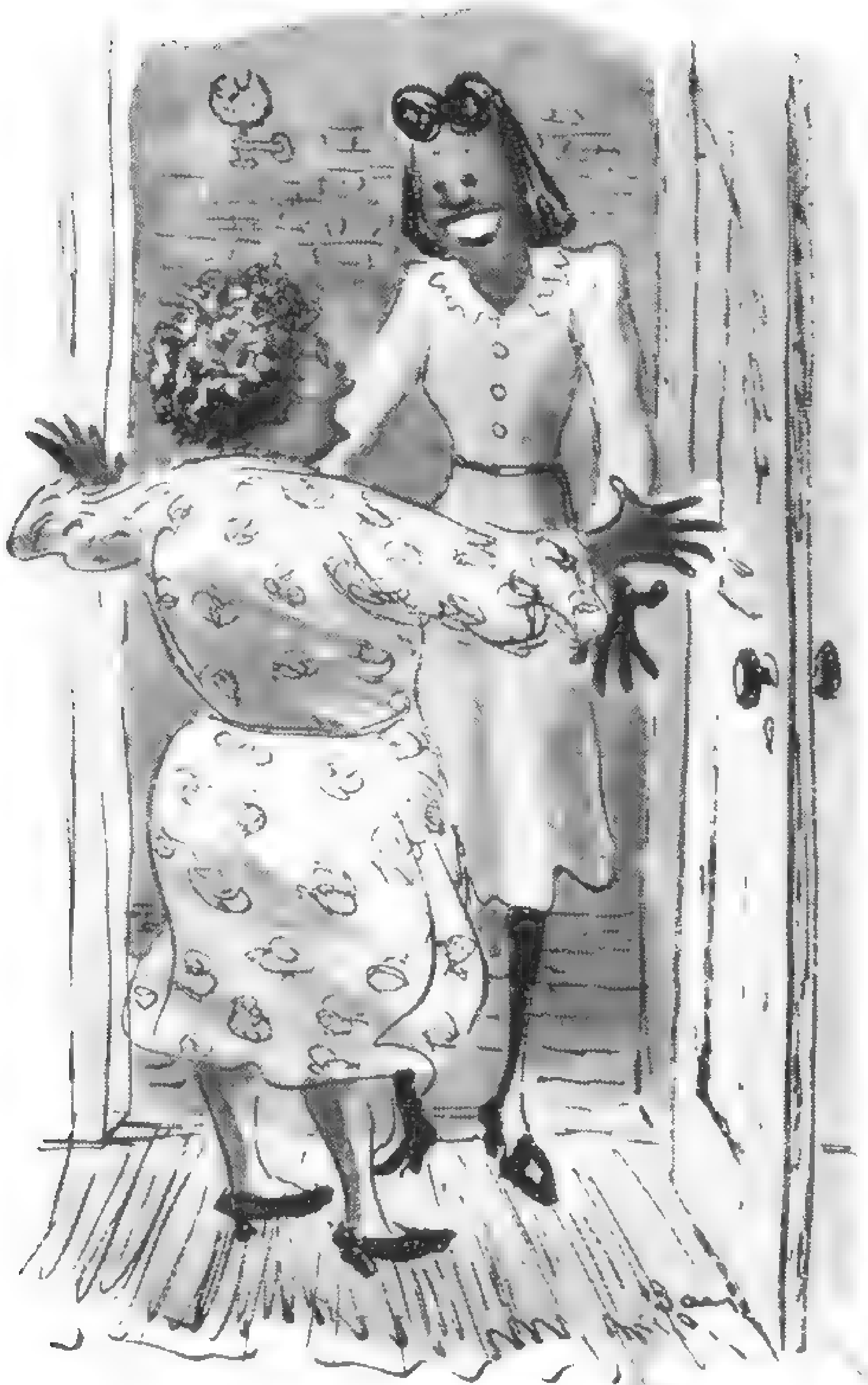
"Mme. Pompom—!"

"Dear friend . . ."

"Chum—"

They embraced, and Mme. Pompom entered. Her wonder at Mrs. Finn's dwelling never ceased, and for several minutes she bobbed about the room on her long, cranelike legs before addressing her companion. It was Mrs. Finn's fancy to label the various objects in her room. Against one wall stood a large imitation walnut *Badd, Kep Of!*, on the opposite wall, resplendent with hot and cold faucets (though HOT would emit no more than a tortured hiss) was the *Senki, Pleas clen Bowel thorolli after usnig*, while near the window stood a *Chaer. Be Setied.* Other objects included a *Lamape* resting on a *Tabule for Dinr partis* (since Mrs. Finn had not to anyone's knowledge ever entertained at any of these, Mme. Pompom clucked her tongue rather ingratiatingly) and a *Thermopamure.* This hung near the window and, inasmuch as the tiny ball containing the mercury was broken, registered a constant cold snap of —45°. Chief object of Mme. Pompom's attention were the mottoes Mrs. Finn painstakingly illuminated on pieces of cardboard and tacked about her room. This week's crop included TH MOER TH MERMIER; an admonition to THIKK!; and TIEM FLYS. ISHKABOBBLE.





"The Committee hold its first meeting tonight," Mme. Pompom announced, after absorbing the room. "On the premises of the Old Heidelberg Black and Tan Cafe. Natchelly, your presence is requested."

"Accepts," Mrs. Finn replied in businesslike fashion.

Her heart thumped. Scarcely had Mme. Pompom departed, before she made a memo of the appointment on her calendar—rather grandly, for the pages bore notice of no other engagement for months ahead: *Comitme Metmich thiss emenig. Ol Hildebrug Caef. Soem fun. You bett.*

Mrs. Finn arrived at the Old Heidelberg promptly and nudged her way, not unhappily, through a group of brazen young men loitering at the doorway, only to find the Committee already in session, its first order of business having been to agree on a round of double gins. Seated at a table near the nickel phonograph were Mme. Pompom and the trio Mrs. Finn had seen enter the Beaute Saloone so early that morning, proof to her suspicion that an event of social portent loomed. Their hair shone glossy and excrutiatingly straight. Mrs. Finn, who had not linked their visit to Mme. Pompom's salon to their election to the Committee, shifted her frail hand nervously to her own head, feeling, with pained regret, a crinkled mass that she had quite forgot reposed there.

"Compliments," Mrs. Finn said, mustering cheer as she approached the table.

Mme. Pompom was presiding. Ignoring Mrs. Finn's overture, she began the introductions with a gravity befitting a Committee meeting, though all five members had at least a decade ago made each other's acquaintances.

"Mme. Geranium, the Finn," she said, using the title she had bestowed upon her friend as more suitable to one of her high calling. "Mrs. Wakefield."

"Compliments," Mrs. Finn said, as Mrs. Wakefield's big, good-natured eyes blinked in an attempt at formality.

"Mrs. Billie Gettysburg."

"Compliments . . ."

"Mrs. Sadd."

Mrs. Sadd, small, café crème, and influenced perhaps by her name, was brought to the verge of tears by the offer of Mrs. Finn's compliments. Mrs. Finn seated herself and ordered a double gin, imbued with the hope that the Committee, possibly through some charity, was possessed of the funds to pay for it. She gulped it hastily, before depositing on the table before her fellow members a carefully-prepared note, labored over by her for hours in pen and ink, and accordingly embossed with blots.

I accaepti wi plemsure t be Secretrache of th Comitme. ADESKIS FIDELIUM Yrs. trilli, Mrs. Granimum Fin.

During the icy silence that ensued, three pairs of eyes wandered toward the ceiling, while Mrs. Sadd's dropped like hurt birds to her lap.

"The proper procedure," Mme. Pompom said, "perhaps be to decide what we a Committee *of?*"

"Election," Mrs. Finn called doggedly.

"How about de Five Happy Hooligans?" Mrs. Wakefield suggested, rocking with senseless laughter.

Mme. Pompom rapped the table. "I propose," she said, clapping her lips together, "Committee for The Promotement Of Love And Better Relations Between The Afro-American Race and Other."

"Other what?" Mrs. Wakefield guffawed.

"The Committee of Golden Days," Mrs. Gettysburg, who was proud and earnest, offered.

"Committee to Offend America?" Mrs. Sadd ventured, wrinkling her nose to prevent the tears from spilling from her eyes.

"It the usual procedure," Mrs. Finn said, sitting erectly and letting her eyes stab clockwise and counter-clockwise about the table, "the election of officers—"

"How about the Juke Box Cuties?" Mrs. Wakefield roared, tossing back her head.

"If you please, ladies—" Mme. Pompom cautioned.

A lull fell on the group. Mrs. Finn waited with chill patience, while four sets of fingers began tapping impatiently against empty gin glasses.

"Perhaps," Mme. Pompom suggested, "we adjourn to the bar—"

"Hooray," Mrs. Wakefield interrupted.

"—*after* we have the reading of the minutes of the Committee!"

Mrs. Finn perked up her ears, faintly flustered that she had none prepared.

"If you is prepared, Mrs. Gettysburg," she heard Mme. Pompom continue, "we attend."

"The first meeting of our little Committee," Mrs. Gettysburg began to read, slowly, soberly, from the large book she drew from her lap, "was held tonight on the premises of the Old Heidelberg Black and Tan Cafe. A good time was had by all."

"Yahoo!" Mrs. Wakefield interspersed.

"The Election of Officers was held," Mrs. Gettysburg continued, after a sharp glance toward Mrs. Wakefield. "Among them elected was Mme. Pompom, President. Mrs. Sadd, Vice-President, Mrs. Emily Wakefield, Treasurer. Mrs. Billie Gettysburg, Secretary. Mrs. Geranium Finn, Member. Thank you kindly."

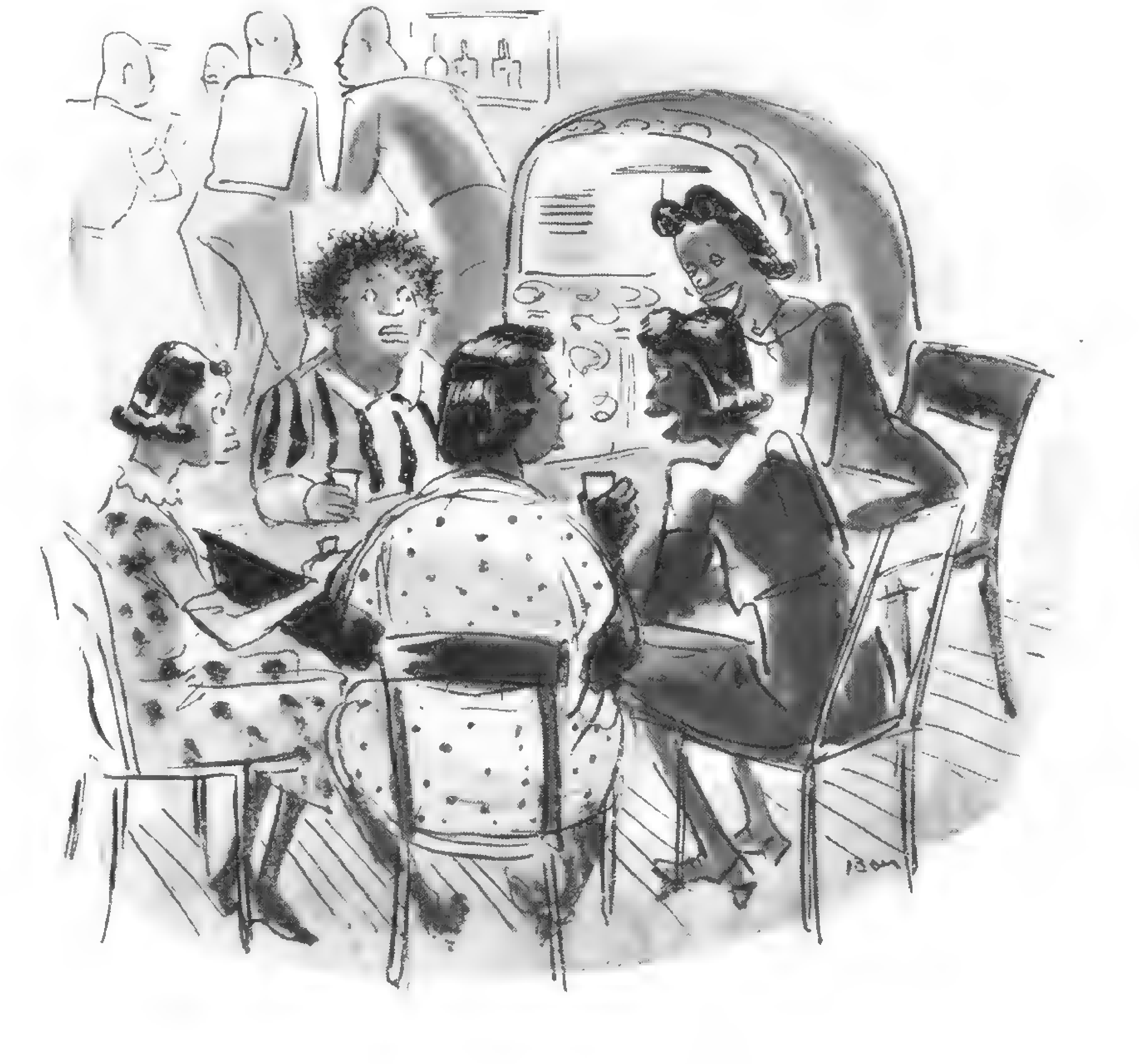
A flutter of applause, conspicuously limping at one seat, went round the table.

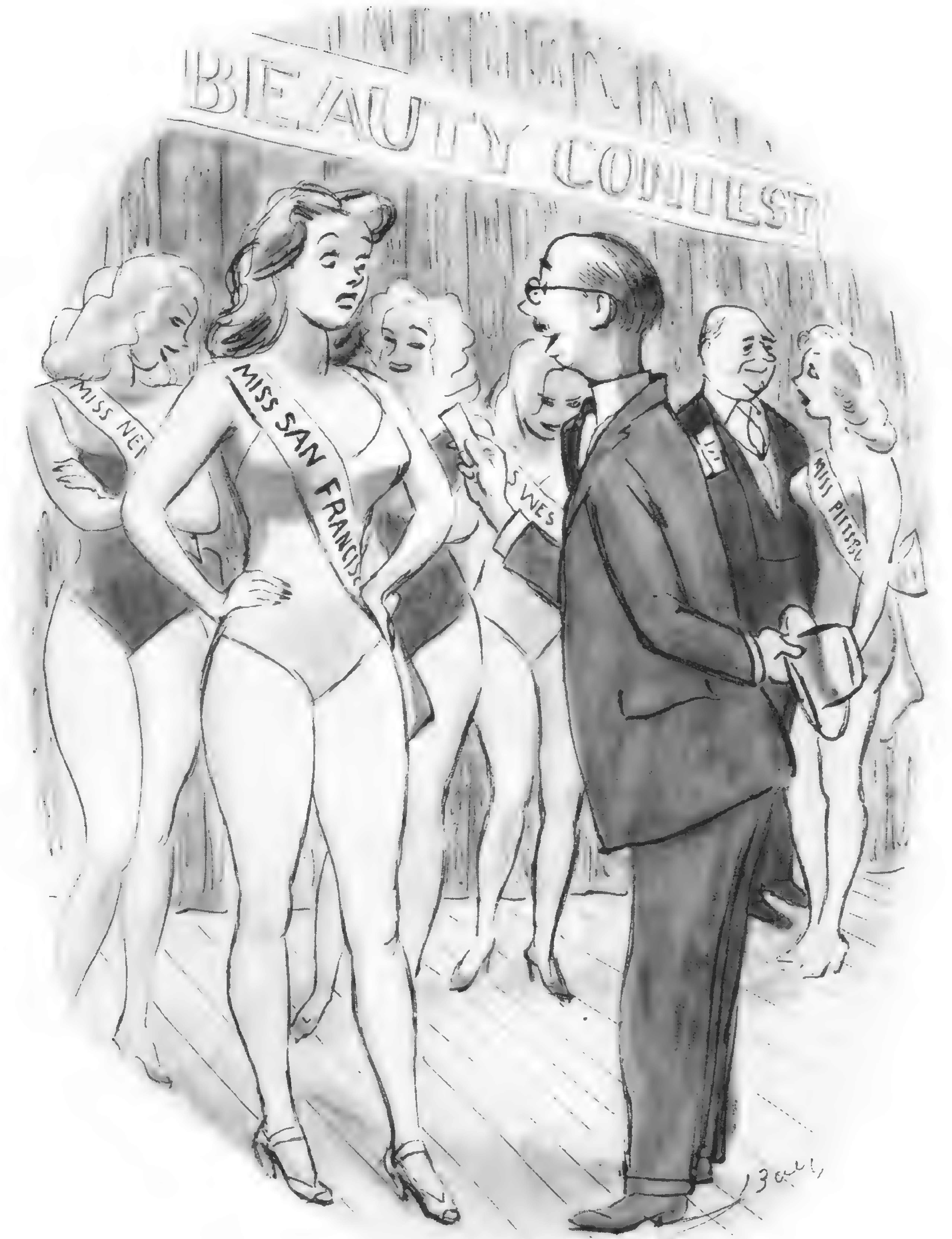
"Lovely," Mme. Pompom said. And added hesitantly, "The meeting adjourn?"

Mrs. Finn remained mute. Four pairs of eyes above four set smiles—Mrs. Sadd's trembled with braveness—cautiously avoided the rampant eyes of Member Finn.

She, however, threw oppression's yoke from her shoulders with a faint shrug. With considerable dignity she drew her stubble of pencil and notepad from her purse, wrote for some minutes with aloof calm, and ultimately deposited on the table before departing from the Meeting:

Resimed. Hmp! Bunche Ol Wops. Yrs. im naem onli, Mrs. Granimum Fin. #




BEAUTY CONTEST
MISS SAN FRANCISCO
MISS NE
S WES
MISS PITTSBU
Ball

"I just had to meet you, miss—I'm frightfully interested in steel construction and would like some information about your San Francisco bridge"

Dialogue in the Dark

It was a rather strange bargain some lady had contracted with her fickle husband for the duration of the dance

by STUART KINZIE

• FICTION •

HE STOOD in the stag line at some Country Club or other, watching the dancers circle the floor in a dreamy waltz. Outside, the night was warm and still; along the moon-silvered fairways the katydids sang their midsummer song.

He stood there, a little taller than the rest, trying to decide honestly which was the prettiest girl on the floor. It was a pleasant choice, but not an easy one. In the dim light, their white shoulders gleaming, their faces rapt, their long dresses whispering, they were all lovely. Or so it seemed.

His host nudged him as a tall blonde, cool and delicious in silver lamé, swirled past. "Want an introduction?"

He shook his head. "Never use 'em, thanks."

A red-head in green danced past; then a little brunette with a gardenia in her hair. For several minutes he watched them as they drifted like butterflies from one partner to another. The blonde was beautiful, certainly; but she was also a little aloof. The red-head . . . no. The brunette danced close to her partners, her flame-colored dress molded to her figure, her eyes half-closed, the lashes dark against her cheek.

Abruptly he made up his mind. He stepped into the eddying sea of faces, tapped the brunette's partner on the shoulder. She came into his arms without looking at him, and the scent of gardenia, warm and fragrant, came with her. When she did glance up at him, her eyes were like damp violets. They were also faintly hostile.

"Don't look so annoyed," he said. "We've met. I'm sure—several incarnations ago, probably."

She did not answer him. They danced for a moment in silence. She was as light on her feet as a falling leaf. The top of her head came just to his chin.

"You don't seem convinced," he said finally. He saw some one preparing to cut in, and he added hastily, "Perhaps if you'll come out on the veranda with me, I'll be able to refresh your memory."

She stopped dancing. "My memory is perfect," she said. Her voice was neither friendly nor unfriendly. It was entirely impersonal. But she went with him.

They stepped out onto the white-railed veranda where cigarettes glowed in the semi-darkness. The girl paused by the railing, but the man took her arm and drew her gently down the steps and along the path that led to the tennis courts. She did not resist, but she said coolly, "You seem to know your way around here pretty well."

He laughed. "Instinct," he said. "Besides, I have a favor to ask which you couldn't possibly grant on the veranda."

"Indeed?" she said. "I thought you brought me out here to refresh my memory."

"I'm afraid," he told her, "that I have a much baser motive. I brought you out here because I want to kiss you."

"Well!" she said. Her eyes were wide in the moonlight. "You sound almost desperate. Won't anyone here take pity on a poor stranger? Or have you tried them all?"

He frowned. "You sound like my wife," he said.

If she was startled, she did not show it. "Don't tell me your wife misunderstands you," she murmured.

"On the contrary," he said, "she understands me very well. She knows I have a weakness for pretty girls. So tonight, when I suggested that she give me her permission in advance to kiss the prettiest one I could find, she agreed. Oh, she was a bit surly about it, but she agreed. One kiss. Provided, of course, the lady is willing." He paused. "And is she?"

She was smiling a little, now. "You think I'm the prettiest one?"

"Lady," he said, "you are."

As he said it, they passed under the shadow of a lilac bush, and he leaned forward hopefully. But she drew back.

"What about your poor wife?" she asked. "What does she get out of this—this—experiment?"

"Oh," he told her, "she can kiss any man she wants. Just once. That's part of the bargain. It should be easier for her, don't you think?"

She looked at him, noting the wide shoulders, the lean profile. "Well," she said carefully, "it's all in the point of view, I imagine." She caught herself quickly. "Tell me," she went on hastily, "does your wife have to inform her—victim—that she is married, too?"

"No," he said, "she doesn't. But she does have to take off her wedding ring before she kisses him. I was quite firm about that."

The girl looked down at her own hands, pale in the moonlight. "Are you quite sure you want to share this—ah—extra-marital kiss with me? After all, you're allowed only one. Weren't there any other girls that took your fancy?"

"There was a blonde," he admitted candidly. "She was beautiful. But you were the prettiest. That was the bargain."

She turned to him suddenly and put her arms around his neck and lifted her lips. He bent his head. Around them the katydids shrilled louder than ever, but the universe stood still. Slowly, reluctantly, they drew apart. They looked at each other.

"Thank you," he said finally.

"Thank *you*," she answered gravely. "Shall we go back in, now?"

"I think not," he said. "I have a better idea." He kissed her again. "Put your ring back on," he said. "We're going home."

"Say, are we supposed to be engaged? Your folks kissed me and called me 'son' when I came in"

They Do It for Meat

How Alfred Court trained fierce lions, tigers, leopards and bears to do their stuff for spellbound circus audiences

by F. BEVERLY KELLEY & DON LANG

• ARTICLE •

"COME ON!" The whip lashed out with the sharp report of a pistol. The magnificent orange and black striped Bengal shook his bewhiskered head like a prize fighter shaking off the effects of a potential haymaker, raised a big paw in a clumsy guard and sneered his contempt.

An eerie light was focused through the iron bars on the scene while the band played a weird chant. The audience was hushed. Great cats, full-maned lions and gaudy tigers, the royalty of the jungle, sat majestically on their pedestals arranged in a half moon formation, their glittering yellow eyes watching the challenge.

Again that reckless dare rang out. "Come on!" His stick executing a confusing flurry of feints and jabs, sparring with his dangerous antagonist, the man darted in and out with the agility of a fencer. His whip lashed out again and cracked, stinging the air a fraction of an inch in front of the dilated nostrils of the huge Bengal. With seven furious roars, the enraged tiger charged across the arena to attack.

The crowd gasped as the snarling beast reared on its hind legs, claws unsheathed and spread, fangs bared, a fiendish monster about to crush the skull and tear its victim apart.

The whip and the stick dropped to the ground as suddenly the little man reached up on his tip-toes and planted a kiss full on the nose of the giant beast, then stepped from under as it went down on all fours and returned to its pedestal.

Not one in that crowd, however, when those claws and fangs seemed on the point of exacting their toll, had heard the change in voice from the taunting, daring command "Come on!" to a quiet, calm undertone "Bravo, Rajah! Bravo!" Nor had they heard the "Pr-r-r-r-r!" of the man as he had pouted his lips and blown through them. Nor in that instant had they heard the answering and reassuring "Pr-r-r-r-r!" of the great Bengal tiger that all was well.

That death-defying act which startled all continental Europe will never be seen in America. Alfred Court has given it up. Not because he is afraid. There is no such thing as fear in this man's make-up. But because he was unwilling to entrust it to assistants after it had claimed the lives of two. And he, himself, had other unexplored fields to conquer, the far more dangerous and difficult work, never before attempted, with the panthers, the black and golden spotted devils of forest and jungle.

Europe has given America great geniuses in many fields of art and this doughty little Frenchman, Alfred Court, will take his place with the greatest. For his *is* art. And he *is* a genius. His conducting a galaxy of terrifying jungle beauties through their paces in an iron fenced arena is no trick. It is a science. And for generations to come his influence will be felt in the training and exhibition of wild animals.

Court ran away from his home in France when he was a boy and joined a small circus as a gymnast. By 1914 the trail had led to this country, where for four years he toured the United States under the big top of the Ringling Show as an acrobatic feature. But Alfred Court primarily was a showman. 1918 found him in Mexico putting together his own circus, the "Circo Europio," which was to tour Mexico and Central America with great success during the next two years.

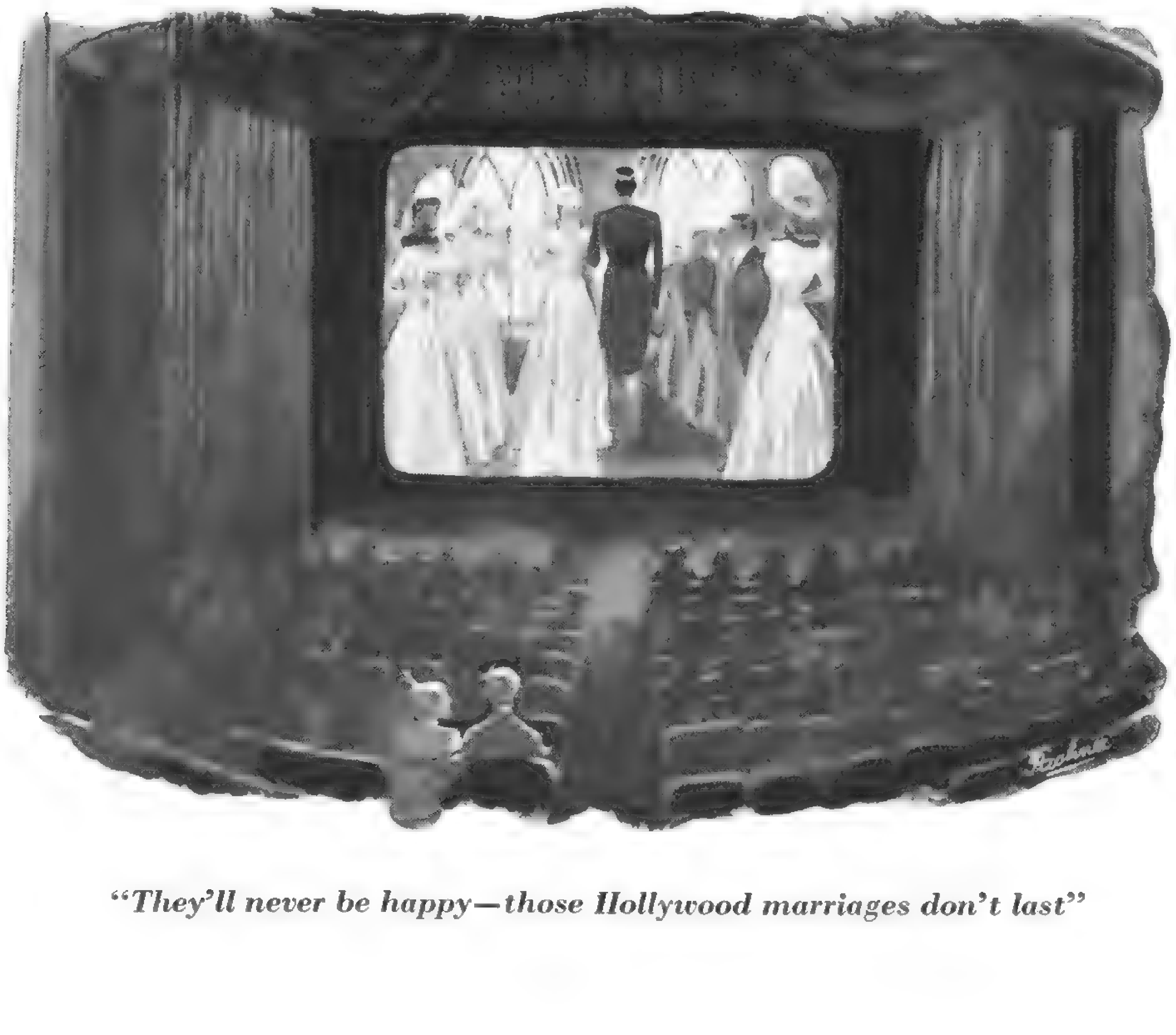
At this juncture in his life, the calm disposition and good nature of four lions remolded his career. The feature on the bill of this new circus was a lion act which Court had booked from the United States. The lions arrived in good order just in time for the opening. But their trainer was "dead drunk." Court knew if the act went on as was, instead of the trainer putting those lions through their paces, they would most likely make short work of putting him through the "wringer." Result: a tragedy on opening night: bad luck!

Court sobered the man enough to get from him the routine of the act. Then he made the acquaintance of the lions. And that night, true to the most sacred tradition of the trouper, he stepped into the big cage and worked that act himself. Afraid? "Of course I was afraid!" admits Court reminiscing about the incident. "I was afraid the opening night of my new circus would not be a success! But I was cautious, for I knew enough about those things to realize what might happen to a strange Daniel in a lion's den. Somehow those lions didn't seem to resent me and outside of laughing at my clumsiness when I got something wrong, they did their work beautifully. From that night on I became animal trainer for my circus. I didn't want to have to fool with any more animal trainers."

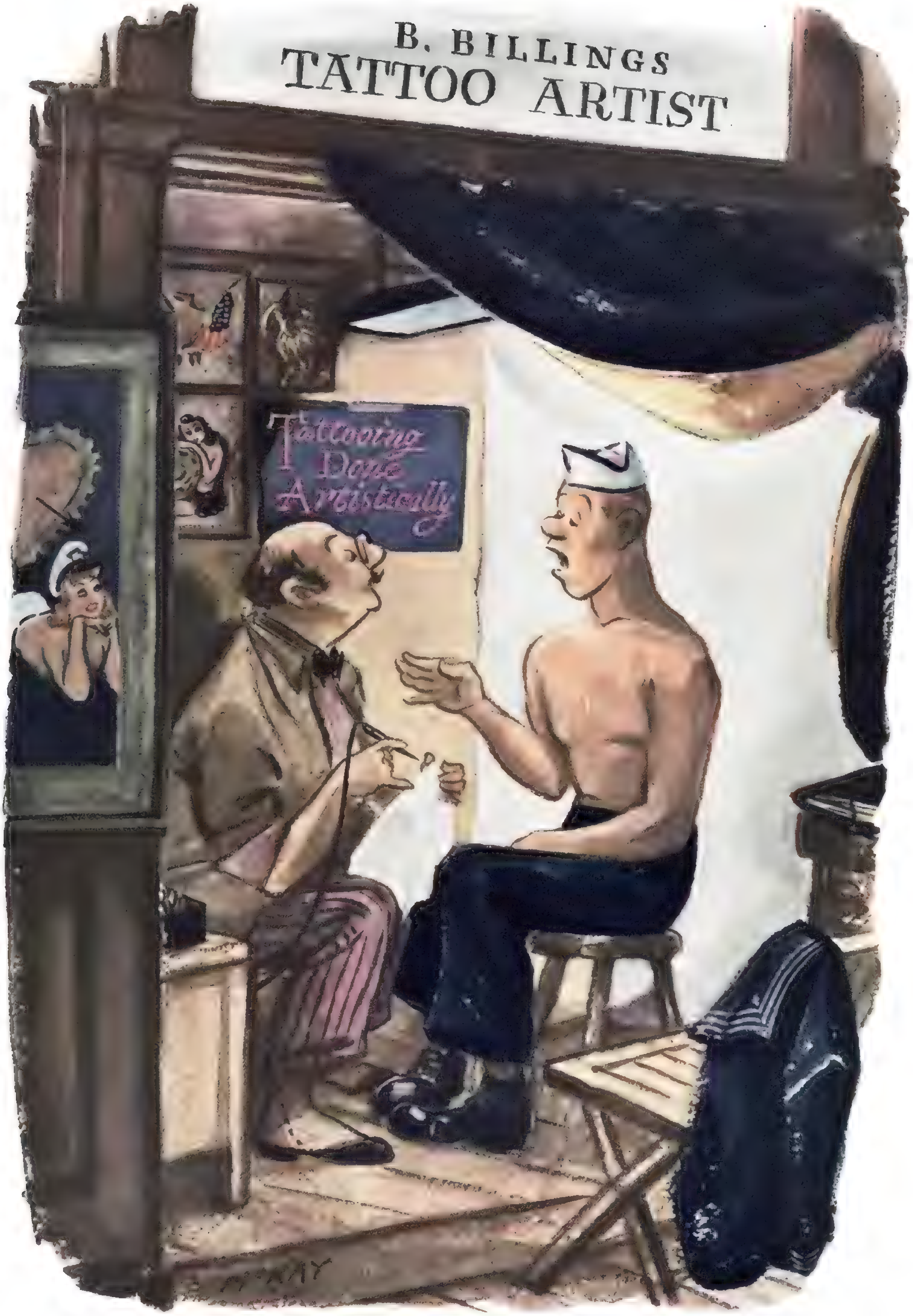
Thus Alfred Court was catapulted by emergency rather than design into the hazardous profession which has since brought him fame and fortune, and by a peculiar twist of fate (the war) top billing twenty-five years later with that same great circus now the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Combined Shows as the master trainer of all time.

Like most roads to success, however, Court's was rocky. He had returned to Europe in 1920 to establish the "Zoo Circus," which for ten years toured all the principal countries. He was working a mixed group of big cats and bears one night when two lions flew into a jealous rage over a lioness whose favor they had both been courting. Attempting to separate them, Court slipped and fell. Instantly, one of the fighting lions jumped on

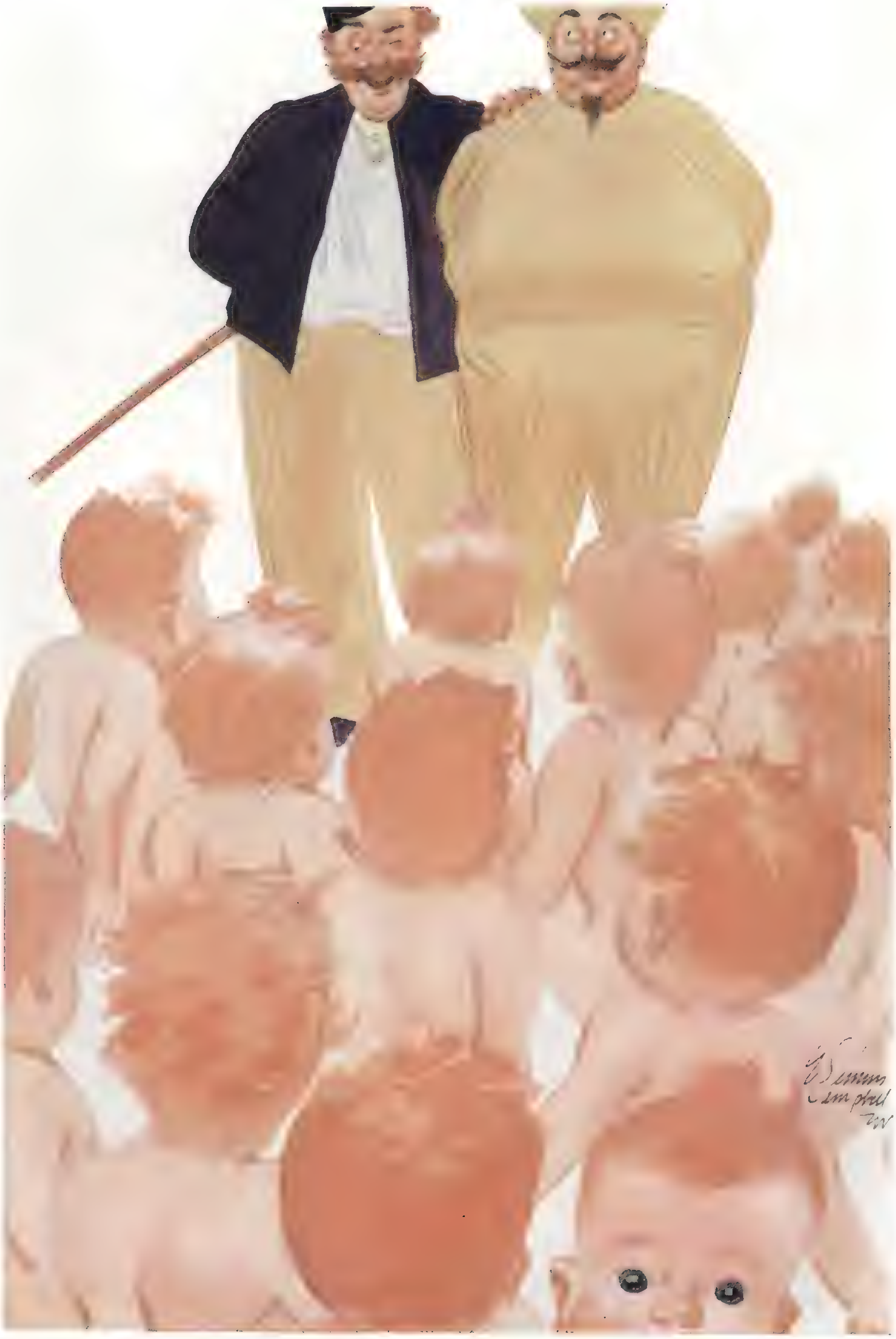
Continued on page 162



"They'll never be happy—those Hollywood marriages don't last"


B. BILLINGS
TATTOO ARTIST
Tattooing Done Artistically
McKAY

"Now, nothing that can't be shown in the drawing room, mind you!"


E. Simms Campbell

"I was deferred because of dependents"

Fit to Wear Longer

Offering some hints concerning the proper fit of suits which will help prolong their usefulness in wartime

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

▪ WEARABLES ▪

In these days of feverish conservation, it is well to realize the definite relationship existing between the proper fit of a suit of clothes and its wearing qualities. Conversely, a suit not adapted to its wearer is bound to render less service. The illustrations on this page depict specific points which you should keep in mind when selecting new suits. Because it's patriotic, nowadays, to be practical.

Adequate breadth across the shoulders and shoulder blades is essential for good appearance, comfort and long wear. Such roominess allows you to move freely without any "straight jacket" resistance to action. It minimizes the tension of the fabric throughout the garment and at the seams, thereby causing as little wear as possible. A tight fit strains the seams and fabric, thus resulting in premature wear. On the other hand, extremely wide shoulders and excessive drape are hardly in accordance with the spirit of the WPB conservation regulations, nor do they conform to the present standard of good taste in dress. Any good alterations man seeks the golden mean between these undesirable extremes.

Shapeliness at the waist does not imply tightness. The suppression at the waistline is attained by proper tailoring which results in looseness. This freedom reduces the strain on the threads holding the buttons and on other parts of the jacket across the mid-section.

High arm scyes, the technical name for the openings to which the sleeves are attached, are desirable for comfort and good wear. They tend to hold the jacket in place even if its wearer is in a sitting position or moves his arms. A jacket with low arm scyes, deep openings, will ride up high on the shoulders when the wearer is in a relaxed sitting position. High arm scyes keep the lapels from getting into whisker range obviating unnecessary abrasion and resultant fuzziness.

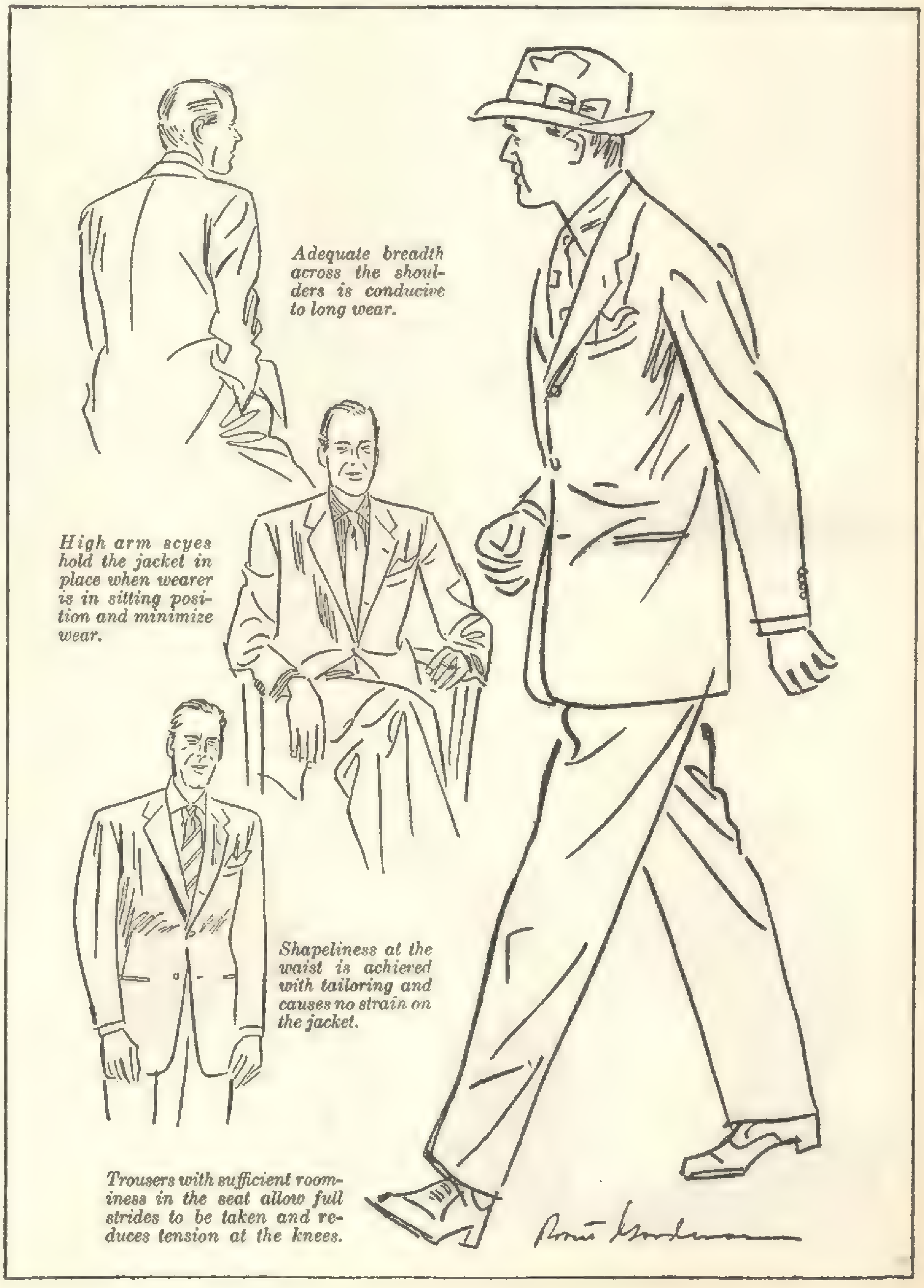
Tapered short sleeves with sufficient width at the elbow mean greater durability. Long sleeves are always in the way, particularly at the desk, and are sure to become worn more quickly. Sleeves on the short side are out of the way, get less wear, and pressed without the lengthwise crease, will improve the wearer's appearance by exposing the shirt cuff. Sleeves too narrow at the elbow not only cause discomfort, but increase tension when bending the arms. You've undoubtedly noticed athletic men with thick forearms which look as though they'd break out of the tight sleeves as the arms are bent. This tension stretches the sleeve out of shape and weakens the seams.

Hand-sewn buttonholes are claimed to have greater elasticity than those sewed by machines and therefore render longer service.

Men who perspire freely should always have arm shields of the lining fabric stitched in suits for extra protection of the lining. Obviously, worn-out arm shields may be replaced more conveniently and economically than the complete linings of the sleeves and the body of the jacket.

The new type of trousers of narrower proportions at the knees and around the bottoms, as prescribed by WPB, should have sufficient roominess in the seat. This provision allows full strides to be taken without causing diagonal tension from the seat to the fore part of the knees. Excessive wear and bagginess at the knees are thereby partially avoided.

Trousers should be of moderate length and reinforced at the bottoms. Special hint for wartime buyers: cuffless trousers will last longer if a piece of sturdy fabric is stitched inside at the back to prevent wear against the back part of the shoes. Let the piece of stitched-in fabric be a shock absorber to save the material of the trousers.



Adequate breadth across the shoulders is conducive to long wear.

High arm scyes hold the jacket in place when wearer is in sitting position and minimize wear.

Shapeliness at the waist is achieved with tailoring and causes no strain on the jacket.

Trousers with sufficient roominess in the seat allow full strides to be taken and reduces tension at the knees.

Bet Against the Experts

New rating method which voids cherished notions of amateur and professional handicappers

by ROBERT SAUNDERS DOWST

SPORTS

IF YOU played a game of chess with a master sitting behind you and directing your moves it is a moral certainty that you would beat any ordinary opposition. What kick you would get out of being a dummy for an expert is another question.

And if you sat down to bridge or contract with a top-flight expert coaching you in your bids and controlling your play it also is a moral certainty that you would have little trouble against anything except similarly expert opposition. Again it is debatable whether there would be any emotional or intellectual wallop in being stooge for an expert.

I never have been able to understand how anyone can get any pleasure from backing horses taken from a public selector on a racing sheet, scratch sheet or daily newspaper. But the analogy with the other games is far from exact. A chess or bridge expert would win for you, but no single horse selector in the country, and no group of selectors, ever will show you anything but loss on their choices if followed religiously over a period of time.

This is a fact well known among people who are something more than amateurs at the racing game; nevertheless each standard racing sheet continues to employ five or six selectors, each large city newspaper has a selector or two on the payroll, and the newsstands continue to display a load of scratch sheets and tip sheets that would take a wheelbarrow to cart away.

Of course, there is one very definite reason why no public selector ever does or ever can show a profit from following his choices with real money. These people guide the public, and the load of public money attracted to their choices in the mutuel machines depresses prices paid in the event of a win substantially below the point that would permit the attainable thirty to forty per cent winners to recoup losses from the inevitable sixty to seventy per cent losers. Even if some single selector got very hot and began to pick a tremendous percentage of winners, no profit would result from following him in play. He would immediately attract a very large public following whose money in the machines would depress prices paid by his winners to a point that would throw the whole sequence of plays into a net loss.

Not only are the public selectors working against themselves and the public in that they attract price-slaughtering public money when they name a horse as winner. They also are chronic followers of present form in a horse. If an animal has won his last start they are much given to picking him to win today, even though he may be flagrantly inconsistent and even though today's field may be substantially better than the one he beat last out. All the selectors are abject slaves of this fallacy; nothing is more common than to see in a racing sheet after a selector's choice a note like "Last a beaut," "Won last out," "On edge now," or some equivalent expression indicating the selector's preoccupation with the horse's last race only. Since nearly all of them are present form handicappers, there usually is some agreement in their opinions on a race, unless it obviously is wide open and close between several animals, and this tendency to unanimity among selectors is another factor tending to overload with public money the horse that most of them like.

Early in 1940 I began to work out some rating figures on horses primarily based on the thought that it was a mistake to place great emphasis on apparent present form in an attempt to get winners. After I had the figures developed I began an accurate check to see how they would work out in comparison with selectors' choices. This check was begun August 22 and was continued through November 15th at Saratoga, Aqueduct, Belmont, Jamaica, Empire, Pimlico and Bowie. Obviously I could not check against all the hundreds of individual selectors in the country so as representative I determined to check against the top horse in the selectors' consensus of one of the standard racing sheets.

For reasons involving the character of my own figures I did not myself rate races for maidens, races for two-year-olds or races for horses entered at a claiming valuation of less than $1,500, nor would I play a race where a filly or mare rated best in my figures unless the race was programmed for females only. On all races not excluded by these few and simple rules I developed my figures—which will be outlined later—and I compared the result of betting my horse straight, to win only, with the result of betting the racing sheet's consensus top horse in the same race.

Here are the results of $2 win play on the consensus horse in eligible races from August 22nd to November 15th at the tracks indicated above.

Number of plays—227
Number of winners—59
Per cent of bets that won—25.9.
Average price to $1 on winners—$1.76.
Net loss from all plays—$127.80.
Per cent of loss on money risked—28.1.

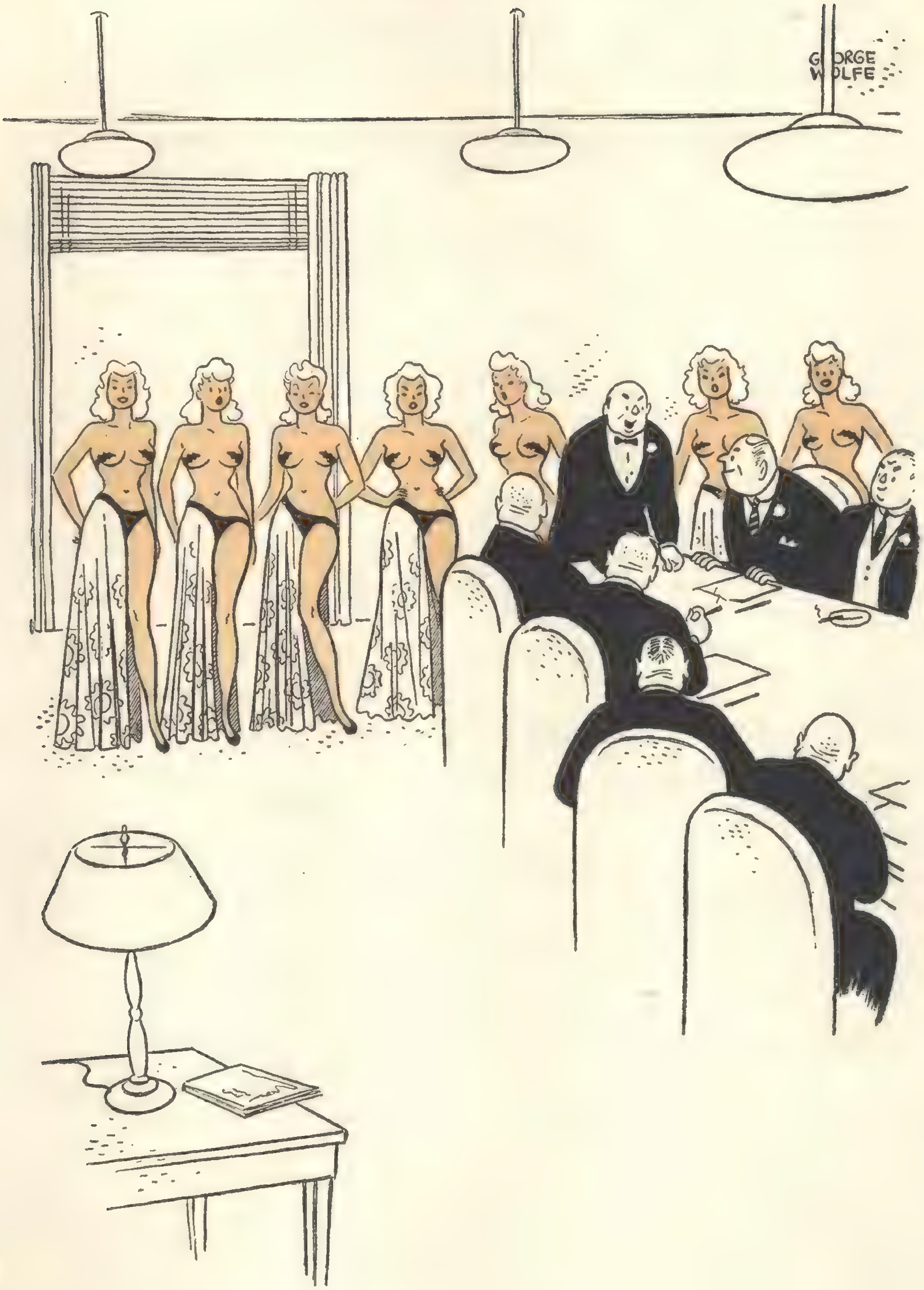
This analysis exactly supports the statements made above, that following selectors can lead only to loss and that the primary reason is the short prices paid by their winners.

In the same races, rated by my figures, I made no play where the horse that rated best with me also happened to be the consensus horse. There would have been no sense in including in my operation selectors' choices that I knew must lead to loss as a class. Playing only against the consensus, therefore, in eligible races where my figures put on top

Continued on page 136

$50
$100
SOUP
STAMATY

"We have all three windows ready when Alsab runs"


GEORGE WOLFE

"Gentlemen, it seems that we acquired them in a foreclosure!"

The Esquire Sports Poll

Gets inside dope on all the teams and players from scribes, broadcasters and 500 coaches as new grid season looms

by HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON

▪ SPORTS ▪

THAT old devil Deadline made it necessary to conduct this all-football Esquire Sports Poll well in advance of the season when the pigskin is on the vine, but the amazingly large per cent of poll returns made it as plain as the cleats on a lineman's face that there will be lively general interest in this autumn's gridiron activities.

In addition to the customary polls of the general public, sports editors, and sportscasters, this Esquire Sports Poll got the votes of the football coaches, and the enlisted men and officers at Ellington Field and Fort Sheridan.

Twenty-three miles from Houston along the Galveston Highway lies Ellington Field, the world's largest multi-motor advanced flying school. Revived in 1940 after the land had been rented to ranchers for grazing for several years, it is here that Aviation Cadets receive their advanced training in bi-motored ships—the "pay-off" in this war. Upon graduation from Ellington Field these pilots handle Flying Fortresses in all parts of the world. Bombardiers and Navigators also receive their training in the Air Force Pre-Flight School. The new Ellington Field, far improved from the World War I field, includes the largest chunk of concrete in the world in its runways. The field is named for Lieutenant Eric L. Ellington, a pioneer of military aviation who was killed in a crash of a pusher-type plane at San Diego on November 4, 1913.

The commanding officer of the post is Colonel Walter H. Reid, who previously served there in 1918.

Founded in 1886 as "Camp at Highwood" through the efforts of Chicago business men as a consequence of railroad strikes in the Chicago area, Fort Sheridan was re-named in 1888 after General Phil Sheridan. During the first World War about three thousand officers were trained there, and once more the reservation is in a "Boomtown" stage as a principal recruit reception center and an important anti-aircraft artillery training center. Commandant of the post is **Colonel F. C. Rogers,** who believes that: "Athletics play an important part in the training and development of good soldiers. A soldier's mental attitude is improved through athletics and he becomes a well-coordinated, fast-thinking individual who exemplifies men of the United States Army. The results have been gratifying."

ESQUIRE SPORTS POLL

I

What football eleven, in your judgment, will be outstanding this fall? .... Minnesota

II

What is your prediction as to who will be the outstanding football star of the coming season? .... Frank Sinkwich, Georgia

III

What is your guess as to who will be the outstanding sophomore grid star of the year? ....

IV

In view of gas rationing and transportation difficulties, would you favor a plan transferring as many of the big college football games as possible to the large cities, thus bringing the players to the crowds, instead of the crowds to the players? .... Yes ☑ 71.97% No ☐

V

Do you believe that many football teams are ruined by the build-up given to some star back? .... Yes ☑ 55.78% No ☐

VI

Does publicity more than actual performance make an All-American? ... Yes ☑ 74.47% No ☐

VII

Do you believe that football is over-officiated? .... Yes ☐ No ☑ 80.74%

VIII

Do you believe that the service teams this fall in general will be superior to their college opponents? .... Yes ☐ No ☑ 57.97%

IX

Should the football squads of the university teams be limited in number in their games with smaller colleges? .... Yes ☑ 56.63% No ☐

X

Would a football game without any partisan angle provide you entertainment? . Yes ☑ 81.91% No ☐

George W. Hauser
Don E. Peden
E.E. Wieman
C.W. Bachman
Matty Bell
Ray Morrison
Gus Dorais
Earl H. Blaik
Carl Snavely
Ben Douglas
Bo McMillin
Clark D. Shaughnessy
O.E. "Babe" Hollingbery
Stub Allison
Harry Stuhldreher
Don Faurot
Jack Hagerty
Howard Odell
Glenn Killinger
Lou Little
Frank W. Thomas
Amos Alonzo Stagg
Frank J. Murray
Lynn O. Waldorf
Andy Kerr
Harry Mehre
Francis Schmidt
A.T.S. Hubert
H.R. Sanders
Tom Lieb

QUESTION I

What football eleven, in your judgment, will be outstanding this fall?

The Top Ten

1. Minnesota
2. Notre Dame
3. Great Lakes
4. Pennsylvania
5. Army
6. Ohio State
7. Missouri
8. California
9. Georgia
10. Texas A. & M.

Other Favorites

East

Cornell, Fordham, Navy, Holy Cross, Maryland, Penn State, Boston College, Villanova, Duquesne, Harvard.

South

Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi State, Virginia Military Institute, Duke, Texas, Virginia, Vanderbilt, Tulane, Louisiana State.

Midwest

Michigan, Nebraska, Northwestern, Iowa, Indiana, Iowa Cadets, Oklahoma, Wisconsin, Arkansas.

Far West

Southern California, Stanford, Oregon State, Washington, Washington State, Arizona, Wyoming, Colorado.

According to this vote war won't change the ranking that prevailed when the gun fired the finale of the 1941 season. Minnesota and Notre Dame again will be one, two. It's the conviction of many authorities that Great Lakes Naval Training Station this year will have a football team that will outrank the long-famed Great Lakes team of the first World War.

"At Colgate," wrote **Andy Kerr,** "we believe with General MacArthur, that football furnishes the finest training for physical toughness, leadership, and initiative that are so vital in the personnel of our armed forces. Our objective will be the developing of these qualifications in as many boys as possible. If in doing this we develop a creditable football team we will be satisfied."

"Football and other competitive sports have been the life-saver of America thus far," declared **"Babe" Hollingberry,** Washington State. "When men like MacArthur plead for more football men, why not go all out to produce that type?"

"Tough bodies with a fighting heart and a will to win are essential to victory," stated **Adam Walsh,** Bowdoin. "What better way is there to instill this than through football? The Army and Navy feel that development of these traits is worth spending millions to get."

"The colleges must launch a program of competitive sports for more men," wrote **Louis Means,** Beloit. "At Beloit we plan to *require* every man in college to report for football. All will feel the thud of the headgear in the stomach, or the crunch of the tackle—many of them for the first time. We will drill every man for three weeks to get condition, and then have a series of seven-man football games every afternoon until November 10. Such a program, it seems to me, can really do the country a great service."

"Fordham should be the nation's top team," opined **Lou Bachman,** Bristol, Connecticut, *Press*, "with Steve Filipowicz being given more opportunity to show his passing ability." "Arkansas should win the Southwest Conference title," reported **Ray Hardwicke,** Fort Smith, Arkansas, *Times Record*. "As a junior, David Paul Jones is set for a great year as a triple-threater. Dana X. Bible rated him as one of the best broken field runners and passers his Texas Steers faced."

QUESTION II

What is your prediction as to who will be the outstanding football star of the coming season?

The Top Ten

Frank Sinkwich, Georgia, halfback.
Bill Daley, Minnesota, halfback.
Angelo Bertelli, Notre Dame, quarterback.
Bill Hillenbrand, Indiana, halfback.
Tom Kuzma, Michigan, halfback.
Otto Graham, Northwestern, halfback.
Bob Steuber, Missouri, halfback.
Dick Wildung, Minnesota, tackle.
Pat Harder, Wisconsin, halfback.
Leo Daniels, Texas A. & M., halfback.

Other Favorites

East

Paul Governali, Columbia, halfback; Bert Stiff, Pennsylvania, fullback; Henry Mazur, Army, halfback; Tom Mont, Maryland, quarterback; John Grigas, Holy Cross, halfback; Joe Andrejco, Fordham, halfback; Joe Kane, Pennsylvania, halfback; Gilbert Bouley, Boston College, tackle; George Sutch, Temple, fullback; Don Jones, Rutgers, halfback; John Wright, Maryland, fullback; Dick Weber, Syracuse, guard; Joe Siegal, Columbia, end; Joe Martin, Cornell, fullback; Bernard Kuczynski, Pennsylvania, end.

South

Joe Muha, Virginia Military Institute, halfback; Bob Cifers, Tennessee, halfback; Tom Davis, Duke, halfback; Blondy Black, Mississippi State, halfback; J. P. Moore, Vanderbilt, halfback; Roy McKay, Texas, halfback; J. R. Callahan, Texas Tech., halfback; Stan Mauldin, Texas, tackle; Bob Gantt, Duke, end; Ray McNeal, Florida, halfback; Harry Baugher, Washington and Lee, halfback; Jack Jenkins, Vanderbilt, halfback; Bill Nowling, Tennessee, fullback; Walter McDonald, Tulane, quarterback; Bill Sibley, Texas A. & M., center; Rudy Klarer, Tennessee, guard.

Midwest

Red Wade, Missouri, halfback; Herman Frickey Minnesota, halfback; Rudy Mucha, Great Lakes, blocking back; David Paul Jones, Arkansas, halfback; Tom Farmer, Iowa, halfback; Allen Zikmund, Nebraska, halfback; Dale Bradley, Nebraska, tailback; Glenn Dobbs, Tulsa, fullback.

Far West

Don Willer, Southern California, tackle; Brunel Christensen, California, tackle; Nick Susoeff, Washington State, end; Tom Roblin, Oregon, halfback; Buck Fawcett, Stanford, fullback; Bob Ruman, Arizona, halfback; Loren LaPrade, Stanford, guard; Curt Mecham, Oregon, halfback; Paul Taylor, Southern California, halfback; Bob Kennedy, Washington State, fullback; Joe Day, Oregon State, halfback; Lewis Dent, Colorado State, fullback; Chuck Taylor, Stanford, guard; Arnold Scott, Montana State, halfback; Tex Rielly, Colorado, quarterback; Howard Manson, Idaho, halfback.

Few linemen were named as having promise of being standouts this autumn. That may make it possible for some mules to rise to glory without having the public and experts already committed to candidates for distinction. Several gridiron sages predicted that new developments in offense this fall will put more of a premium than ever before on smart linemen. The attack spirit will be in the air. Minnesota seems to have both linemen and backs of distinction.

"I have no doubt that Dick Wildung of Minnesota will be the tackle of the year," wrote **Dick Cullum,** *Minneapolis Times*. "I am joined in this opinion by Bernie Bierman and George Hauser, both of whom said at the end of last season that he was the best tackle they had ever coached or seen. He weighs 212 and is a speed specialist. He plays the whole field. He is down under kicks and frequently makes that last block far down the field that a ball carrier needs to stretch a long run to a touchdown. He's smart, too. I have seen him smash in deep to tackle a passer before he could deliver the ball, and on the next play when they faked a similar play but ran one of those end-around shovel passes at his position, he remained in the line and knocked the play silly. Instinct, I guess. My guess, too, is that Bill Daley, who has moved from fullback to left halfback and has done amazing things there, is going to be the back of the year. He packs plenty of poundage and is one of the best *big* backs to come along in years. He has speed and endurance, and even if they know he's taking the ball there's not a whole lot they can do about it. Maybe it is claiming too much for one team to claim both the tackle of the year and the back of the year, but I can only ask you to wait and see."

"The University of Georgia with quick-starting Frank Sinkwich back on the job along with most of the regulars of last season," wrote **Bob Wilson,** *Knoxville News-Sentinel*, "promises to rule the Southeastern Conference this fall. Coach Wallace Butts' team didn't receive the recognition it deserved last season, but from all indications the Bulldogs of Ga-ga will rate the headlines from Labor Day on. Sinkwich was the back of the year last season, and should be better than ever in the coming campaign."

Angelo Bertelli's torch was carried by **Lewis F. Roberts,** Grand Island, Nebraska, *Daily Independent*, who wrote: "Notre Dame is shifting to the T-formation this fall expressly to take advantage of Angelo Bertelli's unusual passing ability. The season may find the boy a second Frankie Albert." **Dennis Brown,** Mt. Clemens, Michigan, *Daily Monitor*, wrote: "Gary Tom No. 2, Tom Kuzma of Gary, Indiana, who followed Tom Harmon into the tailback post at Michigan will be among the nation's best. He's a junior this year, and scored more points last year than Harmon did as a soph. In addition he's the Wolverines' best kicker since Harry Kipke."

Bill Woodside, Paris, Texas, *News*, wrote: "Leo Daniels, Texas A. & M. back, is my star of stars choice because he will be playing on an outstanding team. The Aggies have a flock of vets back from last year's championship team, and the draft is the least of worries at College Station. Besides having a good bunch with him, Daniels can run, pass and kick with the best of them. As a soph last fall, his passes beat Washington State. In the Cotton Bowl his passing and running accounted for the Aggies' three touchdowns against alert Alabama."

"Northwestern, with Otto Graham taking the role of star, should win the Big Ten title," wrote **Leo Kautz,** Davenport, Iowa, *Times*. "Great team in 1941, but had hard luck."

"Players on the University of Detroit team, which opened the 1941 season by beating Indiana, 14 to 7," wrote **Paul E. Williams,** WWJ, Detroit, "rated Billy Hillenbrand, who scored seven of Indiana's fifteen touchdowns last season, and passed for seven of the other eight, very highly. Vincent Banonis, Detroit's All-American center last year, called him the best back he had ever seen in action."

A converted end, Bob Steuber, six-foot-two 198-pounder, played his first season in the backfield at Missouri last year and led the nation in average gain from scrimmage with 855 yards in 113 rushes for a 7.57 percentage. He scored nine touchdowns, running 70, 65, 55, 29, 19, 18, and 1 yard to score. He was unanimous All-Big Six choice, and Clyde E. McBride named him on his first All-American in the *Kansas City Star*. Pat Harder, Wisconsin's brilliant sophomore back of '41, promises to add to his laurels in '42.

Raoul Carlisle, Forrest City, Arkansas, *Times Herald*, put in some good words for J. P. Moore of Vanderbilt. He wrote:

> Moore is a young giant of all-around ability, who was heralded as the greatest high school player ever produced in Arkansas. He is only 19 years old and from Benton, Arkansas, where he performed brilliantly for four years on a mediocre team to make unanimous choice all-state. He was the most sought-after high school player in the nation two years ago. Vanderbilt kept him under wraps during his sophomore year last fall. Watch him go.

A. Paul Menton, *Baltimore Sun*, said: "Jack Davis, Navy left half, should replace Busik as the outstanding star of our section."

Lou Little, Columbia, rated Kuzma of Michigan and Governali of his own Lions. **Carl Snavely,** Cornell, recommended keeping an eye open for "Kane, Stiff and Odell of Penn, Governali of Columbia, and Mazur of Army." **Fritz Crisler,** Michigan, named Daley of Minnesota and Bertelli of Notre Dame. **"Bo" McMillin,** Indiana, strung along with his own boy, Billy Hillenbrand, who also was favored by **Gus Dorais,** Detroit, **Ray Eliot,** Illinois, and **Dr. Eddie Anderson,** Iowa, who also rated Daley of the Gophers. **"Matty" Bell,** Southern Methodist, favored Andrejco, Fordham, and Daniels, Texas Aggies. **Frank Thomas,** Alabama, gave his vote to neighbor Sinkwich. **Harry Stuhldreher,** Wisconsin, stood by his boy, Harder. **Howard Odell,** Yale, cited Bert Stiff of Penn. **Ray Morrison,** Temple, said Gil Bouley, Boston College tackle, and George Sutch, Temple fullback. **Harry Mehre,** Mississippi, went for Sinkwich. **Vee Green,** Drake, named Graham of Northwestern. **Dr. George Hauser,** Minnesota, said Sinkwich and Kuzma. **Eddie Baker,** Carnegie Tech., recommended Kuzma of Michigan and Keller of Duquesne. **Gwinn Henry,** Kansas, said Steuber of Missouri. **Don Faurot,** Missouri, said Steuber, and Dick Wildung, Minnesota tackle. **L. R. Meyer,** Texas Christian, went for Sinkwich of Georgia and Daniels of Texas Aggies. **"Pooley" Hubert,** V.M.I., named his great back, Joe Muha. **"Clipper" Smith,** Villanova, and **Bill Kern,** West Virginia, went for Andrejco of Fordham. Sinkwich had another supporter in **Glenn Killinger,** West Chester, Pennsylvania, Teachers. **Dennie Myers,**

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Highbrows Hate Sport

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error of gross sentimentality.

Perhaps the best corrective to sentimentality was delivered in the article by General Johnson Hagood, *But War Isn't Sport*, in the June issue of Esquire. General Hagood had answered an earlier poll on the question of sport and morale, with the categorical statement: "There is no connection between sports and courage . . . Star athletes from West Point or the colleges do not show to any advantage as officers. Champion athletes in the Army are good for nothing else, as they are in civil life." You may think the general a crusty old curmudgeon; but it took guts to say what he had to say—and he isn't an intellectual.

The intellectual side was stated by Struthers Burt: "The French were great soldiers when they had no sports at all. So today is the Serbian peasant."

The question to which Hagood and Burt made answer was just on the edge of being sentimental itself: "Are Americans with their training in competitive sports more likely to possess the type of courage that can fight to the bitter end and come back from adversity than the mass military-trained men of the Axis nations?" There is just a trace of the suggestion that in our sports we have "bitter ends" and "adversity;" and that is the foundation of the towering structure of sentimentality which I think has made it difficult for civilized people to go all the way with sport.

Several years ago I contributed to this journal a short piece called *The Horse That Had No Heart*. I had read so many newspaper reports on the "great heart" of tennis players and coxswains and jacks champions, that I had become indifferent to them; but up came horses who refused to admit they were beaten, who came up from behind, full of terrific courage and high moral purposes—horses totally different, apparently, from the horses whom they defeated, low heartless horses, horses without the spirit of Americanism—I had to protest. I failed to see the moral quality of "courage" in a horse race. I have played in competitive games, and I know that if one is a member of a team, one plays harder because of a specific moral quality, which is called the co-operative spirit (not the competitive spirit). If one is fighting for a large sum of money, in front of thirty thousand spectators, one probably takes more punishment than one cares to. The fighter who is knocked down and gets up again has courage (if he is completely conscious); the fighter who is knocked down and lies unconscious, is morally just as good a citizen.

Sports writers used to go into rhapsodies over Lenglen, taught by her father to return a tennis ball into a marked square foot of court. Then they didn't exactly go into rhapsodies over Lenglen because the little girl defaulted rather than face certain defeat. They did not connect the two things. If Lenglen spent dreary afternoons learning super-accurate shooting in tennis, the only excuse was that she intended to make a career of tennis. If she was making a career, she was entitled to take advantage of every legitimate trick to safeguard it. If she was playing tennis *pour le sport*, then the dreadful days of practice, year in and year out, were a waste of human material; but if tennis were not her career, defaulting was a meaningless gesture, and the scribes might have recognized it as such. For the gruelling practice was inhuman and the defaulting was all-too-human; Lenglen was neither as admirable when winning nor as detestable when losing, as they made her appear.

Please note that the sentimentality about painters, poets, musicians, and radio actors is probably even more unpalatable. The sentimentality about all artists, that they *alone* measure the significance of a country in the long run of history—that is so gross an inflation of the ego that making Red Grange into a combination of philosopher, statesman and saint would be in comparison restrained. For one thing, the sports-heroes themselves lay little claim to special virtue—and the artists, themselves, always do; the athletes are as stupid as any other specialists, but they do not demand universal tribute, being content if their names are known to millions and they get some 20,000 dollars a year. But artists and athletes, even if they are equally unimportant, are not equally treated. The average newspaper has three or four pages of sports news for every column of news about all the arts combined; a fifteen-minute morning news broadcast in big cities often has five minutes of war news, five minutes of domestic news, and four minutes of sports, especially if the newscaster is plugging a commodity of interest to men. The assumption of universal interest is carried through and later in the day special sports roundups are made, and special events bring the great occasions to the networks—several hours of daily baseball and a football coverage which usually eliminates *all* other interests for hours at a time.

There, I think, the case against sport lies. Sport has been turned into a business, inflated beyond its own carrying capacity, has been sentimentalized, as badly as baby's shoes and Mammy.

And yet I think the critical American, the intellectual, has been a fool to be standoffish about sport. You can't make a man play any game he doesn't like, or like any game he doesn't like; but you can ask the man of superior intelligence to understand whatever the common man enjoys. The desire to isolate one's self is romantic; the intention to share no emotions of the average, prelude to abnormality, sterility, and death.

What we want is common ground between the educated man, who lives reasonably, and the average man who lives emotionally. It isn't easy to find. A golfer in a horsy circle is as unhappy as he would be in a semester on philology; something about horses (and small boats) deprives their admirers of the normal interests of human beings. Similarly talk of games and sports seems to rule out all other topics; lovers of music with their special, and mysterious, vocabulary are that way, too.

The genuine intellectual lives largely in the mind, but he often envies the enthusiasm and devotion of the fan. The fan despises the ignorance of the intellectual (on such vital subjects as hitting averages and penalty-rule changes) and the timid intellectual wilts. This is not irony; the professor is morally weaker than the truck-driver because he is intellectually superior; he wants to act, to do, to justify his existence not intellectually; he envies the man who instinctively acts, then thinks. Then a throwback to savagery like Hitler yells about "Thinking with the blood,"and exploits the common man; the intellectual shrinks back, recognizing in Hitler a gross and gruesome parody of the frustrated intellectual.

Practically, I suggest these things to bridge the gap between our notable men and our notable sports and make sport simple to follow in the sports pages:

Make sport either commercial or amateur, but not mixed.

Do not commercialize freak sports.

Do not over-lionize sports figures.

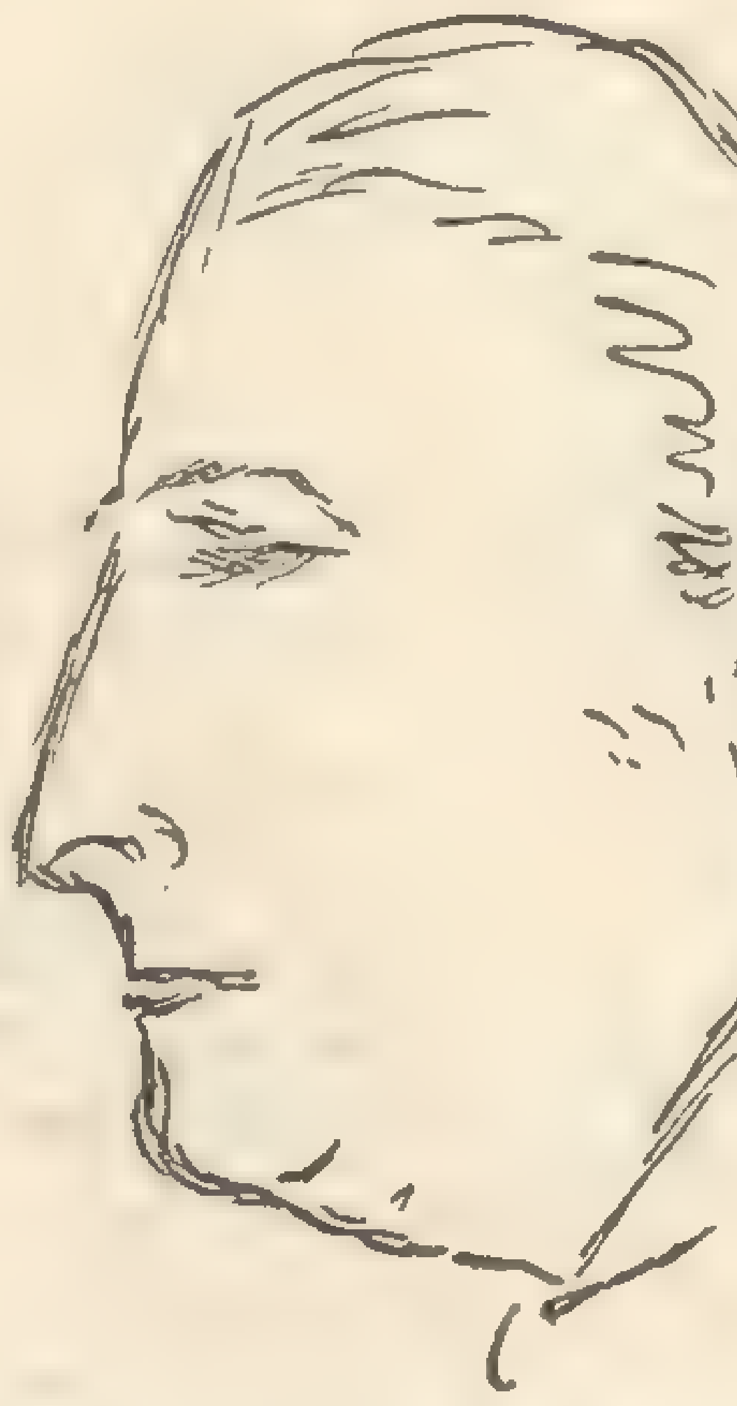
Encourage such participation sports as bowling, in which the sedentary may learn to shine.

Attract to sport a few men who will in later life become a President, a Nobel winner in physics, a notable social service worker, a painter. (I do not know how you will tell in advance.)

And—be nice to the intellectuals, the arenas are filled without them. They are missing something.

Next World Series I'll take my son. #

Emil Ludwig,
as sketched by himself



A Portrait of Emil Ludwig

by Emil Ludwig

Badge of My Occupation: The fingers of my right hand which have become incongruously broadened with 40 years of book-writing.

Chief Phobia: A distaste of being hemmed in by tall buildings, to the extent that for 60 years out of my 61 I have never lived in a house whose windows faced upon another building.

Greatest Man I Ever Saw: Thomas A. Edison.

Required Reading: The faces of my fellow men—for the study of physiognomy is a royal road to the learning of character.

Technique for Writers: Facility in verse brings mastery in prose; there is no better way to learn tempo and melody than through consistent verse-writing.

Favorite Old World Locale: My garden in Switzerland, where over a period of 30 years my best books and children were born.

Favorite New World Locale: California for its climate, gardens and hospitality. Danger? Where is there a corner in the world today without danger?

Favorite Quackeries: The theory that fish is a brain food and that brushing the hair promotes thought by friction of the scalp; I still eat fish but applying the second theory is beginning to become difficult.

Free Advice: Learn how to make people talk and you will find that no man is uninteresting; if someone seems especially dull, ask him to relate his childhood experiences and he will suddenly have marvelous things to say.

Sparring Partner

Continued from page 61

sleeves gave him water and started to dry him off.

At the gong the chatter among the fans had got so loud you had to shout to be heard. A flash bulb went off. Near me a young fellow with bright red hair talked loudly and rapidly to a reporter.

"There's gonna be another hell of a fuss about the food when we get back to camp," he said. "The Champ'll only eat what his mother cooks. The last time we—"

"So what?" the reporter said. The redhead walked away.

Somebody had thrown a towel to the sparring partner who was alone in his corner drying his arms and chest. His face was wet and he was still breathing rapidly. Baldy was watching him too. "Name's Jimmy Rossi, he's a welterweight. Got possibilities," Baldy said to me. I said it looked that way to me too.

The man in the derby, still chewing his cigar, was talking to the Champ, giving him instructions. The Champ nodded steadily, staring at his gloves. The fellow in shirt sleeves straightened the Champ's head guard.

"They want to show off for the papers," said Baldy. "Watch this."

The bell sounded.

The boxers danced around each other, exchanging short, experimental lefts and rights. They kept it up for a while, ducking, twisting and showing off some clever footwork. The pace was fast and very soon the kid's breathing was audible all over the gym.

The redhead was talking quietly now to another reporter. The newspaperman listened dully, but the redhead seemed satisfied when he scribbled something on a piece of paper.

The Champ was boxing now, but he was pulling his punches and watching his sparring partner's lefts which were getting annoying even though they usually bounced off the head guard. The reporter that Red had just spoken to was disgusted. "He's a sucker for a left," he said. "He better learn how to keep away from them before he takes on the Nigger, or else."

"Okay, let 'er go!" called the man in the derby, taking the cigar out of his mouth. The Champ nodded. He pushed the kid away to arm's length and reached out with a straight, fast left. Rossi sidestepped to avoid the Champ's right which he saw coming and walked into a second left, a solid, well-timed blow that had the Champ's whole body behind it. It caught Rossi on the temple and shook him. The kid's arms relaxed and his legs wobbled.

The guy in the derby was shouting something, but you couldn't catch the words. The fans were making a terrific racket. A flash went off. Rossi picked himself up and the Champ ran over to help him. The photographers yelled to hold it. The Champ smiled, and there were more flashes.

Red was talking to the reporter again. "We got the damnedest job finding sparring partners," he said. "They're afraid they'll get killed. Last year when we were training for the Frenchman—"

Jimmy Rossi was on his feet now, massaging his neck. He went to his corner, picked up his towel and began to dry himself. I asked Baldy if he knew how much the kid got for the two rounds. He shrugged his shoulders. "Must have got ten bucks, sparring with the Champ," he said. "The others only pay two, three, five bucks, or nothing at all if they're broke."

The Champ was in his own corner again, rinsing his mouth. The gong rang and a fresh sparring partner climbed into the ring. He bowed all around. Jimmy Rossi climbed out of the ring.

Reprimand

"The trouble with you is you're lazy. You work shorter hours than practically anybody I've ever seen."

"Well—"

"Don't try to make excuses. You're supposed to work for a good long time, and what happens? Inside of five or ten minutes you knock off. And I've seen you do it not once but dozens of times too!"

"I know but—"

"Don't try to give me any arguments. I'm telling you you work the shortest hours of anybody in your business. The trouble with you, Joe Louis, is you win all your fights much too quickly!"

"Sparring partners for heavyweights get a lot more," Baldy continued. "Heavyweight fighters can afford to pay more. They muss up their partners more too."

I pushed my way through to the stairway and went up to the next floor. Ten or twelve young fellows were jumping rope and others were working out on punching bags and sand dummies. They all stopped when a bell sounded and wiped the sweat away. You could hear their slow, deep breathing while they rested. Another clang started them working again.

Jimmy Rossi was jumping too. He was taking it very easy, hopping slowly, not exerting himself. Baldy spoke to him during the rest period and Rossi nodded.

I was upstairs only a few minutes when the Champ himself came in, followed by reporters, photographers and a couple of dozen fans. Some of the fans had to go downstairs again because there wasn't enough room. The Champ started on a sandbag. He began slowly, then increased his speed and power. He got in close and bombarded the bag with furious hooks and uppercuts. The Champ hit from the shoulder, putting every ounce of weight and energy into it. I remembered Jimmy Rossi had been knocked down with that same punch. Sandbag or sparring partner, the Champ has to get into form.

I walked over to where Baldy was standing wiping the perspiration from his pink skull. I asked him what he thought of Rossi.

"Want to buy him?" asked Baldy.

I shrugged.

"Jimmy's got a future," Baldy said, "with that left of his. He's got a lot to learn, though. The whole trouble is, the beginners today, they don't have trainers worth a damn."

"You own Jimmy?" I asked.

"I know the guy who's got him signed up. Maybe we can do business." Baldy looked at me.

"Say," I said, "if Jimmy's that good why do they let him spar with the Middleweight Champ?"

"Why shouldn't a young boxer earn a little money sparring?" he asked. "Ten dollars for two rounds is nothing to sneeze at."

"How much do you think he earns a year, Baldy?" I asked.

Baldy was suspicious. "What's that got to do with buying the contract?" he wanted to know.

I laughed. "Say, forget the contract. I'm not in the market."

"Well," said Baldy, not completely convinced, "let's see. A kid like Jimmy only fights in small clubs. If he's lucky, maybe he gets a couple of fights at the Garden. I guess he must get twenty-five bucks for four rounds. If he shows up good and the crowds like him maybe he gets a hundred or a hundred fifty for six or eight rounds. That's about the most he can make a night."

"How often can he fight?" I asked.

"If he don't get hurt—well, maybe twenty times a year."

"So he's good for anywhere from five hundred to one thousand dollars a year," I said.

"Could be more, could be less," Baldy said.

"What's his manager's take?" I asked.

Baldy was indignant. "Not a cent. We don't take a damn cent from small-time boxers. If the kid ever gets anywhere we make real money. If not, we're out of luck."

The redhead was back again giving the dope to another reporter. "All we had to do was sign on the dotted line out there in Los Angeles," he was explaining. "We were getting fifty per cent of the gate. But when they offered a ten-thousand-dollar guaranty the Champ just laughed in their faces. The Champ wouldn't put on a pair of gloves for a guaranty less than twenty-five grand. The Champ told them he wasn't running no benefit."

"About as much as an elevator boy," I said to Baldy.

Red was talking again. "We done the right thing when we come east. There's dough in these parts." His eyes glittered. "If I only made what Joe Louis pays for income tax."

The Champ finished his workout and went downstairs again.

Baldy was beginning to get sore. "That's only the beginning, I tell you," he said emphatically. "My God, who don't know that a boxer's got a better chance to get in the dough than an elevator boy."

I turned to go, but just then Rossi walked up to us. He was sweaty and out of breath. He had a towel around his shoulders and he was still carrying his rope.

"Jimmy, I'd like you to meet a good friend of mine," said Baldy. "Jimmy Rossi, Mr.——"

I told him my name.

"Glad to meet you," Jimmy said. We shook hands and he went on downstairs to the showers. "See you later," he said.

I went downstairs too. Most of the crowd had left when the Champ finished his workout for the day. I sat down in a ringside seat and lit a cigarette. It was a good-sized gym. The rings took up only about a third of the floor space. The windows were two stories high and should have been enough to light the place, but it was gloomy as hell. The floodlights over each ring made the rest of the gym seem darker. Everything except the rings was grey and indistinct. Stale, bluish tobacco smoke hung in clouds, its odor mingling with that of massage oils and human sweat. You could hear feet scraping on the resined canvas and the ring platform creaking as the boxers sparred with one another. There was a vague undercurrent murmur of scraps of conversation, laughter and hoarse calls for this or that one to come to the phone. Every three minutes the gong sounded and other boxers would take their turns in the rings.

There was a boxer in the ring nearer me whom I was sure I had seen somewhere else. I watched him awhile and then I recalled that I had seen him box in the Garden a couple of years before. He was a light-heavy and not bad in his prime. I hadn't seen him in the meantime, and he'd gone downhill fast. There was a broad ring of fat above his trunks and his face was puffed and heavy. His opponent was a wiry young Negro boy who was boxing circles around him, landing one left jab after the other on his chin:

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Sparring Partner

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the old-timer's face was coloring up. He kept swinging after the Negro but he couldn't touch him. The boy kept out of reach. The old-timer was already beginning to breathe hard.

I saw somebody I knew coming out of the boss's office. He was one of the doctors hired by the New York State Athletic Commission. The reporters had evidently been waiting for him. "Everything O.K., gentlemen," he said. "If it were up to me the Champ could fight tomorrow. He's in fine condition, fine condition."

The round was over and the old-timer walked heavily back to his corner. He couldn't have been more than thirty. The colored boy was twenty-one at most. In ten years the Negro boy would be breathing hard too.

The old-timer leaned exhausted against the post in his corner while Lou, his trainer, dried him off. I knew Lou and I wondered what he was thinking of, training his has-been. When the gong sounded he pushed his man into the middle of the ring.

The doctor came over to me and sat down. He watched the sparring and I saw right away that he didn't like the looks of it. He was looking at the old timer's legs and they were awful. Grey-white colored, with the flesh all flabby and loose. Like the legs of a tottering old man. They seemed to quiver with every punch.

The doctor motioned Lou over. "I suppose you know he's got no license," he said. "What's he training for?"

"He's signed up for a bout somewhere in the Middle West."

"You mean he's letting himself be beat to a pulp for a lousy two hundred dollars. And the promoter collects a grand. The crowd pays because he once had a name. Nice going, Lou," the doctor said.

Lou said, "He has a wife and three kids."

"Another couple of fights and you'll take him to the hospital."

Lou glanced over at the ring and answered in a low voice, "What the hell can I do, Doc? You know me, you know I don't like it. But the poor guy's starving. When he was going good I was his trainer and made money. Now he asks me to train him for this fight. My God, I can't just tell him he's washed up. I'm not getting a nickel out of it, Doc—he can't even pay his rent. I gave him a five spot yesterday so he could feed his kids."

The doctor said nothing.

"Can you tell me what else to do, Doc?" said Lou. "It's no fun, you know, pushing a guy into the ring and saying, 'go on, fight,' when you know the guy can't fight and when you know he's scared as all hell."

Lou went back to the corner.

"Does the Commission revoke many licenses?" I asked.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "It's a nasty job, taking a license away from a man who doesn't realize he's burnt out," he answered. "Most fighters don't know when they're through."

We went to the little soft drink bar at the back of the gym and ordered orange drinks.

"Very few of them know when to quit," he repeated. "They wouldn't have the money even if they knew they were through."

Lou came up for a drink too. "Doc," he said, "I'll tell you what the whole trouble is. It's the women. It's the women makes these guys soft. Women and drink. It's not how much punishment you take in the ring, it's how you take your women and your liquor." Lou spoke in a tone of finality and conviction.

The doctor shook his head. "No, Lou, you're wrong," he said. "It's the punishment you take. Our heads weren't made to be punched at. Every time they're hit there are minor brain hemorrhages and that means pressure on the nerve centers. Everybody can take just so many punches, Lou. When you've had your quota, you're through."

"It was the women, Doc," Lou said. "The women softened him up." Lou didn't want any more argument so he walked away.

The doctor gulped his drink. "Trouble is, there's nothing a has-been fighter can do. At thirty he doesn't know anything but boxing and he can't box."

Jimmy Rossi was coming by, looking very sporty in a light grey suit and a blue tie. I stopped him and asked if he wanted something to drink. He ordered a glass of milk. The doctor looked at the clock. "You read too much about the few fighters who make good and not enough about the hundreds who go punch drunk," he said. He waved so-long and left.

Jimmy smiled. "There's plenty the old gent don't know about boxing," he said. "There's no law says you have to go slug nutty. If you know how to handle yourself you'll get along."

Jimmy finished the milk and we walked over to the row of chairs against the wall and sat down. I looked at him. Funny thing, I thought, he looks older than he did in the ring. His face—it looked years older than his body. You saw a fierce fixity of purpose in that face which made a mature person of him. Then I realized that all the fighters had that same hard look about them. It molded their mouths and sharpened their eyes and made them look tense and cruel, these kids.

Jimmy started to tell me about himself. He was twenty years old, came from a small town in Pennsylvania. He had boxed as an amateur for three years before he became a professional. Then he came to New York because there wasn't any real boxing in his home town. He didn't have any money, but he managed to get along. He boxed, earned a few dollars sparring and was broke pretty often.

"I don't really need so much," he said. "I live in a furnished room. My biggest expense is food. You got to eat if you want to box."

I asked him if things were looking up for him.

"All I want is a chance to show what I can do. The Champ is lousy and so is the challenger. I could run through the whole gang without working up a sweat if I had the chance."

"You got pounded around some today, though, Jimmy," I said.

Jimmy frowned. "That was only a lucky punch he hit me. The next time I spar with him just watch and see." The hard, drawn look was in his eyes again.

"When you get your chance, then what?"

"The rest is a cinch," he said. "In a year I'm World's Champion. Just watch."

I wanted to ask him if he believed any part of what he was saying. But he was very young and not too bright, so probably he did.

"Figure it out for yourself," he continued. "Who is there to stop me? They're only a bunch of bums." He got up to go.

Maybe he really could do it, I thought, after he had left. Maybe the twenty or so fighters who blocked his way to the Championship were as lousy as he said. Maybe he would be Champ in a year. Somebody would be the Champ; it could be Jimmy Rossi. . . . Well, it was none of my business. I got up.

The gym was nearly empty and only one ring was still in use. A few managers were still standing around, gabbing with Baldy. I walked the other way to look at the photographs of fighters which were hung along one wall of the gym at eye level. Each picture was autographed. One of the photos caught my eye. It was of a young boxer with a swell build, smiling confidently. He really had what it takes. I looked at the date on the picture. It was seven years old. Seven years ago the old-timer who had just taken a beating from the young Negro was a promising young boxer with the Championship just around the corner, I thought to myself.

Baldy came up to me. "Get you a good price on Rossi," he said. "How about it?"

I said I'd think it over. Baldy said O.K.

A reporter came out of the boss's office and looked around to see who was still in the gym. He walked toward me. "Come along and have a drink?" he said. We got as far as the door and I stopped.

"My God, in seven years."

"What's eating you?" he asked me.

"Just thinking," I said. "Get a story?"

"The Champ gave me an interview—exclusive. The same old publicity hooey. I'm fed up on it."

"You ought to try another angle some time," I said. "Interviews with a Champ are a dime a dozen. Interview a sparring partner."

"Did you say interview a sparring partner?"

"That's right. A second-rater. The guy who lets himself be smacked down for a couple of bucks."

The reporter looked at me suspiciously. "Sobstory stuff. I get it."

"No, not sob story stuff," I said. "Just facts and figures."

We started down the stairs to the street. I said, "Every time we read that a fighter has a record of thirty or forty K.O.'s it means that thirty or forty men have been knocked cold. How often do you think a man can stand being knocked out?"

"It's no good," said the reporter. "Nobody would be interested. The public likes success stories. It would never get past the desk, anyhow."

We were on Eighth Avenue now, walking downtown. We stopped in front of a bar. The reporter said:

"I was going to write novels once. I was going to stay in journalism just till I learned the ropes. You know how long I've been in it? Twenty years. And what do I write? Exclusive interviews with bums. You know what I am? Burnt out and punch drunk. Plenty punch drunk."

We went in. #

GRUMMAN F4F-3 HITS THE JAP'S EYE

Painting *by* Alexander Leydenfrost

One of a series of pictures which will depict the efforts of our armed forces in the War for Survival, this painting is based on the continuing battle from the Coral Sea to the Midway Islands. The Grumman F4F-3, bad news to the smoking Jap plane, is a single place fighter monoplane, now being constructed in quantity for the air division of our Navy. With a speed of more than 350 m.p.h., it holds its own with many land-based planes, climbs to a ceiling of 37,000 feet; is powered by a 1,250 h.p. twin-row air-cooled engine; takes off quickly, has a cruising range over 1,000 miles; carries 2 11-pound bombs and meets and destroys enemy planes with four 50-calibre machine guns. Experts rate it by far the world's fastest and most powerful fighter plane. The Mitsubishi or Jap Zero plane shown living up to its name is so-called because it was built at the end of a Japanese century (our 1940). As Jap pilots are compelled to crash-dive or otherwise destroy their planes, little has been known of the Zero's details and our own Army and Navy have not yet released the structural data they undoubtedly have.

CHAMPION MARJAN II

Color Photograph

by HENRY WAXMAN

The Taming of Red Thunder

Continued from page 40

and a pine tree. Maybe he's contemplating but it looks to me like sleep. It's a bit tough having a slug like Frank on one's hands but I'll put up with him as well as I can.

I've had some rotten luck. Nearly ten thousand dollars that I sank in the hide of a pedigree bull has gone native on me and lost itself in the back country. Getting him out is like pulling tar out of your hair. He's gored two horses and put one of my best men in the hospital but I'll beat the rascal if it's my last act.

Cissy

"P.S. Joe sends his best."

The temper of Cecilia had been short when she wrote that letter and it grew shorter as the days went by. To Frank Quigley they were flawless and beautiful, but Cecilia neither could sleep nor eat while the great red bull wandered through the hills. He was Grand Champion Horlock's Red Thunder and she had put in him a part of the profits of four years. Joe Langley had opposed the purchase, but to Cecilia the bull was a symbol of what she had accomplished on the soil and also of the greater future which was beginning to live in her imagination.

She showed her unhappiness this morning by saying: "There's Alec again, out there smashing things. I wish you'd take him to the butcher, Joe."

From the direction of the barn came a steady groaning and screeching of timbers. Langley finished off his coffee and wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. He went to the door and stood with arms akimbo. A life in the saddle had bowed his legs and the blue jeans fitted them all too accurately.

"Yeah, it's that damned Alec!" he said. "He's pretty near got the fence down again. Give him a call. He won't pay no attention to me."

She lifted her head and whistled the frown from her forehead. In that instant the Cecilia of the Circle C was replaced by someone far more familiar to Frank Quigley.

"Mosshaven," he murmured.

"Well, Alec heard you, all right," said Langley at the door. "I'd take him to the butcher right now except that we've got to put the day in on Red."

"What did you say about Mosshaven?" asked the girl.

"You looked like the old days, just then," said Frank. "When you whistled and smiled . . . Mosshaven, and the rocks, and the sea."

"That looney steer is trying to come to you," complained Langley. "The fool's trying to break down the fence."

"Shall I go let him out?" asked Frank.

Langley turned and pushed back his hat. "You ain't afraid of them horns?" he asked.

"No, we get on together," said Frank.

He rose, and walked out toward the corral, where a mountainous brindle steer with a foolish white face had pushed his head between the second and third bars of the fence and was leaning his weight towards the house and Cecilia. Alec, four years ago, had been a knock-kneed orphan that Cecilia had raised by hand until he followed her like a dog and came to her call from as far as her voice could carry. Under such cherishing as she gave him, Alec waxed into a prodigy of bone and flesh. He was as tall as a moose; his horns had the spread of a hammock. There was no malice in Alec but he was continually inspired by an appetite as huge as his body. He never used his horns to demolish the fences separating him from the grass beyond, but before the leaning tower of his bulk they sank to the earth, groaning.

The fence was beginning to sag when Frank opened the corral gate and called. Alec came towards him with a splay-footed amble. During several of the preceding days, Frank had shared the shade of the same tree with Alec, and they were friends. Now the great steer permitted himself to be held by the ear until the gate was closed, after which Frank hoisted himself up and sat at ease between the horns. It did not occur to him that this was spectacular; it was merely a device for saving a number of steps back to the ranch house. Both Langley and Cecilia stood in the doorway as he slipped to the ground and dusted his trousers while Alec tried to lick the hat from the head of his mistress.

"You worthless," she scolded, putting her gloved hand on the beaded wet of his nose. "I've got nothing for you."

"He would eat the rest of that loaf of bread, I believe," Frank suggested.

"Eat *what?*" cried Cecilia.

"A steer eat bread?" scoffed Langley. "Are you looney?"

Frank brought out the loaf and offered it. Alec blew out the humid sweetness of his breath upon it, then engulfed it; the stale crust crackled for an instant, then the bolus slid down the throat into the vast interior caverns.

"Now, how would *you* know the fool would eat bread?" swallowed Langley.

"He has shared my lunch on several occasions," explained Frank.

"Maybe you've got a way with beef," said Langley with a half smile on a face so stained and weather-toughened that it could give way only slightly to the emotions. "You ought to come along today and watch us work out on Red. We've got Pedro Mendoza to head up the show."

"Have you a gentle horse?" asked Frank lamely.

A shadow passed across the eyes of Cecilia. She turned away with a shrug and he knew that he had dropped through dark leagues and leagues of contempt. But he was rather afraid of horses and he rarely chose to lie. It was too much trouble, afterwards. But to be despised by Cecilia made him surprisingly unhappy.

"You find me rather a ratty fellow," he said to her.

"Don't be silly, Frank," she answered. "It's only that you're a city mouse."

So the city mouse was given a safe mount and rode out with the others to find Red Thunder. The country from a distance had seemed very large but to ride among the hills magnified everything; it was like seeing the waves from the deck of a liner as against rowing among them in a skiff. There were hollows of withering heat and stillness and heights that held him up like the shoulders of Atlas. He had imagined men galloping down the steeps and along the dizzy edges of nothingness; instead, this group went at a walk or a dog trot all the way.

Mendoza was the focal point, the *pièce de résistance*, of this expedition which Langley swore would succeed where so many others had failed. They had tried to snag Red Thunder with ordinary light forty-foot ropes before, but Mendoza brought along twenty yards of rawhide lariat, which was as supple as quicksilver. This Mendoza was powerful and chunky, with a big-nosed, Indian face. He had spurs and when his horse stumbled he used them to draw blood. Frank drew away from him with a feeling that he had fallen a little too deeply into the Dark Ages and needed a return to the light.

When they got into the "back country" where live oaks reached hands to one another and brush clawed at their legs, Frank understood why it was so hard to get at Red Thunder.

"Hai!" suddenly called Cissy at his side. "They've found the sign of Red!"

The track was not hard even for Frank to follow. In a moist hollow the footprints of Red had been driven into the ground as though by a piledriver and they looked as big as the flat of his two hands. They strung out, Mendoza in the lead, then Langley, then the girl, then the three cowhands, with Frank at the rear. Now and then Mendoza lost the trail but he always found it again in a moment and led them on.

Red Thunder did not wait to be routed from some thicket. As they went up a gulley, a patch of sunshine among the trees, a somewhat redder patch than usual, turned suddenly into a charging future. It seemed to Frank more in the air than on the ground, like a rampant figure on a coat of arms. There was about a ton of him placed as close to the ground as possible and driven by high octane hatred of all things human. The apparition was aiming directly at Frank, and his cowpony at once went to another place. By the time Frank got him headed around, there was no sight of the bull or the hunters; but a thin cloud of dust was traveling above the brush and beyond the nearer trees. The roar of Red Thunder filled the hills.

Just then the whole cortege plunged from the woods into the open. Two of the horses were carrying double. The great Mendoza himself sat behind the saddle of Cecilia, embracing her with much determination. And Joe Langley was up behind one of his men. Behind them the bellow of Red Thunder repossessed the wilderness.

They retreated slowly down the gorge, because Mendoza had to be persuaded against taking a rifle and going back to say the last word to Red. It appeared that his rawhide lariat had been left gripping the horns of the bull. Parted from his rope, the Mexican was as a man whose soul is lost.

At dinner that night, Langley said calmly: "Turn that bull into dog meat, Cissy. We'll never get him out of that jungle; and what's the use throwing good horses after bad bulls?" This sally touched his funny bone and he chuckled.

Cecilia stood up from the table whole inches taller than her height. "I'll have him out or *die*," she declared, and flung into her room.

Frank was tired enough to fall asleep without undressing, but he woke up before midnight with the white of the moon in his eyes and a strange cold sense of fear in his soul. There had been an event on this day, he realized, that had

Continued on page 98

The Saluki

CHAMPION MARJAN II owned by Mrs. Michael E. Paterno. The royal dog of Egypt is thought to be the oldest of domesticated dogs. He was considered sacred. This was an ingenious way of getting around the Mohammedan religion which classes the dog as unclean. He was never sold or allowed to leave his native haunts. And as proof of his enviable social position he was allowed to sleep in the Sheik's tent. The Arab chiefs improved the breed with care and thought, and so after many centuries the Saluki bears a marked resemblance to his forbears. The spotlight was first thrown on the Egyptian dog in 1845 upon the importation to England of a beautiful Arabian bitch from the kennels of Prince Abdulla in Transjordania. The Saluki's speed remains unchallenged—he was used to hunt gazelle and today is raced in England and on the continent. Clean cut grace, symmetry of form and an expression of old-world dignity and infinite gentleness describe the Saluki. There is something quite remote about him—a romantic feeling that he may be an Arabian Prince visiting this world incognito.

—CHASE HERENDEEN

The Taming of Red Thunder

Continued from pages 40-97

gone through him like an arrow fresh from the string. It was not the terrible charge of the bull, he decided; it was rather the passion of Cecilia. The red bull, he began to see, was more than mere flesh and blood to her. It spelled four years of victory or defeat, and she had the soul of a conqueror.

After a while he got up. The muscles on the inside of his thighs were sore. He was very glad that he was not Joe Langley with the need of facing Cissy in the morning. Perhaps it was the need of friendliness that drove him out to the pasture. Alec was lying down, but it was not hard to identify him. Flat on his belly he was almost as tall as the heifers which still grazed in the moonlight. A thought came to Frank.

He went into the barn, found Joe Langley's saddle, and took the neatly coiled rope which was tied by the cantle. Then he returned to the field and took Alec by the ear. When the rope was noosed securely around his horns, he allowed himself to be led placidly up among the hills. Each heave and swaying of the live oaks startled Frank with the thought of Red Thunder rushing on him from behind.

He had come to the edge of a clearing, and at the top of the rise appeared the unmistakable silhouette of Red Thunder himself, offering the authentic challenge that sounded right before him and seemed to engulf the world. In the near distance, some of the cows gathered under his protection lay close to a thicket, but the bull stood on the hilltop pawing the ground and booming insults at the moon. From his horns, sleeked with moonshine, ran the thin streak of the rawhide lariat.

To the end of the trailing rawhide was only ten steps for Frank and he made them, though they were like ten strides along the edge of a cliff. He carried with him the rope which was fastened to the head of Alec, and kneeling on the dead grass he started tying the knot which would join the two lengths. The rawhide like a living snake slipped and avoided the knot. Then something began to bawl loudly, pitifully. It was one of the wild heifers, which had started to its feet at the sight of man, the universal danger. The bellowing of the red bull suddenly grew louder. Frank, looking up, saw the big fellow facing toward him from the crest and lowering his horns for the charge. He took one last pull at the ropes, then fled. He bounded into the first wide forking of an oak, and was still climbing when he heard the sock of a great impact.

He had not been the target in the eyes of the bull. Instead, Red had locked horns with Alec. The shock slewed them around so that there was no advantage in the slope for Red. That low-flowing strength of his kept urging and pouring against the steer. A rage for destruction was in him; the moonlight trembled on his silken hide; but Alec, leaning steadfast against his attack, seemed hardly more interested than when he put his weight against the corral fence and yearned toward the sweeter grasses of a neighboring field.

Now Red Thunder bellowed mightily. The greatness of that sound seemed to shake the branch on which Frank was sitting. For half an hour without moving hoof the two strained until the delicate hide of the bull was drenched with water. The foolish cows drifted nearer and stared. Sometimes one of them would lower her head and make threatening gestures with her horns, right and left, showing a mild desire for combat.

Frank lighted a cigarette and relaxed. Even the wind seemed to be pausing to watch. The hush spread until he could hear the breathing of the great beasts. The bull made the first move. He slipped his horns out of lock, swerved aside, and reached for the flank of Alec with an upward thrust. He might as well have tried to pass a phalanx of leveled spears as the enormous armament of Alec. No malice on the part of the steer but Red's own furious lunge caused the point of one of those spears to gash open his neck and shoulders. Once more they were head to head. The minutes passed. The cows came closer. Frank was on his fourth cigarette when Red Thunder bellowed, a new, lamentable note, and slipped to his knees. The weight of Alec still crushed down upon him from a strategic height. He regained his feet with a mighty effort and stood a yard or two away, roaring his rage, tearing up grass and earth.

Alec took this opportunity to withdraw in the direction of the Circle C corrals, far away. He came to the hundred foot end of the rope. Against the restraint of it he leaned, patiently, persistently, without malice. The double rope grew taut. It made a dull sound like a loosened violin string vibrating out of all key.

Frank climbed down the tree.

* * *

The dew was once more black on the corral dust when Cecilia hustled the breakfast onto the table, bringing with her the smoke of fried steak and potatoes from the kitchen. Joe Langley, tilted back in his chair, was waiting at the table but there was no sign of Frank Quigley.

Cecilia went to the closed door, rattled the knob, and called. "He's gone," she said. She pushed the door open.

"Gone?" said Langley. "Now, where would that fool of taken himself to?"

"What makes you so sure he's a fool?" asked Cecilia, still with her back turned.

Langley lifted his head. There was something in the tone of Cecilia that he never had heard before but before he could make an analysis another sound came wavering and booming from the direction of the corral.

Cecilia got to the door first. The rising sun threw a dazzle into her eyes, but then she saw Red Thunder standing at the open corral gate. His head down, he was braced against a taut line the other end of which connected with the horns of Alec and on the back of Alec, sitting sidewise and smoking a cigarette, was Frank Quigley. Red Thunder presently gave way. Staggering drunkenly, he reeled through the gate and stood with his head hanging down, down until his breath raised the dust into a little cloud.

Later on this day Frank read aloud to Cecilia the letter he was writing to Harter.

"Cecilia feels that four years on the soil and a net of over ten thousand dollars prove that she is not effete and now she thinks of coming home, if you agree. Besides, she can sell this place to advantage. Her chief regret is in leaving Alec but perhaps a place can be found for him near New York."

He looked up from the letter. "Do you think that says it?" he asked.

"I suppose so," she answered. "Though he may wonder who Alec is . . ."

"Well, I suppose I better be going," said Joe, pushing back his chair noisily.

He made further noise as he closed the door but the two seemed quite unaware of him.

"You're daydreaming," said Cecilia. "What are you thinking of? Mosshaven?"

"No, not at all," said Frank, startled from his thoughts.

"What is it, then?" she insisted.

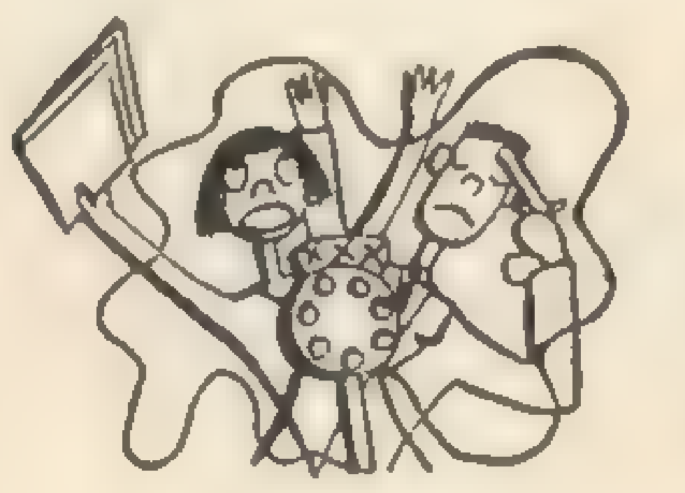
"You'll think I'm frightfully silly," he told her.

"I'll *never* think you're silly," said Cecilia.

No Extra Charge

Shrewd cutting and modern streamlining methods enable us to give you a whole week of a popular Monday-through-Friday radio serial on a small part of this page. Here you are, ladies and gents—five fifteen-minute broadcasts, seventy-five minutes of the Problems of Gertrude Dawson, boiled down to practically nothing—or even less:

Monday



GERTRUDE: Phew! That was a narrow escape! Things looked bad!

BILL: (her husband) I'll say they did! Now I guess I can tell you, dear. I'm going to be fired from my job.

GERTRUDE: Bill! That means we're ruined!

Tuesday

BILL: I've got good news, Gertrude. The boss changed his mind. He's keeping me and giving me a raise for swinging that Hutchings deal.

GERTRUDE: Oh, wonderful! But prepare for a shock, Bill. Junior's got double pneumonia.

Wednesday

GERTRUDE: Things look better, Bill. Doctor Williams made the wrong diagnosis. Junior just swallowed a piece of string.

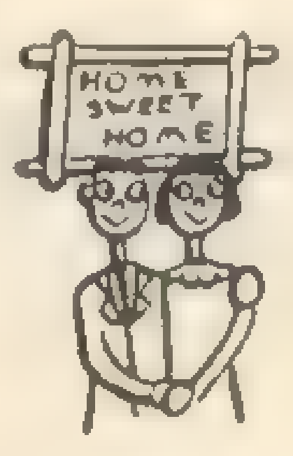
BILL: Fine! But there's been something on my mind, Gertrude. To put it bluntly, I'm in love with Jane Fuller, and I want you to give me a divorce so we can be married.

GERTRUDE: Oh Bill, I can't believe it!

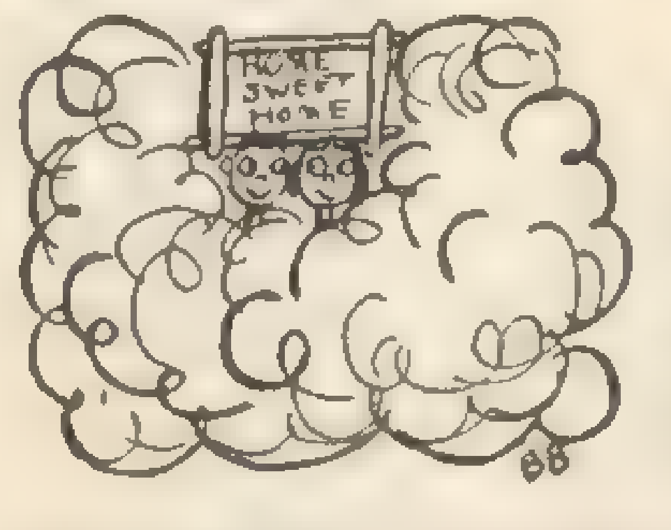
Thursday

BILL: I've changed my mind about Jane, dear. We've pfft. Can you forgive me?

GERTRUDE: Of course, Bill. We've a more serious problem to face. I'm about to be arrested on the charge of going to Ralph Bolton's apartment and murdering him.



Friday

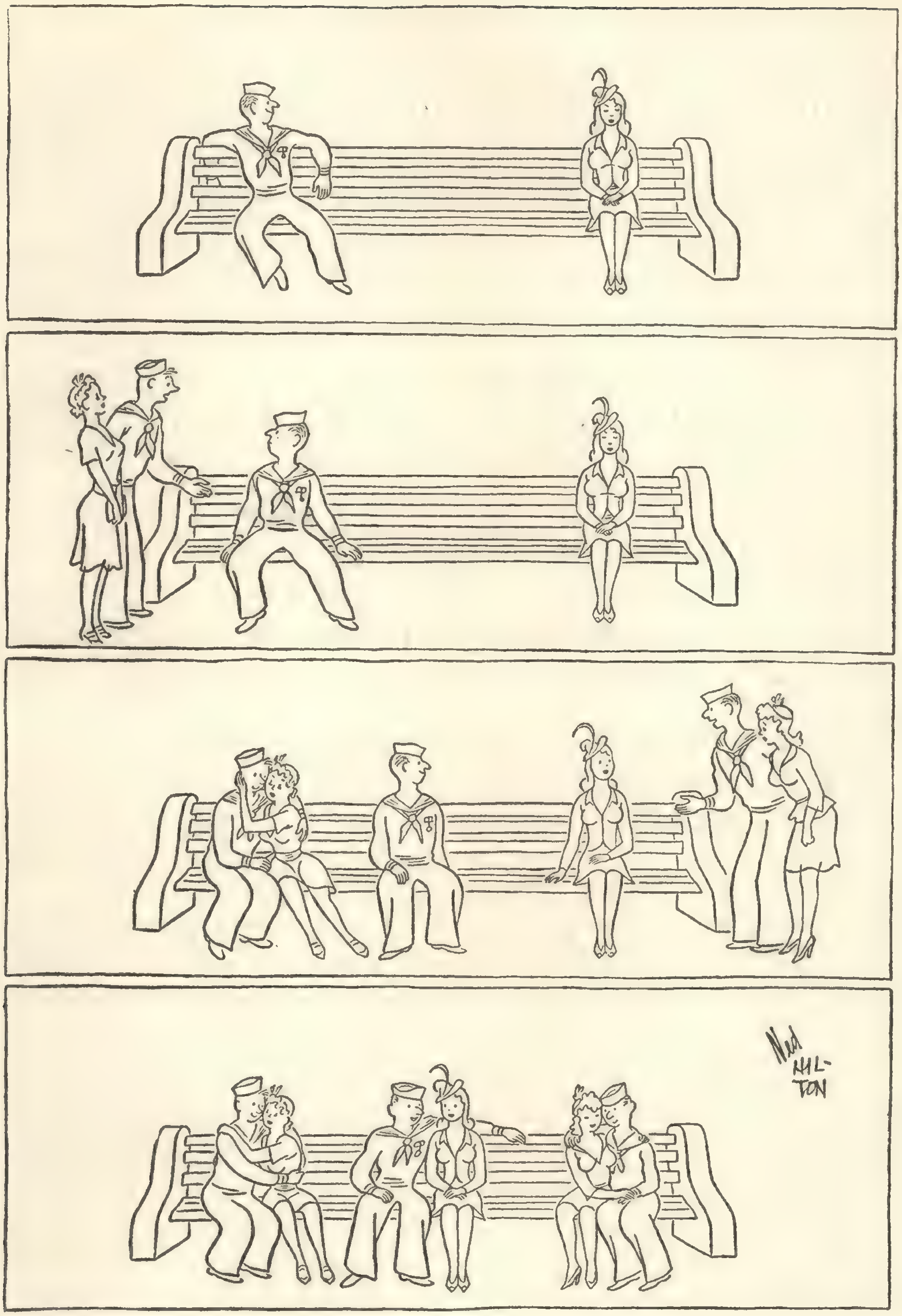


GERTRUDE: Thank goodness that terrible Shrader woman confessed to shooting Bolton! Our troubles are over.

BILL: That they are—practically. Don't look now, dear, but the house is on fire.

Next Week: Perjury, lockjaw, blackmail, robberies, bubonic plague, foreclosures and suicide notes.

—PARKE CUMMINGS


Ned HIL-TON

Playing Fields of Eton

Continued from page 24

disaster after disaster, bloody and needless, and just so long will war —major war—survive. In other words, the very worst attitude for waging war, or preventing it, is the sporting one, and the sporting nations, which is practically synonymous with saying the democratic ones, until they learn to think clearly and render unto Caesar what is Caesar's, and unto God what is God's, will continue to wake up with black eyes and bloody nose, wondering what hit them. One might just as well be sporting about cholera or yellow fever. A surgeon might just as well be sporting about a major operation.

Thank goodness the English and American navies, being professional bodies and sailors, have never taken the Duke, nor Mr. Bryan, very seriously and have always known that victories were won by seamanship and gunnery and not by badminton. And where they have gone wrong, it has been usually on the Duke's theory of "the better preparatory schools."

To begin with, Waterloo wasn't won on the playing fields of Eton, or Harrow, either. As a matter of fact, it wasn't won by the English at all. The English had only about thirty thousand troops on the field, badly disposed, and the Etonians, as we all know, and this is no criticism of a great school, were dancing in Brussels the night before when they were ordered much against their wills back to their posts. Waterloo was won, and in the nick of time, by a Marshal named Blücher and a hundred thousand or so flatfooted German peasants who had never heard of Eton or cricket. In reality, it wasn't won by anybody; it was lost by the mistakes of Napoleon. Furthermore, the Duke, forgetting his previous remark, stated some time later that the English army was composed of "the dregs and scourings of the English gaols," which was probably fairly near the truth considering the recruiting system then in vogue.

"Some dregs!" to take a leaf from the notebook of a modern and greater Englishman.

War is a grim, scientific, professional concentrated business that takes years to learn, especially where officers are concerned, and it always has been even during the interim when "the old-armor club" was charging up and down the world under the rules, extremely elastic, of so-called chivalry. So far as that goes, "the old-armor club" was chivalric only to its fellow members anyhow, if then, and the rank and file which had never been to the nicer schools for esquires, didn't count. Meanwhile, it took seven years to make an English long-bowman, and he was supposed to keep three arrows in the air at a time, two of them deadly, or else he was sent back to the Service of Supplies. While as for "the old-armor club" itself, its members had been trained to fighting from boyhood. War has nothing to do with sport, neither the participation in sport, nor the watching of sport, nor the attitude of sportsmen, nor the peculiar virtues sport is supposed to inculcate. War knows neither ground-rules nor compunction, at least, not until the end is accomplished. And this is war as it is being fought by our present enemies and as it has been fought, under one guise or another, all through history.

For a little while, for a couple of centuries, war became a question of small professional armies, and punctilio, and dynastic quarrels which affected the average citizen comparatively little. Generals doffed their plumed hats, as at Fontenoy, and said, "Gentlemen, fire first"—which, when you analyze it, was a pretty smart and dirty trick (not accepted) considering the time it took to re-load in those days—and even in a war as fierce and protracted and un-Lucius Beebe-like as our War of the Revolution, Washington dined the English staff after the surrender of Yorktown. But before that there had been a Hundred Years' War when the population of Germany was reduced fifty per cent and those left ran naked in the bushes and lived on roots, and a Thirty Years' War, to mention only the longest, and before these had been the Romans and everybody else. Marius, the Roman, trapped and killed in two days of ceaseless slaughter thousands of barbarians, all he could catch of two complete German tribes, man, woman and child, the Cimbri and Teutones, and left a narrow valley in Southern France that even to this day is known as "the Field of the Bad Earth." A year later, near Turin, he caught the rest and completed the job. The Cimbri and Teutones had been bothering the Romans for a long while and had defeated two Roman armies.

Football Definitions

Triple Threat: *A back who can run, kick and pass his entrance exams.*

Genius: *Your coach when the team trims Blissful State 7-6.*

Half-witted Dope: *Your coach when Blissful State trims your team 7-6.*

Power Play: *Refusing to contribute that new $500,000 gym unless the A.A. kicks in with a couple of seats on the fifty-yard line for the big game.*

Balanced Line: *The chatter your girl friend hands you when she's gunning for an invite to the game.*

Loss: *What your pa's bankroll is thrown for if you give her the invitation.*

I am not advocating such horrors. Far from it, I am deprecating them and trying to point out how they can be avoided. I trust I am a civilized man. I am merely stating what war historically is, and am adding that our present enemies, having studied not only war, but "total war," have come full-circle and, allowing for minor surface differences, are making it that way again. The smart uniforms of the German staff and the fact that the German aristocrat now bathes at least twice a week, didn't help the Poles a bit. And, make no mistake, "total war" means just what it says.

It means that with the declaration of war every inhabitant of the country attacked, male or female, young or old, is, automatically and instantly, in one way or another enlisted for the duration, and that so far as thinking about it is concerned, it means a twenty-four hour a day job, to which business, recreation and even love making are subsidiary, although naturally to be conducted within reasonable limits. Modern war ranges all the way from making faces at your enemy and queer noises to disconcert him, up to the latest inventions. The gongs, stink-pots and hideous masks of the ancient Chinese warrior bear a striking resemblance to the speeches of Herr Goebbels and his master, to their short-waves, to the editorials of Virginio Gayda (strangely silent lately), to the war communiques of Tokio, and to screaming dive-bombers. War is no longer defined in terms of battles and campaigns alone, it is defined as "producing in the minds of your enemy, by every possible means, the mood of surrender." Think that over the next time you want to say something silly. Also think it over when you criticize the English. By their "mood" the English have defeated "total war" at its base. Also, have no further illusions. "Total war," if you are defeated, means perpetual enslavement, even should you escape rape, death or imprisonment. It is not tennis. As for Pearl Harbor, although it served its tragic purpose at the cost of numerous American lives of making the American fighting mad, it would not have happened if our Congressmen and Senators, also some newspaper owners, also a number of business men and others, also the majority of the American people, had ever read anything in their lives except the sporting pages of their local dailies, and election returns, and market reports.

What did they expect? Someone to blow a whistle?

War, any form of it, has always been based upon unlimited surprise and deception. There are no rules against clipping or illegal forward passing, or about not talking to your opponent when he is teeing off.

So far as I am concerned, I can think of no form of sport which prepares a nation for war, or helps a nation fight it, except possibly bridge, which is the most cantankerous and cold-blooded game known, or the lower forms of roque as played by irascible and unscrupulous old gentlemen when their opponents aren't looking. Let me indulge in a simple and personal example.

I weigh around a hundred and thirty-five pounds and am not as young as I once was, but if tomorrow the Notre Dame team will line up according to the rules and I, single-handed, can do what I want, I'll score a touchdown. One of the things I could do would be to win the toss by a fake coin, walk back slowly two hundred yards, and then, circling the outside of the stadium, run like hell and lay the ball behind the Notre Dame goal while the Notre Dame team was still in the middle of the field. After that, of course, things would be different—or at least should be.

The nations still deceived by protocol, are likely to fall into two fallacies; they always expect the barbarians to play by the rules and when they don't, and so inevitably score the first touchdown, the civilized nations think the barbarians are geniuses. The barbarians aren't geniuses, at least, no more than anybody else, they simply don't play by the rules. Magic works by the same principles; both sleight of hand and West African. But once analyzed, it's comparatively simple.

Meanwhile, in an uncertain world one thing remains certain; in times of crisis the first thing every American does is to make or answer a questionnaire. One of the most popular since December 7 has been along the lines I've been discussing. Editorials have been written, major pronouncements have been made, and at times controversy has been bitter. Does sport prepare you for war?

The French were a magnificent warrior race for around a thousand years when their only idea of sport was love, shooting larks, and boxing with the feet. Since 1900 they have taken their place in games of all kinds, but that didn't hurt them any in 1914 or help them any in 1940. The Serbian peasant knows little of squash racquets, but he seems to be a fairly hardy fellow. Instead of watching baseball games, the ordinary Russian for the last four years has been learning guerrilla warfare. On the other hand, I can imagine no better preparation for guerrilla warfare, that is mentally and morally, than steady attendance at Ebbett's Field, Brooklyn, if you happen to be a Dodger fan. And so it goes.

As a prelude to the warlike mood I know nothing to beat the Olympic Games.

I am still firmly convinced, and I think history bears me out, that the democratic soldier, once aroused and properly trained, given at all equal odds, is a far better bitter-end man than the soldier of a tyrant, and that in the meantime in any unexpected event that requires fast thinking, he's a far more intelligent one. And that goes for the Chinese soldier and civilian, the Dutch soldier and civilian, the Norwegian, and the French, when they have another chance, and all our team mates, including the Russian who, whatever we may think, is sure he's a democrat, although of a special variety, with all that a free man has to fight for. In any case, regard the attitude of the present Russian army and its capacity compared with the Russian army of the Czar.

But what has all this to do with sport? Isn't it merely saying that a free man is a brighter man than a slave, and that the average American is brighter in what counts than the average German, which seems to be true. Watch for it again. In 1918 the German army, millions strong, two months after smashing successes, surrendered with not an enemy foot on their soil. Never before in the history of the human race has such a thing occurred. No wonder Hitler cannot forget it. But sooner or later blood does tell and why one is fighting.

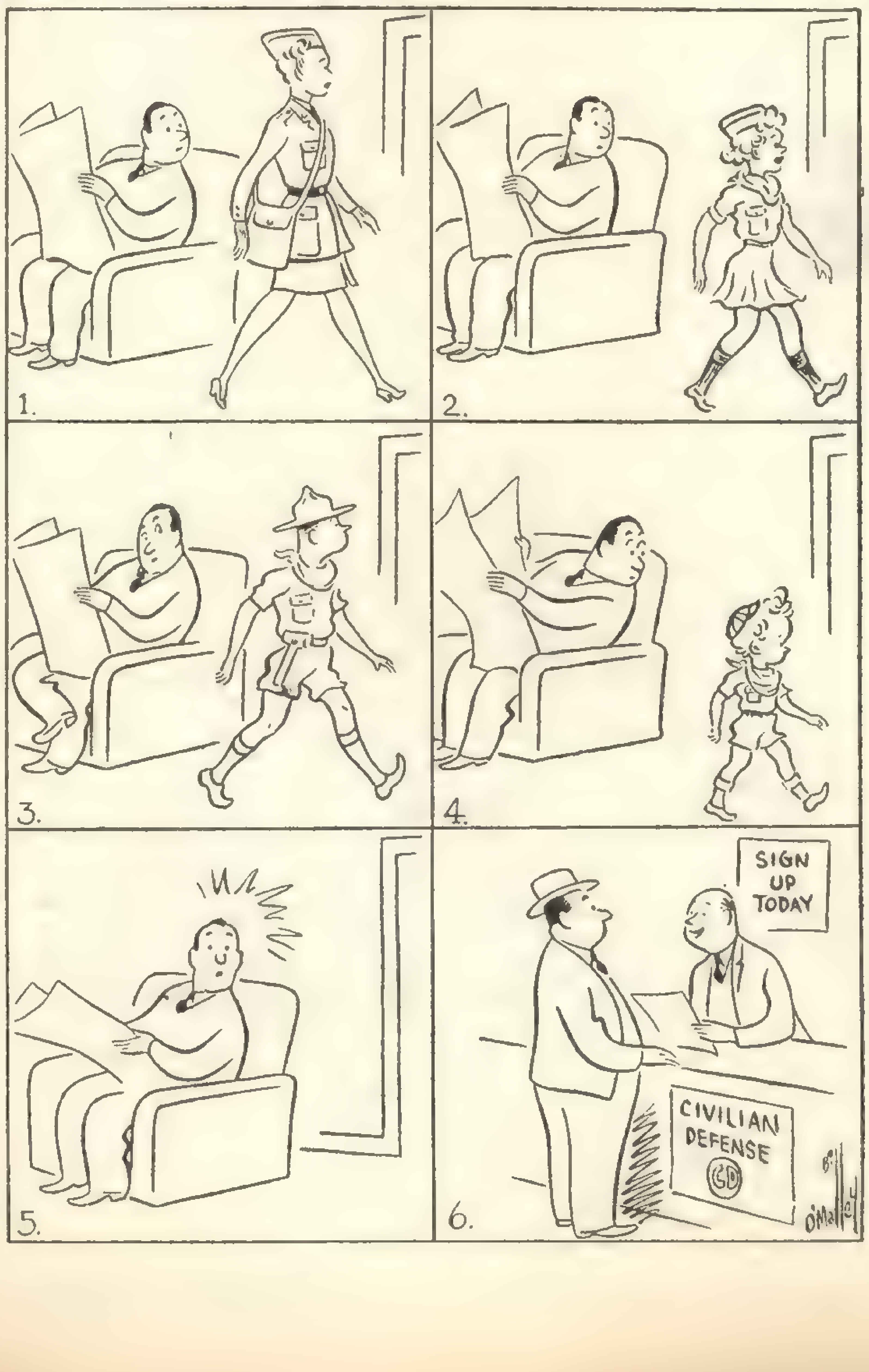
Courage is also a fairly constant factor, particularly in time of danger, on the part of those nations which possess it, and most of them do, and it is not necessary to add that in saying this I am not minimizing the magnificent courage now being displayed by human beings everywhere. To think so would be to insult both me and them. I am merely pointing to the fact that there is an extraordinary amount of courage. The insects possess it, wild animals possess it, and so do domestic animals when not fooled by the duplicity of man. Mothers possess it, incredibly, and hardly any of them have played football. Have you ever watched a mother quail, or a mother duck, or even a mother divorcée?

Once more, sport is sport and war is war, and courage is courage, and imagination is imagination, just as dancing the rumba is dancing the rumba and not a bayonet charge—at least, it shouldn't be. And now it is time for me to clear my skirts.

Sport is a fine thing, a real sportsman is a fine fellow, the code and ethics of sportsmanship are magnificent and necessary and increasingly necessary for civilized living, and I've had more than the ordinary opportunities for observation. Not only did I attend two great sporting universities, but I also went for a year to another, the University of Munich, where I learned what sportsmanship was not. Moreover, for some reason still mysterious to myself, I have lived half my life in sporting communities—fox-hunting countries, golf centers—and for fifteen years I was a dude-wrangler and not only outfitted "the dude," but at times went out with him and watched him in snow, rain and freeze. Moreover, in my own singularly inept way, I have participated in practically every form of sport known from big game shooting to charades. But that's not all. Many's the day I've sat in the grandstands, rain running down my nose, watching my favorite team lose, for my own ineptness seems often to affect those I particularly favor.

Perhaps my only concern would be over the increasing Prussianization of modern sport and, in some instances, its Nazi venality. I don't think even the Duke of Wellington would consider a championship university football team in which all the players were paid, and the single students struck because the married ones were getting more money, exactly cricket, but that's another story, and outside of minor animadversions of the kind, which I will leave to Mr. John Tunis—and more strength to him—on the whole I am profoundly glad that I belong to a nation of sportsmen if for no other reason than when you are flat on your back the chances are at least even that no one will kick you in the stomach. Only I wish, and it isn't in war alone, that sportsmen and sporting nations wouldn't take their sport quite so seriously. It's supposed to be recreation. And there's one question I haven't seen asked in any of the questionnaires; it has to do with the intellect.

Brains are as necessary in war as in peace, and in both they are extremely necessary. War requires the highest forms of intelligence and imagination—so does peace. I see no reason in the world why in time of war soldiers and civilians shouldn't watch or play any game they want so long as it does not detract from the main business on hand, any more than I see why they shouldn't go to the theatre. Both are equally important and equally unimportant. All war and no play makes Jack, if not a dull boy, certainly a nervous one. But there are several very important immediate problems, and at the moment they are paramount even to the box scores of the Yankees. Everyone, it seems to me, should be thinking about them, dreaming about them, going to sleep with them and waking up with them.



The first is, how shall we end this present war. The second is, how will we prevent one like it ever happening again. And the third, which is directly connected with the second, is, what will we do with the peace when we have it again.

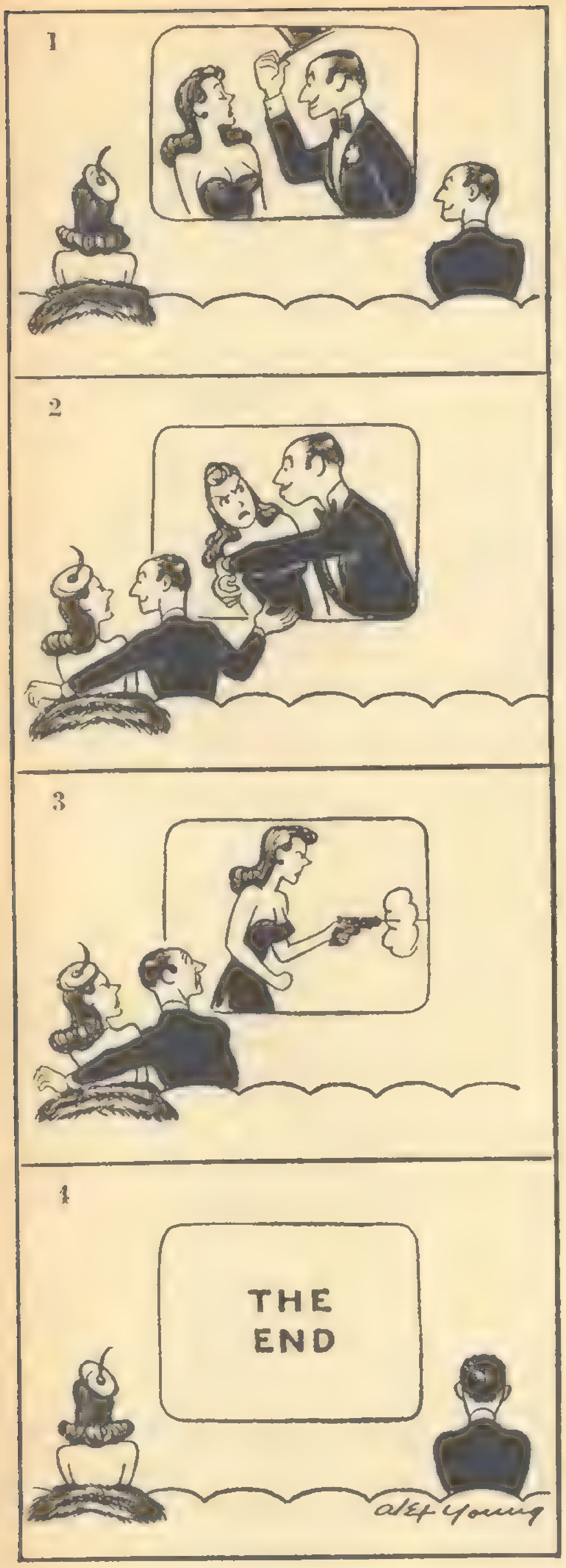
We Americans are a magnificent people; our inevitable allies, the English—and they're bound to be, and always have been, and it's good—are too. Between us we're a lithe, vital, imaginative, blue-eyed (or any other color you want) folk; super-mechanics, inarticulate poets, superb aviators, excellent businessmen, and our women have beautiful legs. But neither of us have ever been distinguished for logic or the ability to put two and two together, a simple mathematical proposition upon which is based all vision, all common sense, life insurance, the getting out of the way of an approaching automobile, and the typical American family—a boy and a girl. But now we have to put two and two together if we are to survive, and I think I know a few of the answers. The first answer that is vital to each one of us is constant thought, concentration, eager and fierce unity of intention and action at the moment and for the duration. Universal service and preparedness from now on, seems to be the second. Just as soon as possible, entire and lasting alliance with all those who speak our tongue or who understand our way of thinking, and as time goes on with all those who wish to understand it, seems to be the third.

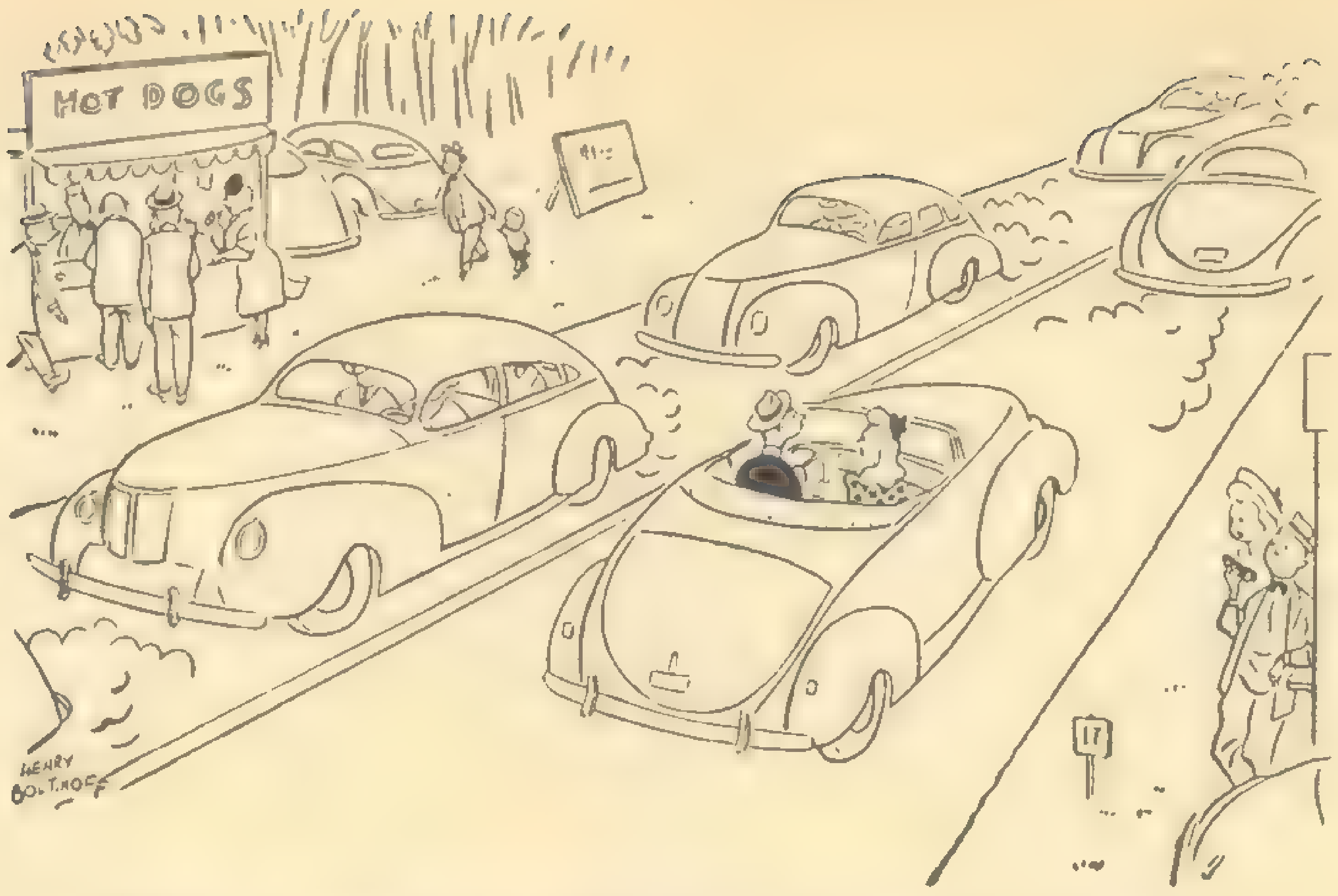
I see nothing to prevent the consummation of this simple common sense except certain recently and apparently temporarily converted isolationists and a few of our more oblivious sportsmen. That is, except for the time being, the Germans, of course, the Japanese and, in a wistful sort of way, the Italians.

Democratic armies and navies do not make for war, they make for peace. In this modern world only isolationism, politics and stupidity make for war. The most convinced pacifists I know, but the most expert fighters, are the professional soldiers and sailors of a democracy—they know what war is.

One might just as well accuse scientists engaged in preventive medicine of advocating disease. For the last hundred years most thinking Englishmen and Americans have advocated an English-speaking alliance; the circle has now widened to all those, democrats or otherwise, who wish peace, decency and progress. Nor is this anything high-handed, or interfering, or imperialistic. No one thinks the New York police force high-handed, or imperialistic or interfering. As for the necessity at the moment of fierce unity and concentration, that goes without saying.

Meanwhile, golf, grand and dour and chastening, and even devastating game as it is, except in its place, won't help a bit. ⫲



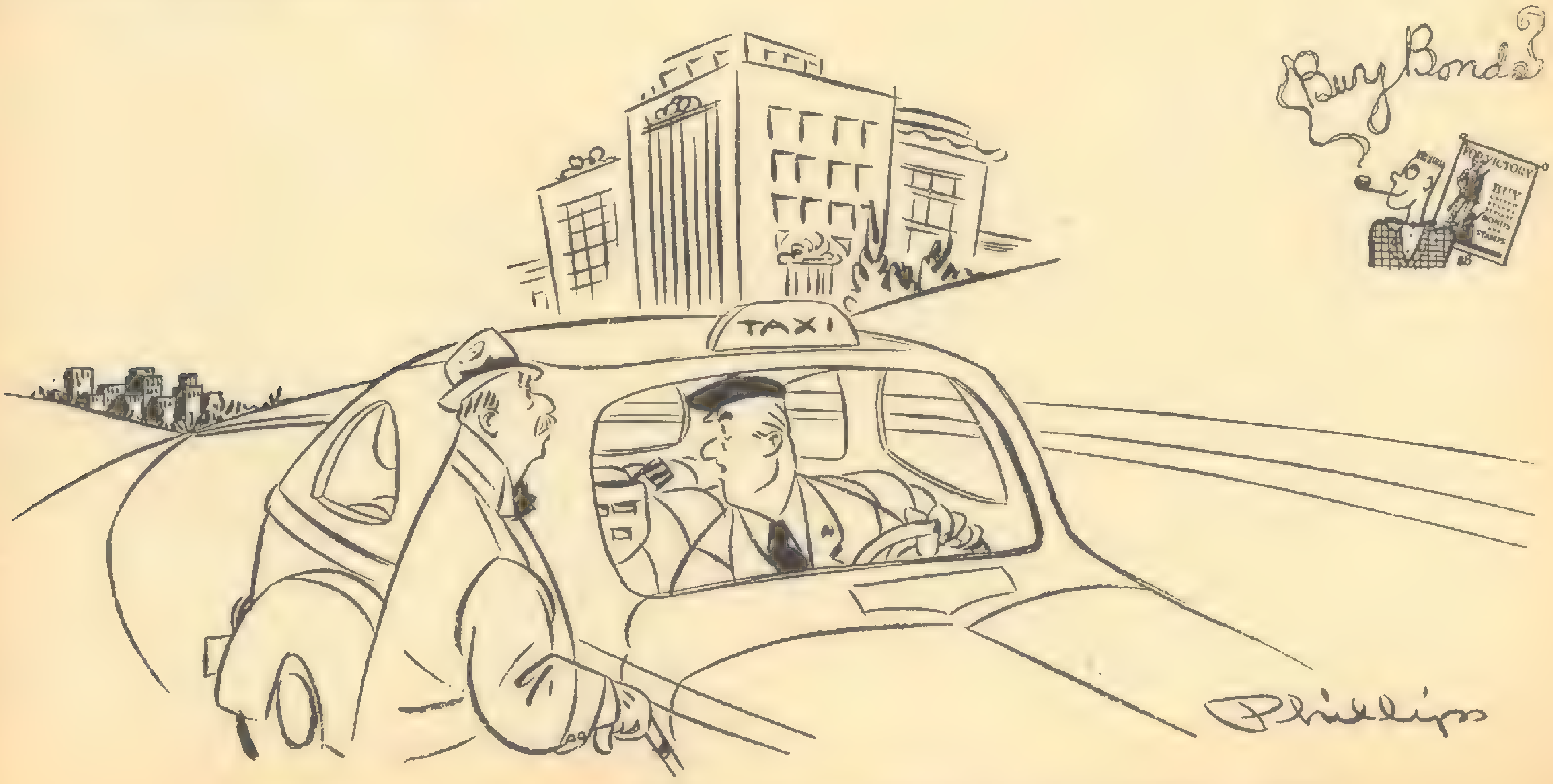


"Why, John, what a silly place to run out of gas—all those people around!"

Things That Bewilder Us

Why some ball teams attempt to bunt a man down to second when they're eight runs behind . . . especially if they're playing the Yanks . . . What anybody sees in macaroni besides a hole . . . Whether educators will ever agree on whether the study of Latin does or does not train the mind . . . The mental processes of folks who serve Martinis after dinner . . . How a woman can carry a handbag the size of a small steamer trunk and still forget to include therein her change, cigarettes and driver's license . . . The daily conflicting communiqués on the Russo-German front . . . How coaches can pick an All-American team when they're not even certain of the eleven best men on their own squad after three months of observation.

Buy Bonds
FOR VICTORY BUY BONDS STAMPS



"Speaking to you like the Good Will Court—I says go home and make up with your wife"

How to Take Golf Lessons

Continued from page 45

fault at a time, and in so doing build a swing more nearly correct, would take time, and lots of it. But he can't tell you that and still buy booties for the babies—not if you're in the impatient fix-me-up frame of mind.

So? So he looks you over, offsets your slice temporarily by pitting some other fault against it, collects your money and sends you back to your game. With your stance swung around and your hands in a different position your slice is gone—for a while. But you've done nothing toward building a better game, and soon you'll be worse off than you were before.

Even a pro with a conscience recognizes the value of giving John Q what he wants. His first tendency, though he'd be the last one to admit it, is to operate on the "customer is always right" theory. That's because he wants your business, and he doesn't want to buck all of human nature in one golf lesson. But if you can convince him that you're sincere and that you're going to junk your preconceived notions, he'll knock himself out for the chance to demonstrate his abilities.

When you've picked your pro, lay the money on the line for not one lesson but a *series*—a group of twelve or whatever the pro recommends. Tell him that you're his Charlie McCarthy, that you won't play in competition of any sort until he says so, that you'll do exactly as he directs even if it means holding the club by the head or hitting the ball with the golf bag. And *mean* it when you *say* it!

If you've taken lessons before, tell the pro so, but whatever you do, don't quote your former teachers to him. Nothing irritates a teacher so much as to hear what Tommy Armour told you or what Hogan said in a magazine article. Obviously you didn't co-ordinate your former instruction or you wouldn't be sporting that terrible lunge he can plainly see. So the best attitude to take and to convey to your new master is this: "Those other guys' theories are fine, but they weren't written with my particular build and style in mind. What I want is a personal analysis and a personal success formula. I want to start all over, if that's what I should do. So let's go—you're the doctor."

Probably the best way to start off on your new project is to play an actual round with your pro. By playing with you he can catalogue your game and your faults, get a line on your general technique and abilities. The suggestion that you play together will have to come from you, however, for the pro has learned by bitter experience that when *he* comes up with the idea, his pupil gets any one or all of a dozen wrong impressions. In the first place, a "playing lesson" is one of the most valuable methods of instruction; it's worth paying a good piece of cash plus expenses to have a pro play with you. Nine times out of ten, though, as I learned from hob-nobbing with the professionals and listening to their tales of woe, when it's the pro who suggests playing together, the pupil thinks "Aha! Drinks on the house!" He assumes that the pro just likes his company or is hard up for playing companions, when actually if he were playing for pleasure the pro would much prefer 5, 5 and 5 Nassau with his pro pals.

Don't wait for your teacher to suggest the playing lesson, then. Come up with the idea yourself at your first meeting, and make it clear that you want to pay and play at regular rates. Talk price with him, but don't be a Scrooge. If he's a pro on the grounds, chances are he'll play with you for about what you generally lose in your foursome, plus his caddy fees. Of course if he's not at your club and playing with you will take his whole day, the tariff will increase proportionately.

When you get out on the course with your teacher, remember you can't fool him at his own game. If you shoot over your head he'll know how much luck entered in, and if you're nervous and getting the bad breaks he'll know that, too. So don't grouse and make playing unpleasant.

In that first playing lesson probably your pro won't do much monkeying with your form. He may not even appear to be watching you. But he'll get a direct line on how much improvement you can be expected to show in that season, and exactly how much he can do for you in the twelve or so lessons you've contracted for—*if* you'll let him. But if you insist on being a big shot and tell him you know exactly why you're "off your game," he'll humor you. Why not, at those prices?

In a playing lesson, any pro can cut strokes from your game without changing you much, particularly if you're an over-100 player, simply by showing you how better to manage the game you *do* play.

Funny thing about golf—everyone who has ever held a club in his hand watches Jimmy Thomson drive, sees the ball go a mile and says to himself, "Cheez, *I* can do that!" When he goes out to the ball park and sees Di Mag hit the ball over the fence he knows he himself couldn't hit the ball that far, even against easy pitching. When he marvels at the precision passes of Sammy Baugh or Cecil Isbell he doesn't tell himself that he could do it if he practiced a little. A dub never seems to believe that he could play tennis like Riggs or billiards like Hoppe, yet as soon as he gets out on a golf course he expects to be able to drive like Thomson, use his irons like Armour, putt like Horton Smith and score like an Open medalist. That mental quirk is responsible for at least 15 strokes on the score of a dyed-in-the-wool dub, because, though his own game doesn't warrant it, he plans his shots as if he could execute them better than a Bobby Jones. A pro can show him why it's better in the long run to chip out of the woods onto the fairway just opposite, rather than aim at the flag and try to slam out through the trees from a bad lie. Your teacher will show *you* how playing safe—on the green, in the traps, in all kinds of trouble—can make a terrific difference in your score. When he thinks you're capable of absorbing it, he'll show you how to roll three shots into two.

In spite of all you've heard and read about how the short game wins the tournaments and the money, probably your secret desire is for distance. The first thing you want to learn is how to sock out those woods. Keep it to yourself, if it is, because your pro will soon show you that though iron shots are the least glamorous they're the scorers. If his system includes starting you off with a putter and taking the woods last, as one leading pro recommends, give him the go-signal. The precision you'll learn while practicing your iron shots will help you when you come to the drives . . . and you'll be surprised at the tricks of the trade you can pick up in a short time of instruction on your approaches: how to stop the ball, how to run it, how to make it land to the right or to the left.

"You have to teach yourself" is a golf slogan that has done more harm than good to a lot of earnest duffers. The basic principle—that you have to take your mind and your will along with you when you take a lesson—is sound enough, but that saying has fostered a bad practice about practicing. After one of your first few lessons you'll feel as if you have the Secret Formula, all tied up in a neat package, and wham! you'll spend the next three afternoons out on the practice tee all alone, trying to groove it. You'll get in the groove all right, and your pro will probably have to spend your

Continued at top of page 104

The Office Life

by JEROME WEIDMAN

Switchboard operator: She establishes for the astute visitor the flavor, the plane, the tempo of the office more readily and more accurately than do the décor of the reception room or the quality of the printing on the firm's letterhead.

If she is called Flo or Helen or Jonesy it is an informal, perhaps rowdy sort of place, not too intimately concerned with elegance, but it has a good credit rating. If she is called Miss Hausknecht or Miss Jones, with a small but noticeable layer of annoyance or formality in the caller's voice, the organization is either very young or very old and you have the proverbial Chinaman's chance of getting your bills anticipated or even paid on time.

Because she works for the entire office staff, rather than for a single person, she enjoys nobody's complete confidence and is subjected to everybody's casual indifference. She is not particularly witty or impressive in argument because the phrase "I only got two hands" lacks lustre, but she knows more about life than do most of her superiors in debate. She listens more than they do.

She doesn't eavesdrop on as many calls as tradition would have you believe, but she seldom misses the good ones and she can, with astonishing ease, extract the juicy heart from a half dozen simultaneous conversations by the sort of dextrous manipulation of keys and plugs that turns a clarinet player or a juggler of lesser intellect into a world famous name with income tax worries.

The only time of year when she gets the attention of the entire staff is just before Christmas. This results in a collection of flasks of perfume that turn into evil-smelling acid on her skin, pairs of gloves that match nothing she owns, stockings that are not her size, bottles of liquor that are inclined to tie her stomach into agonized knots, and cartons of cigarettes to which the tissues of her throat have a pronounced allergy. She accepts them all with the sort of kindly grace that makes the donor feel he has just given his alma mater a new football stadium, and she spends her next ten or twelve lunch hours in the nearby department stores discreetly bartering the useless gifts for more intelligent and serviceable items.

For a fortnight after she quits, either to get married or for a better job, she is vilified unmercifully for leaving the organization in the lurch, and a month later she is referred to, by frantic executives who can't remember her name, as "the best dame we ever had on that board."

How to Take Golf Lessons

Continued from pages 45-103

whole next lesson trying to get you out of it. Practice only under supervision, particularly at first, and you'll stunt the growth of a lot of new faults.

What the pro wants you to learn is the "feel" of the proper swing. You don't have to know the exact moment when your wrists should turn over, be able to give a ten minute speech about your weight-change, or even have the vaguest idea of how you look at the top of your swing. The over-ambitious attempt to analyze and understand every tiny motion of the golf swing is deadly to the dub. Probably if you ate with an eye to your fork-form, studying every gesture and turn of the wrist involved in feeding your face, you'd wind up sticking the fork in your ear. And eating is a simple, natural, functional motion, too—nothing like the complicated and sometimes seemingly distorted movements involved in a correct golf swing!

That's why studying pictures of your own swing is a foolish and confusing practice, particularly if you try to analyze them without a licensed interpreter. And that's why involved discussions about theory make a poor way to spend your lesson hour. Keep your mouth shut when you're taking a lesson. Your pro will have his pet ways of putting his ideas across—they may even seem to contradict openly what you've read and what other players have said—but they're designed only to get you on the right track. Don't pick the words apart, just get the idea and, while your teacher is watching, put that idea to work by trial and error. If your lessons "take," you won't have to concentrate on the 99 points of your golf swing when you get out on the course—you'll just swing!

The rule book on how to take golf lessons ought to include at least two more things: first, never take a kibitzer along with you when you go to take your lessons, and second, don't talk about taking lessons!

A third person in a spectator role at your lesson may not seem to distract you, but he's bound to take away from your relaxation and your concentration, and likely to make you "press" as much as if you were actually playing. Then too, though he or she may be meek in the presence of the pro, the post-mortem can be disastrous to your confidence in the progress you're making.

And if you've ever tried to quit smoking or stick to a diet, you know the value of that second rule. Talking about your "great sacrifice" as to food or smoking is bound to keep you conscious of what you're missing and give you a martyr complex, rather than strengthen your determination as you think at the time. Talking about your golf lessons, similarly, is bound to make you self-conscious of your coming debut as a new man on the golf course, get you to expecting quick results and, worst of all, make you put into words the things that you're supposed to learn by doing.

If you want to add an extra incentive for your teacher and insure his fullest co-operation, the bonus idea is a pretty good one. The Chicago lawyer who promised his pro $1,000 if he could get him to breaking 80 in a year went overboard on the bonus plan, but it paid dividends. More within the regular fellow's reach is this: tell your pro you're going to buy a new set of clubs from him when you've knocked your handicap down 5 points, or broken 100 or 90, or whatever your individual aim. It's hard to believe, but members of some of the swankiest clubs brag to their own pros about their purchasing prowess, proudly display bargain basement golf clubs similar to those sold in their own caddy shops, and expect the pros to appraise and praise. Those guys are masters of *How to Gain the Ill Will of Your Pro While Saving a Few Dollars.* Because that's such a common happening, and especially because it's come to be a featured fret in private pro post-mortems, your seemingly minor pledge to buy clubs from the home team will go a long way in the good will department.

Take it from your great-grandpar, half the battle in taking golf lessons is adopting the right attitude and, in so doing, developing the proper attitude and interest in your pro.

Well, there you are—all cozy and chummy with your pro, with your mind all made up to stop spoiling your summers with your lousy golf. Now that FDR has given Judge Landis the nod on baseball, you're convinced that we can return the Japs' call of December 7 without abolishing our recreations, and you're going out after new vim and vigor on the golf course. You remember Jones' classic, "If golf is worth playing, it's worth playing right." You're ready to lay out a little money, a lot of time and some studied concentration to make a boogie out of a bogey. It can be fun as well as work if you go at it right—and with these rules in mind you're a cinch. The rest is easy. All you have to do is learn to play golf. Simple game, really. Oh, sure. #

Blen, Blen, Blen

Continued from page 51

popularity. For eight or nine years after we started at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles twelve years ago, we were nothing but a relief band. But we never changed our style. Authentic rhumba was our business even if it took nine years to get in our Sunday punch.

Watching the struggle, Latin American countries cheered from the side-lines. Every "blen-blen-blen" above the Rio Grande was a small demonstration of inter-American friendship—it was the people's Pan-Americanism. Sometimes our work was recognized. Last year the Cuban government awarded me the Cross for the help I rendered Cuban musicians both by creating employment and introducing their compositions. The medal was presented by Mrs. Battista, wife of the President.

Yes, the rhumba is here to stay. Proof? Simply that so many people are dancing it. It is no longer treated with curiosity, but with dignity. It is as well established as a church deacon and one hundred times as popular.

Now that the rhumba has its toe in the door, other Latin dances can push in to make a sale. The samba, the son, the danson, the dansonette, the guaracha, the conga, and the beguine.

1. The samba. A Brazilian dance. It won't need the high-pressure salesmanship which put the rhumba across because it's simpler, has fewer variations and tempi. For years all the Latin American rhythms in the States have been Cuban. Everybody went to Florida, and thence to Havana. Nobody went to Brazil and consequently nobody saw the samba. But closer business and diplomatic ties with the South American republic will put Brazilian art and customs on the market. Millions of Americans who never heard of the guayule rubber agreement will be dancing the samba.

2. The son. The slowest of all Latin dances. Speed up the tempo and you have the danson. The son was created when sweethearts went to dances heavily chaperoned by a duenna. While the duenna sat eagle-eyed at the side the sweethearts danced because it was their only chance to talk alone. In the son you dance for 32 bars, stop for 16 bars, dance the next 32. Latin sweethearts always got in 16-bars-worth of uncensored conversation.

3. The dansonette. A faster variation of the danson. The guaracha is still faster version of the same dance. Of course the rhumba is faster than all three.

4. The beguine. This dance originated in French Martinique, and is a syncopated combination of French, Spanish, Cuban, Mediterranean and West Indian rhythm. It entered the United States through Cole Porter's enormously popular *Begin the Beguine.*

I was rehearsing the band one day on the roof of the Waldorf Astoria when Cole Porter, who lived in the Towers, came down and asked us to try a melody with beguine tempo. We played it. He liked it. After its appearance in *Jubilee* it became one of the most popular tunes in the country. We recorded it eight years ago, records have been selling like popcorn at a county fair ever since.

5. The conga. Second most popular Latin dance in the States isn't Latin at all. Most people think it was imported from Cuba, actually it started in the United States.

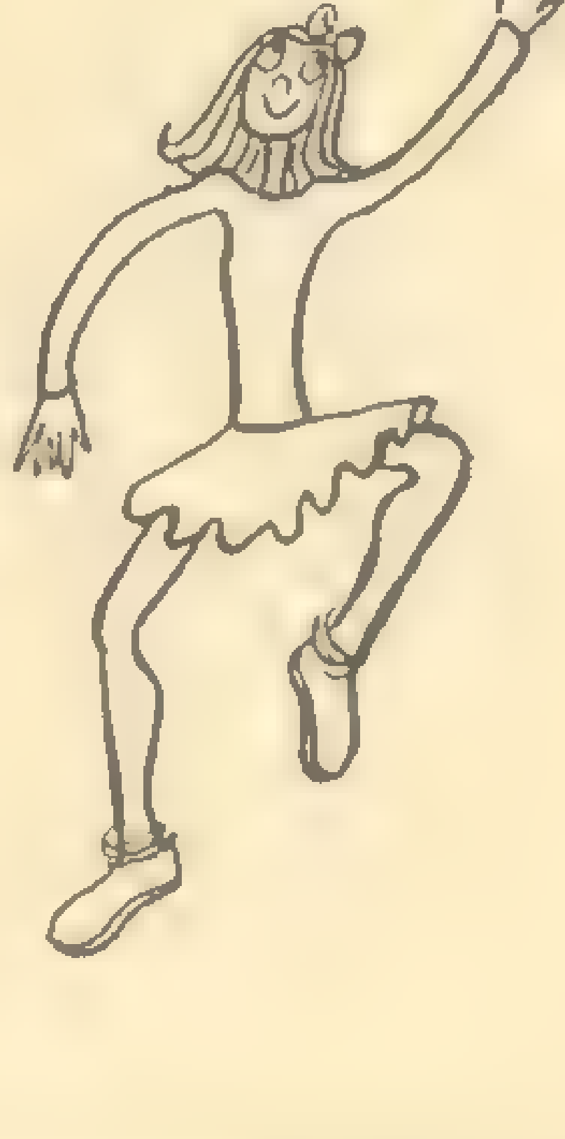
The authentic Cuban conga was a street dance for native laborers during carnival time. The workers assembled with drums, sticks, Congas, or cans—no musical instruments. Beating on these noise-makers they walked through the streets, adding to the crowd of dancers as they went along. These "comparsas" (big groups) followed the rhythm of the gong, in one great mass danced a one-two-three conga movement.

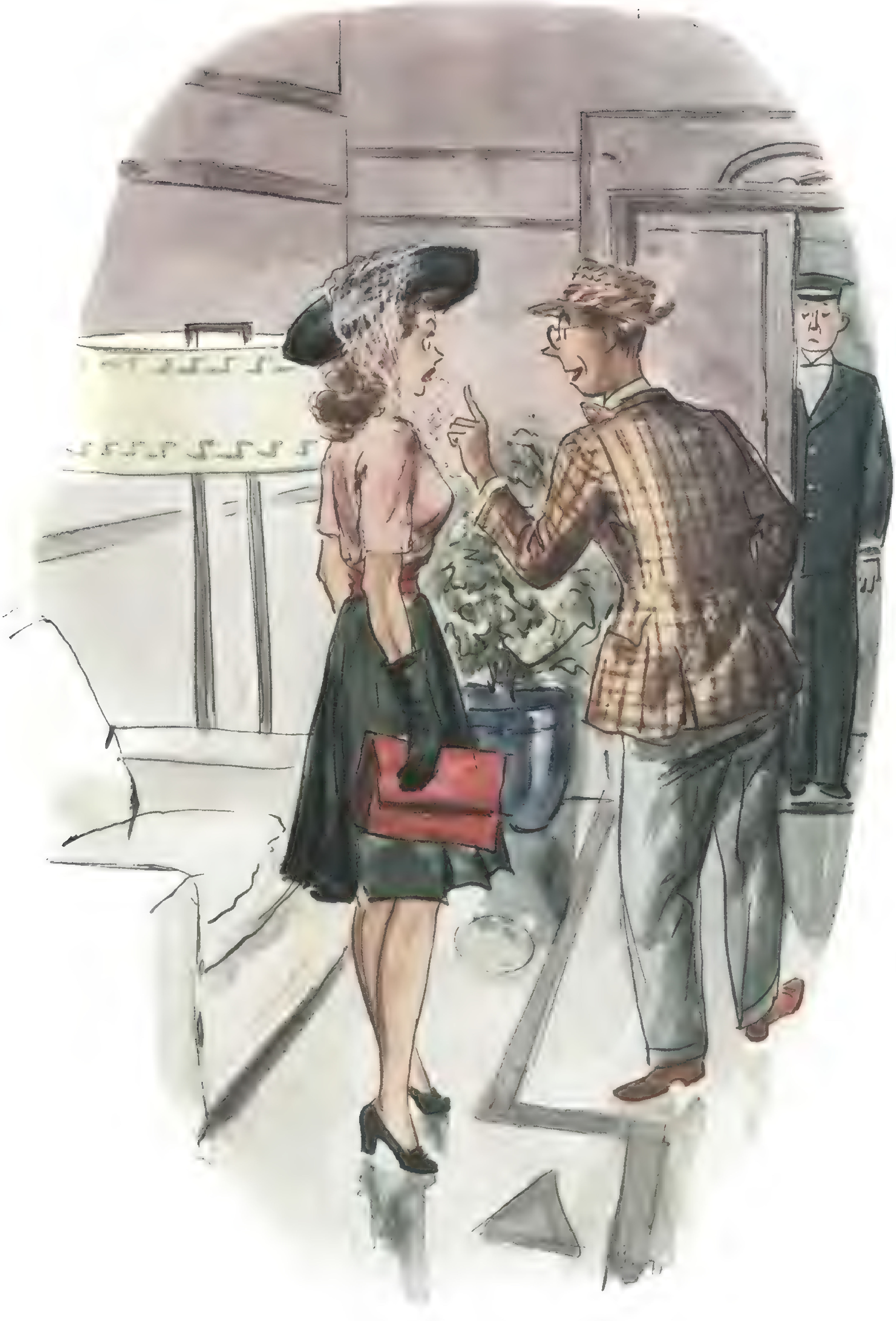
The single-file conga line is the invention of North American dancing teachers. It was their idea also to make the conga step a one-two-three-kick. Visiting Cubans saw the "new American dance," took it back to Havana, and today the best night clubs in Cuba feature "The American Conga."

But most popular of all, the rhumba. It will always be. It is as deeply imbedded in American life as Panama hats, Venezuelan oil, Brazilian coffee, Bolivian tin. For the rhumba is as understandable as a feminine curve, as universal as a wink. #

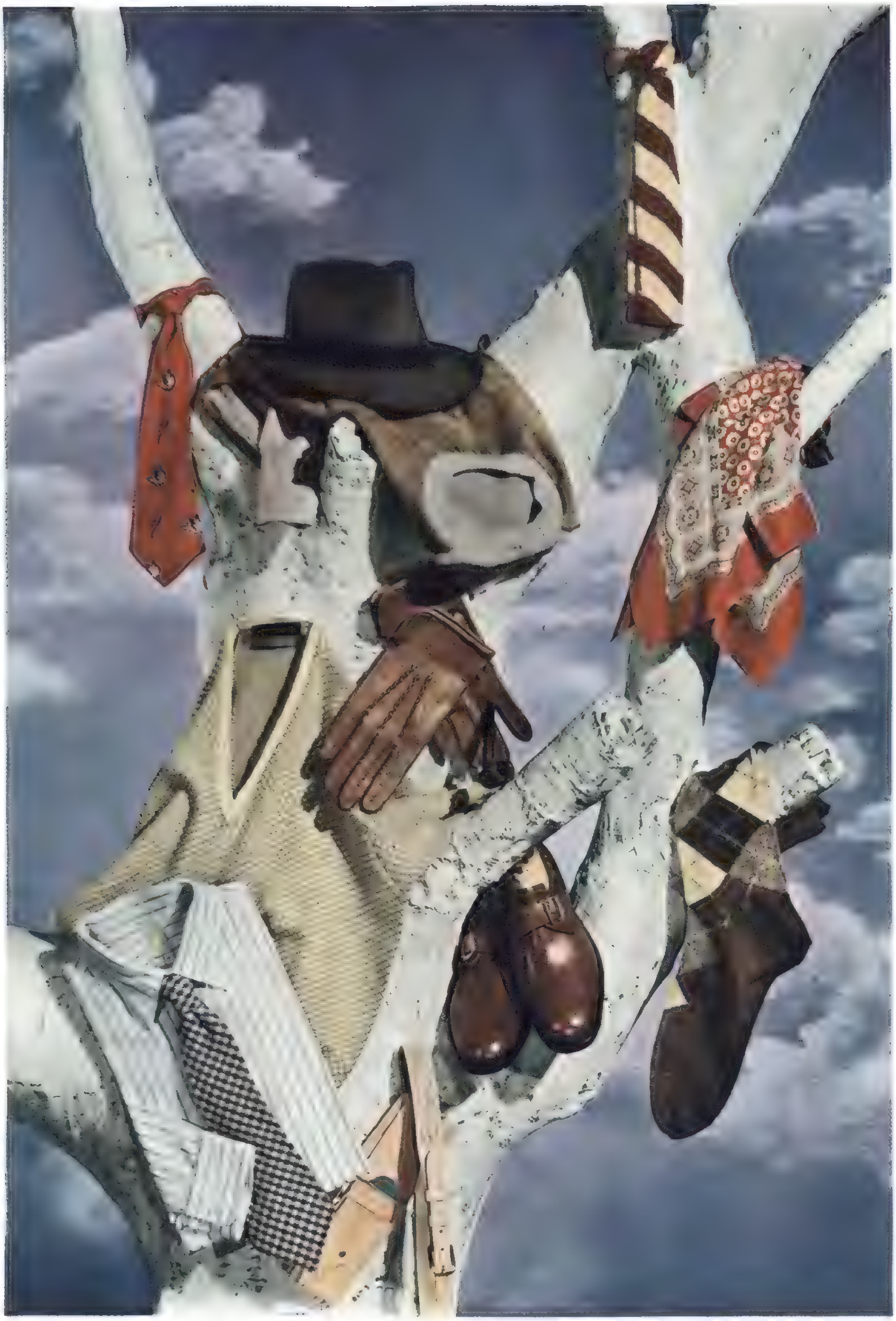
But You Never Saw It

Once there was a movie in which, after a quarrel, the hero walked out on the heroine, slamming the door.—Whereupon the heroine gleefully shouted "Hooray!", grinned from ear to ear, and went into a jitterbug solo.





"I have some beautiful etchings—wait right here and I'll bring them down"



KODACHROME BY HOWARD S. REDELL

treed for tweeds

The articles supported on this tree (if you can guess what kind, give yourself a wooden quarter) are chosen with brown tweed suits and jackets in mind. The printed red wool tie has fox head and tail designs. The crocheted tie with diagonal stripes has a roughish texture keyed to tweeds. The brown felt hat with wool band has a scratch-up finish. The suede-fronted pullover with knitted back and sleeves gives and takes. The foulard square will brighten the chest pocket of any man's jacket. Pigskin gloves are sturdy slip-ons for sports and general wear. The wool sweater and socks are in related colors. The striped oxford shirt is shown with a checked cashmere tie. The monk-front shoes and western belt are on the same sports level. The wallet has a handy detachable pass case.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Not Quite Beyond Recall

Continued from page 49

sketch, *Change Your Act or Go Back to the Woods*—one of the first and best skits I saw in vaudeville; and he couldn't make it jell; one reason, maybe, was that he tried to modernize it. Gaxton had a beautiful skit, but his emceeing was fatal; he didn't know what to say and said it with facial expressions.

The Jack Cole dancers, the only ones who can do what Uday Shankar did with his neck, weren't recognized as art or as parody of art until it was too late. And Kitty Mattern who brilliantly illustrated a lecture on laughter, reverting to deadpan immediately after each demonstration, got lost in the shuffle.

But vaudeville is flexible. The deadwood was thrown out; Walter O'Keefe—not everybody's pigeon, but a popular emcee—took over; Al Trahan's old act came through beautifully—it's the remaining piano act, now that Herb Williams isn't around; and for art, parallel to the Draper spot in the other show, there is Argentinita. But your wow is Gracie Fields who once appeared at a benefit and sang about the biggest aspidistra in the world—and now carries on to tumultuous cheers. She is good British music-hall and fits into our type easily. And for good measure, A. Robins, the quiet clown with the bananas and Think-a-drink Hoffman who manages to make me not wonder how he does what he does.

These are the pioneers. You recognize how a collection of great names makes a show seem great; but you also recognize the grim fact that often you had better cut out names and get down to cases—to humor and change of pace and ease of atmosphere—and the totally unstrained air in which vaudeville transpires. Our big musicals come costly these days; vaudeville is there, its acts rehearsed, needing only to be put together. And the boys in the camps will take to this as easily as to hodgepodge personal appearances or the drama.

The sentimentality of a "revival" won't last long. The Palace theatre may be used one of these days for a stunt in publicity; but gradually the public will want good costumes, good sets, and greater finish than it has so far received. It will appreciate the Hartmanns who cannot err; and whose act is polished not only by night club contacts but by frequent appearances at huge movie houses; which also goes for Draper who never gets far away from large crowds, but does benefits or comes out in rude and hilarious burlesque with Ray Bolger. The public will care for more of these; and will begin to want a lot of other elements that old vaudeville had: the trick instruments, the parodists in dancing or song, and, as they say, "others."

For when vaudeville was dying, a new race of night club people appeared. Some were of a rare or rotten vulgarity; most were fresh in approach, a cut above the lowest denominator of corny vaudeville; there are a batch of good intellectual burlesquers; there are pantomimists like Jack Guilford whom radio drives to distraction; there are verbal assassins like Leonard Elliott; there are spectacular hand dancers like Peggy Taylor—but no one really exactly like her, as she is incredibly exciting. In the past eight months these people and dozens of others have worked in television, the only other field open to their talents, and as that is none too open, it is fortunate that vaudeville itself has returned.

It won't kill the movies, by the way; not unless the movies help with a small dose of suicide. And the longevity of *The Gold Rush* is probably the proof for which the movies have been looking, that they can live for ever. Maybe they can't. But Chaplin can. #

The Team of the Year

Continued from page 25

some specific and vital job in the fleet may be shortened as much as from nine months to four weeks. The new men are being continuously sorted and placed. Aptitudes are discovered scientifically, and qualified men are sent to jobs for which they are fitted. In this way acute needs for specific types are being replenished.

Secondly, the purpose of the program is to harden them up. Sports help in this process in more ways than one. It is valuable to have the cushioning of sports to soften the abrupt transition that comes when a boy steps out there into one of those squares lined off the floor of the entrance building to receive the number that starts him down that long grim road to an unknown future. Follows then quickly the registration for the permanent records, the assembly line inspection of teeth and physique, the immunity shots, the award of clothing and paraphernalia, and then the assignment to a company for several weeks of rapid-fire instruction and drilling. To many it is a great and severe shock, this sudden change from free men to men constantly under orders and surveillance. Any possible concessions to the old ways of life are beneficial.

As to the work itself, what is it like; how does it go? Let's say it's 5:30 on a weekday morning—any weekday morning at Great Lakes. The dormitory guard calls out his "Hit the deck!" And they're off, these recruits, on another day of rigorous building of healthy bodies. By 5:34 everybody's up and at it, lashing hammocks, making ready for the dash to the washroom. Thus begins a conditioning program that would open the eyes of most laymen.

Six o'clock to six ten. During this brief time all of the recruits take setting-up exercises. These exercises are held on the drill field, in the drill hall, or at the barracks, depending on weather conditions. Then to breakfast, followed at 7:45 by sight muster and personal inspection. Eight o'clock finds all recruits beginning their daily schedule of activities set forth by the Recruit Training Department. This program is a varying one, comprising classroom periods, lectures, boat drills, etc.—all designed to round out the recruit with fundamentals of seamanship so that he may serve to the best of his ability whatever his station on board ship.

Recruits average three hours of drill a day for the first three weeks. This includes physical exercise with arms, manual of arms, steps and marching—which are fundamental exercises in teaching men how to obey orders. They average two hours daily of company and battalion drill, with hikes (one three-hour hike per week), the boat drills (sailing or rowing), parades and classroom lecture periods adding four hours more to the daily total. Thus from the moment he arises until "Lights Out!" the recruit is being prepared for the toughest test any man can face—enemy guns.

The third, and in some ways perhaps the most valuable thing that the men take away from the station is a resoluteness and determination, which is the outgrowth of all these influences combined. As Commander Edgar put it: "I want to see them go away from here with the look of men who, as they see the flag, have a look of pride in their eyes and no fear."

You understand then that there is no sport for sport's sake at Great Lakes. Sport is encouraged at all only because it happens to have certain values that will help us win this dirty war just as soon as possible. That is the spirit of everyone there—to work fiercely and fast to get it over with just as soon as possible. That is all any of them look forward to.

These older men, these leaders, veteran Navy men, know from experience what war means, what it will be like for these younger men coming on voluntarily. They are giving the recruits only what they believe or have found to be to their best advantage in facing what Capt. T. DeWitt Carr, executive Officer of the station, terms "the acid test." "You never know," he said, "how a man will react under fire. We have to do everything possible to get them ready for it; so they won't flinch. There's nothing soft about it; to be closed in down there at your battle station for thirty-six hours, with ventilation turned off, for fear of gas."

The young men coming in mean business, just as much as their commanders. For one thing they are coming in on their own, of their own accord. They have the spirit of pioneers; they are pioneering in new types of warfare. They are serious-minded about it; quick to catch on, amazingly quick to us old timers. They are not only willing and anxious to learn how to do the job that has to be done, and get it over with; but they look beyond that. The standard reason, the commonest reason why they choose the Navy is that they recognize that the technical training they receive here will prepare them for good steady jobs in the technological world that will inevitably follow this war. With these aims and intentions, they come from everywhere—men of the French Foreign Legion, men with the Navy War Cross from the last war; French lads who were in Paris at the time of the occupation; the son of a general fighting in the Far East.

Here in this great melting pot they all mingle together temporarily getting the spirit of the Navy, getting ready to attack our common enemies.

Except for the continual flow of men, arriving and departing, the station is very like a university, and it is becoming more so

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Conservation Note

Practically every fall we have a new version of the football song about the co-ed who visits the tackle at Yale, the guard at Tulane, the fullback at Oregon, etc. This year, with transportation difficulties, a New York gal could be trained to care for a center at Fordham, a halfback at Columbia, a tackle at N.Y.U. and a quarterback at C.C.N.Y.

The Team of the Year

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every day. The vast new shops and technological schools are being continually opened and enlarged. As we passed among these wonderful new shops with their fine new machinery at which the boys were eagerly and intently at work, Chief Petty Officer R. F. Canfield, our escort, and a veteran of many years on the sea, observed: "There's the Navy of today!"

It's a mechanical job now, and nobody, *nobody* can touch these American boys of today, brought up as they have been with thorough understanding of automobile mechanism, in this mechanized war. Thus here at Great Lakes, in addition to the morale or the general hardening process, the men are given a start toward the jobs for which they can serve best.

And in this great school for naval warfare, as in other large universities, it has been found that good athletic teams bring the men together, give them comradeship, pride in the Navy and in contributing to its glory.

In addition to the spirit and enthusiasm of the men backing it (Rockne used to say: "Enthusiasm creates momentum"), there are many factors contributing toward setting up the Great Lakes football team of 1942 as one of the best in the game's history. Although the sailors will have less time to devote to the game than some of their college opponents, they will *need* less time to get ready because these men already are in condition, and furthermore they are already grounded in the fundamentals of the game. Many of the players are company commanders carrying the responsibility of teaching the waves of new recruits that come in.

Not all the good football players in camp will be on the team. We ran across Ensign Wally Cruice, the left-handed halfback from Northwestern, and although he looked in perfect shape he said that he did not expect to play football, although he would be glad to, because no officers will play on the varsity.

The sports pages of the nation are blazing the names of the famous players on this Great Lakes team. They rant about the line and backfield. There has never been anything like it—it's far beyond the scope of 1918 when Great Lakes won the national crown.

But not only the spectacular sports like football are carrying on at Great Lakes. Every sport that is useful is called into action. One of the finest rifle ranges in the country has been constructed at a cost of $80,000 under the direction of Ensign James D. Small, who had a carte blanche on the job; and every trainee who passes through the station learns the fundamentals of marksmanship under perfect conditions.

It is natural that swimming should be emphasized in the Navy, and five excellent pools were recently opened in the great new district west of the tracks, which is filled with fine new brick barracks and huge drill halls. Strange as it may seem, among the boys coming in off the farms, out of the small towns and cities, almost thirty-five per cent do not know how to swim, according Lieut. (j.g.) Wally Colbath, former Northwestern swimming champion, who is the station swimming co-ordinator.

The requirements are that all the recruits learn how to swim at least fifty yards. Boxing, softball, ping pong, and innumerable other sports contribute their share to the physical welfare and mental contentment of the men.

Spare hours find sports of every kind emphasized. After evening chow, especially during the longer daylight periods of the summer months, the play fields are utilized to the last inch of ground. Each battalion has a Chief of the Duty, who is appointed by the Athletic Officer, Edw. Cook. This man, a Chief Specialist, is a co-ordinator of the intra-mural games. He arranges schedules and often officiates at the contests. Companies in this way also pile up points in their Rooster Competition, the honor award given each graduation period to the company adjudged as tops in all-around military excellence, athletics and other designated qualifications. On Saturday afternoon another period is devoted to athletics of the inter-company variety. Final and semi-final competition in the games selected is held then, the preliminary run-offs having been accomplished in play during the week after evening mess.

Special efforts are made to keep all the officers in trim. All officers must do fifteen minutes of exercise daily. All officers are required to qualify in swimming and sailing, and are urged to spend as much free time as possible participating in these two activities. Hikes also are on their program, and an officers' softball league carried on during the summer. Full gymnasium facilities are open to all officers, where an informal program is maintained. In addition, there are weekly officers' drills and formations. The use of automobiles for anything but urgent official business is frowned upon, and many of the officers have taken to bicycles.

Rear Admiral John Downes, Commanding Officer of the station, and a fourth generation Naval man, is a genuine sports fan, and from his enthusiasm stems the real push and color of the sports program. During the first World War he was Aide to the Superintendent at Annapolis, and thus had the finest possible training as an executive. He has commanded many of our ships, served two years at the Naval Gun Factory as Inspector of Ordnance, and from 1926 to 1929 was Marine Superintendent of the Panama Canal.

Admiral Downes' attitude toward athletics, which is reflected and brought to light in the splendid athletic program at the station, is expressed in his words: "The Navy has always recognized the fact that athletics are of utmost importance in war time. The program at Great Lakes has been built on the premise that athletics promote three requisites—clean living, sportsmanship and team play . . . all most essential in molding its men into good sailors in war time and good citizens in time of peace."

There is a placard above the door of the building through which the men last pass on their way out to war. It says:

> WHEN YOU LEAVE HERE, YOU ARE A QUALIFIED SAILOR OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY, THE GREATEST FIGHTING FORCE OF MEN AND SHIPS THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN. ACT LIKE A PART OF IT.

These football games, these teams—all the impedimenta of athletics which have always had such an inborn appeal to all Americans—serve to contribute to the individual sense of pride and responsibility specified in this notice, which rises as a background besides three hanging effigies of Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito. At these games, cheering in the stands, these men at last feel and know that they *belong*. They feel that they belong to this notable organization, representing our country in its struggle to survive. They are no longer isolated individuals with personal weaknesses and fears; they have fitted together into a team of their own —far greater, far stronger than any of those that represent them vicariously "on the fields of friendly strife."

So let me bring out in conclusion that *they* are the story; *they* are the stars in this picture, the men in the stands . . . the men soon going away on a far journey —nobody knows how far. The effect of these games on *them: that* is what counts; that is what vindicates unimpeachably the position of prominence of athletics in our Great Lakes Naval Training program today.

That's why, when I referred at the beginning to "the team of the year," I meant not just the football eleven, the thirty star gridiron men who will appear in the games; the team of the year will be this greater "team" that is fostered and sponsored by the eleven on the field . . . a "team" which will carry that old flag of our country high and far in human history. No, these are not play days at Great Lakes; these are grim historic days where only that goes which will help win the war, if not before Christmas, at least before very many more moons have waned.

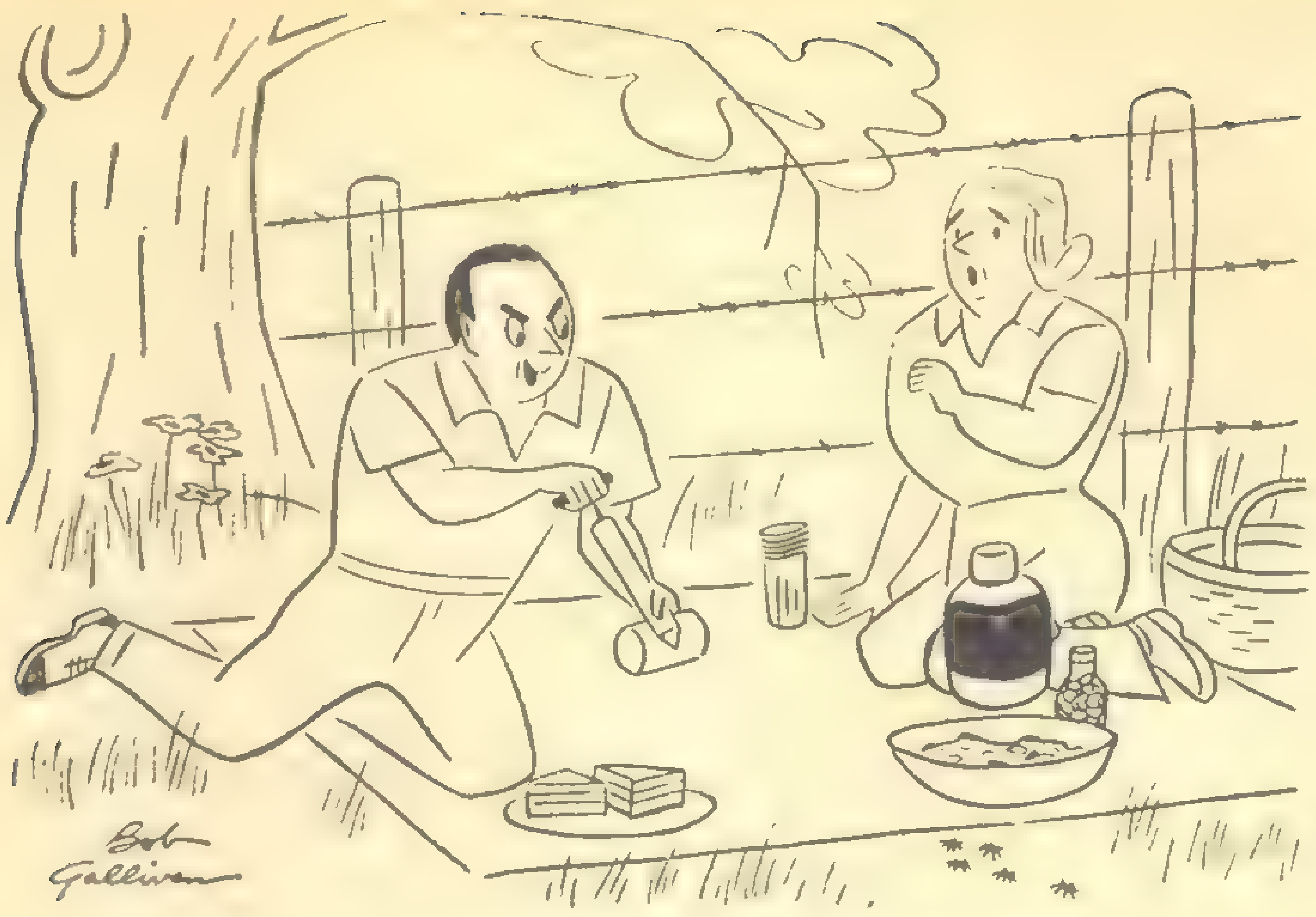
I give you then, in admiring salute—*the team of the year* . . . Great Lakes! #

La Haute Bronx

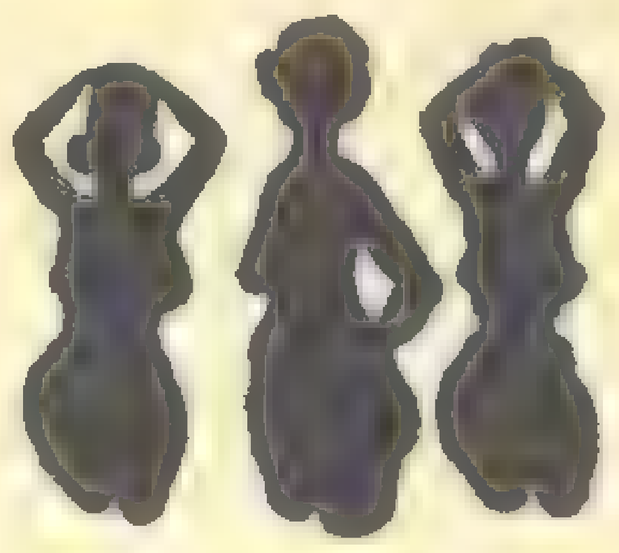
by **HARRISON PLATT**

Great love is largely style. Which loved the more:
Helen, whose face once launched a thousand ships,
Or she who always shows the hems of slips?
Who dares say which, despite the Greek's decor?
Ovid, and Dotty Dix, both taught love's lore.
Passion was sung by burning Sappho's lips,
And by Kate Smith's—the difference mainly hips.
The surface gestures vary, not the core.

Cohen and Capulet, alike the flame:
One bravely sad, presage of grave-cold crypt,
Of star-crossed love, "Parting is such sweet sorrow;"
The other in the Bronx, where speech has slipped,
"Jeez, kid, I hate to go, seeya tomorrow."
—New phrased, the loving heart feels much the same.

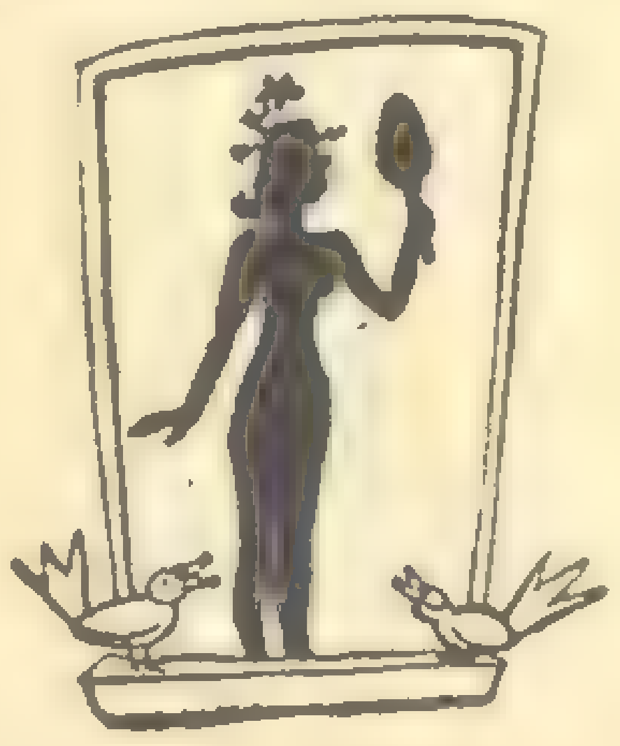

Bob Gallivan

"Careful, Frank! Not in the potato salad!"

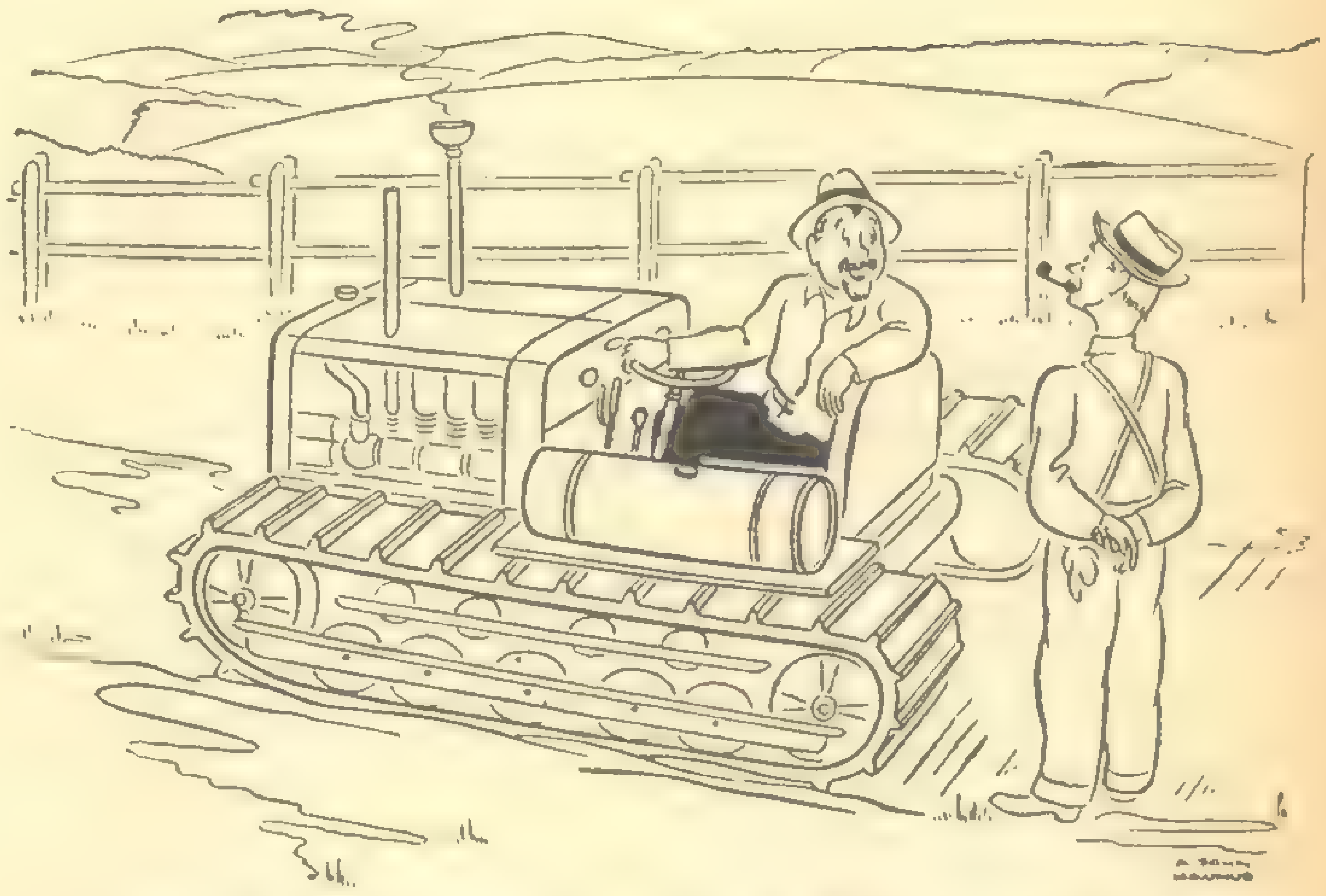


Statistical Note

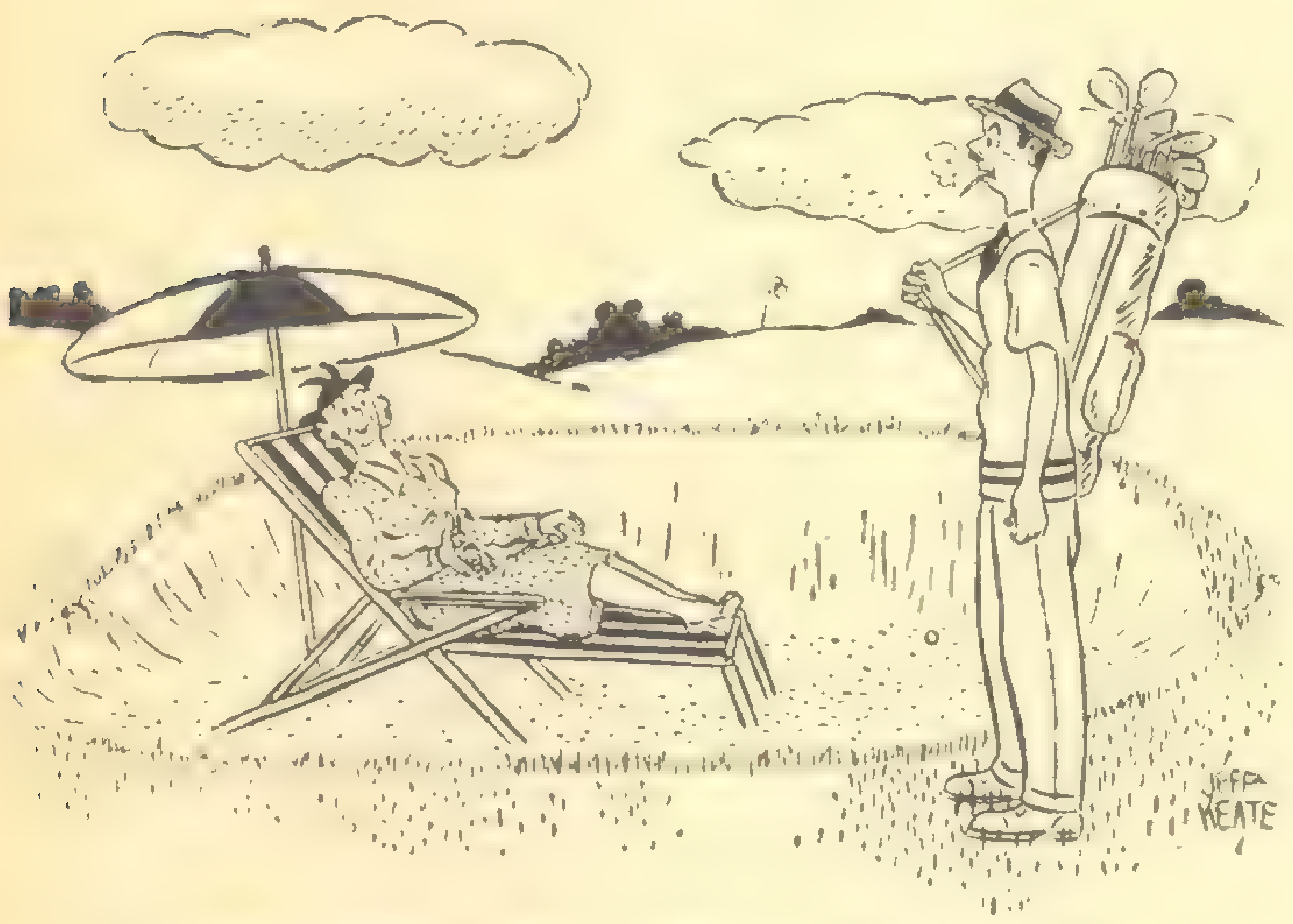
When the girdle supply is exhausted, figures will quit lying.



Dim-outs in coastal regions are necessary because objects silhouetted against light can be seen from long distances. That's something we learned from watching the gal in the apartment across the courtyard.

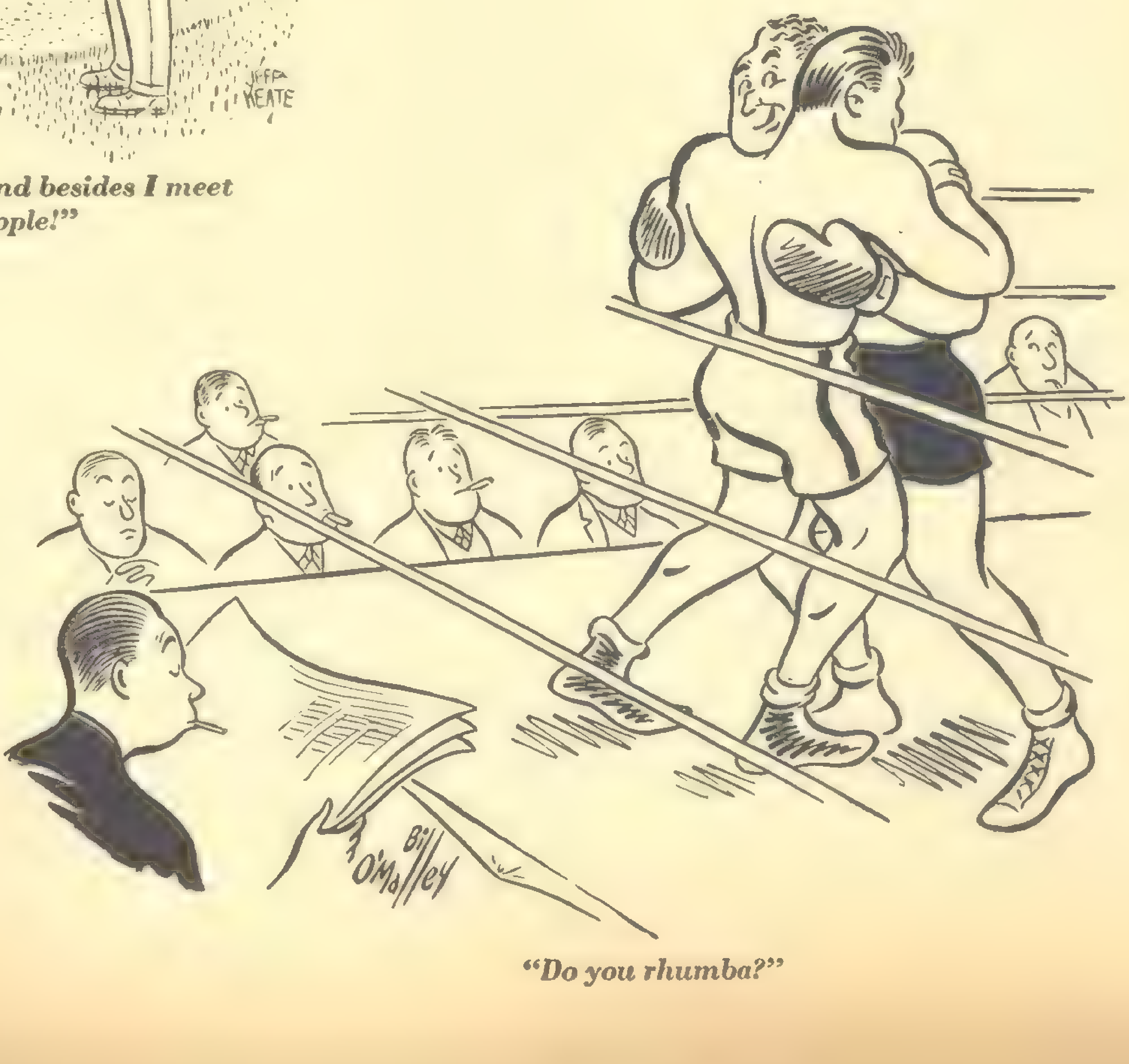


"It's the best tractor I ever owned—bought it from a fellow in The Saturday Evening Post named Botts!"



"It's much closer than the beach and besides I meet the most interesting people!"

FOR VICTORY
BUY
BONDS
STAMPS
BUY BONDS
BB


Bill O'Malley

"Do you rhumba?"

Tobacco Pipes of Manzanita

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such as hickory, maple, apple, red gum, cherry and birch, often are used for cheap pipes, but—again it is hard to make most women understand—even at a low price they are not worth what they cost.

But *bruyère* is the perfect pipe wood. The story goes that a French pipe maker, sentimentally visiting the birthplace of Napoleon on Corsica in 1821, had the misfortune to break his fine meerschaum. Disconsolate, he asked a peasant to whittle out a makeshift for him. The resulting pipe, of *bruyère* root, was so easily broken in, so sweet to the taste, and so durable compared to meerschaum or clay, that the Frenchman forgot all about Napoleon and hurried back home with blocks of the wood which he turned into pipes for friends and customers.

They, too, were delighted and a new industry began at the woodworking town of St. Claude. For more than a century that town remained the center of briar-pipe making, exporting 30,000,000 blocks a year.

Briar for pipes is the root burl of the white heath (*Erica arborae*) a dwarf tree about sixteen feet high which grows in Spain, France, Italy, Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily, Greece, Asia Minor and the northern coast of Africa. A pipe-sized tree takes twenty to sixty years to grow, since only the heart of the root can be used. The part of the tree above ground is made into articles such as brooms.

Being a burl, which is a deformity in growth, the wood has no well-defined, continuous grain. It splits easily, but not in straight lines, and being close textured it resists seasoning and curing by kiln-drying methods. The usual procedure is to bury the root for a time, after a tree has been cut, so that the outside may remain damp while the inside is slowly drying. Most prized for pipes are roots of trees that have died naturally and have cured where they stood.

After the drying is completed, the roots are skillfully cut in blocks, which are then boiled in water for ten to twelve hours to set the color and to prevent further splitting.

In the first six months of 1940, Italy exported to the United States 12,000,000 blocks of briar. From Algeria came 3,615,528 more, and from France, 2,865,040. In the next four months, after war shut down the industry, we got 302,000 from Italy; 828,000 from Algeria; 120,000 from France.

American pipe manufacturers had paid for imported briar roots $636,013 in 1938; $616,147 in 1939; but in ten months of 1940 the total was only $330,219.

Pipe making in this country is a $10,000,000 industry. Twenty-five major companies are engaged in the business, manufacturing pipes to sell at prices that range from thirty-nine cents "with a tin of our new mellow blend" upward to high dollar marks. Imported pipes, mostly from England, are largely in the luxury class.

Wide differentials in the cost of true *bruyère* pipes are based on degrees of perfection. From every twenty blocks of briar, one absolutely perfect pipe can be made—perfect in grain, in "figures" and in color. That one commands the highest price. The other nineteen will smoke quite as well, but they are marred by imperfections which reduce the price.

In today's scramble for woods to take the place of the no longer imported French briar, the laurel of the Carolina mountains (*Kalmia latafolia*) is known as excellent. It belongs to the heath family; its burl has many of the characteristics of the *bruyère*. But its quantity is limited.

On the Pacific Coast, manufacturers are experimenting with a variety of other woods. Out of the redshank (*Adenostoma sparsifolium*) pipes that are good in color and in flavor have been made recently. The mewukka, which grows in the high Sierra, gives promise. While lilac burls are found in some quantity, as are burls of the rhododendron, though the latter is protected for its native beauty in the woods.

Britain is making pipes of English yew, and the Western yew is closely similar. It grows from Alaska to Central California and from Montana to the Coast, and is the tree that the Indians called "fighting wood," because, like Robin Hood, they made their bows from it.

Most promising of all, however, for American-made pipes is one of the manzanitas—*Arctostaphylos tomentosa, glandulosa* complex. It, too, is of the heath family of *Ericaceae*, and its habits of growth place it as next of kin to the French *bruyère*.

Growing only twenty feet tall, it swells between the root and the trunk into a huge, globelike burl, which often weighs fifty to one hundred pounds. Split lengthwise, the burl is of the same colors as the briar root—rich browns, flecked with dark red.

This burled manzanita is found widely in the coast mountains of California. The available supply is large, though many of the older, larger specimens have been damaged through the years by forest fires, and the deadwood, cured by Nature's own slow process, was long—and unfortunately, as it now turns out—collected and sold for firewood.

Several manufacturers have established plants to work this new pipe wood, and U.S. Forest Service men are trying all known methods to assist them in meeting the emergency. The seasoning process, for pipes of the highest grade, will apparently be no more rapid than in the case of the true *bruyère*. But neither, it appears, will flavor and appearance be less pleasing to pipe lovers.

Your manzanita pipe, sir!

Xiphias Packs a Punch

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formidable as a lurking submarine.

The apex of achievement for a big game fisherman is to take Xiphias on rod-and-reel. Probably not more than two hundred or so anglers have boated a broadbill. At the Montauk Yacht Club not more than seven or eight rod-and-reel fish are taken in the course of an average summer, although eight or ten charter boats fish for swordfish from the Club every possible day during the season—say about seventy days per boat per year.

Unlike any other kind of fishing, the pursuit of Xiphias is entirely visual. You don't troll for him; you look for him. When you see him "finning" or cruising just below the surface, you move up quietly and present for his inspection a previously prepared bait, usually a squid in our waters. If he goes down on sighting the bait you brace your feet, get a good grip on the heavy rod, and pray. Nine times out of ten nothing happens. If this is your lucky day, he will pick up the bait in his toothless mouth and run with it. This is the moment when skill and judgment count, because you will have to gauge the amount of time necessary to let him get the bait squarely between his narrow jaws. Once the solid run of the line suggests that the fish has it, you throw the drag on the reel, let the line come taut and strike with all your strength, because Xiphias' jaws are bony. The hook once set, you sit down to a fight that may end in twenty minutes if the fish is hooked deep and bleeding, or may last all night and into the next day. You may or may not see your fish again before he comes to gaff or breaks off, as Xiphias does not jump as much as the marlins. He may take long runs on the surface or fight deep, in which case you will have a sore back next morning. The critical moments of the fight are the seconds that follow the strike and the process of gaffing the fish at the end of the struggle. Many an angler has brought his fish alongside and in the moment of triumph has seen his freed fish sink slowly into the depths with a hole in its jaw from which the hook had fallen. The difficulty of finding the fish and, especially, persuading him to take the bait remain the primary reasons why so few anglers have succeeded in taking Xiphias.

As a predator, Xiphias fully sustains the ferocity of his appearance. He will smash into a school of mackerel with his broadsword swinging and will leave behind him a trail of stunned and mangled victims to be swallowed at leisure. His reputation for general pugnacity is, however, greatly exaggerated. Reputed collaboration by swordfish with the thresher shark in attacking whales belongs in the old books along with basilisks, unicorns and werewolves. Several people have told me that they have been present at these naval engagements, but questioning usually brings out that what they really saw was just a whale and a big splash, and I have yet to meet anyone who actually has observed the swordfish engaged in committing his gratuitous mayhem on the whale.

Attacks on ships appear to be borne out by indisputable evidence. In fact swordfish have actually been observed in the act of ramming their swords into the sides of vessels. There is one old timber in the British Museum that is transfixed by three swordfish bills. Small vessels have been disabled and sunk by swordfish "attacks." On one occasion when the whaler *Fortune* returned to New Bedford, a sword was found to have penetrated her upper sheathing, an inch of board sheathing, a three-inch hardwood plank, a twelve-inch white oak framing timber, a two and a half inch ceiling plank and ended up by passing through the head of a cask containing sperm oil, 18.5 inches of solid wood not counting the barrel! Even greater penetrations are reported which only serve to emphasize the incontrovertible fact that Xiphias packs a terrible punch.

Any sail-fisherman can account for most of the broken swords found in ship's timbers. On several occasions I have seen sailfish, in their struggles when brought to gaff, ram their bills into the sides of fishing boats and break them off. While I have never observed the same occurrence in bringing a swordfish alongside a boat, I have heard of several instances and am convinced that the great majority of such penetrations are attributable to the blind efforts of fish when brought alongside.

There remain the unquestionable assaults by free unprovoked fish. They *may* be due to plain orneryness on the part of Xiphias. So long as any other possible solution exists, however, I refuse to believe that a swordfish will go out of his way to attack an unfamiliar object many times his size. I think that such a solution does exist when one considers the impetuosity with which he has been seen to pursue his prey, the limited range of vision fish are known to possess, and the common tendency on the part of schools of small fish to seek the shelter of a ship's hull. However when Xiphias has been tormented there isn't any question that he becomes dangerous. I have mentioned his tremendous penetrative power. No corresponding measure of the lateral force of his blow is available, but it is said that he could easily "take a man's head off" with a sweep of his bill, and when I look at his great shoulder muscles I believe this an understatement.

Any market fisherman will tell you of dinghies split and sunk and some of men killed or terribly injured by harpooned fish. There is an endless amount of evidence of these attacks, if attacks they are. A struck fish will normally head for the bottom and do his fighting deep down. It has been observed that Xiphias, when struck by the harpoon in certain sections of the spine, will run hog-wild on top of the water. Yet, of the many "wild" fish that are taken during the year, comparatively few strike either the dinghy or parent ship. It is therefore still debatable whether damage to men and dinghies is the result of deliberate attack or of accidental contact with a frenzied fish.

Damage by swordfish has long been included among legitimate sea risks covered by maritime insurance. One could give quotations from ancient, medieval and later accounts of "attacks" in the Mediterranean and eastern Atlantic. The earliest American report is dated 1638. Among these reports are a number of accounts of attacks by "marlin-spike" fish. As the marlin is not generally regarded as particularly pugnacious this may serve as partial corroboration of the accidental nature of many so-called attacks by Xiphias.

My favorite swordfish is the one that came very close to playing an important part in history.

In 1571 the fleet of Spanish, Genoese, Venetian and other vessels that was being assembled for an attack on the Turks had been placed under the command of Don Juan of Austria—bastard son of the Emperor Charles V. As a convenient point of assembly for his warships, Don Juan had designated the Strait of Messina and it is here that he spent a part of the summer engaged in the organization of the fleet which defeated the Turks at the decisive battle of Lepanto later in the same year. The Strait has long been the center of the Mediterranean swordfishery and it is probable that the Prince-Admiral, while going about his business along the water front of Messina, observed fish being brought in and recognized them as worthy antagonists. History records that Don Juan went to sea with the swordfish fleet, thus becoming the spiritual ancestor of all big game fishermen. During his sojourn at Messina, he harpooned six fish, and the last of them came very close to changing the history of Europe. He was a wild fish, probably "backboned" through a nerve center, and he turned on the boat and, as the historian records "not very much resigned to die," proceeded to ram himself through it from side to side. Don Juan and the crew managed to dispatch the fish, and a delighted sportsman sent the sword to his royal father.

Only in comparatively recent years has it become known that the sword brought back by Columbus from his first voyage was that of a broadbill which had been transformed into a weapon. It has been suggested that this may contitute evidence that Xiphias' migration routes in the western Atlantic, unlike those of the marlin and tuna, which pass through the Florida Straits, lie to the eastward of the Bahama Islands. There may be some reason to believe that the swordfish of the western Atlantic, like so many of us, prefers to spend his winters in a warm climate, and that the fish that escapes the harpoon of a Gloucester man may, next winter, fall victim to the hand-line of a market fisherman off Cuba.

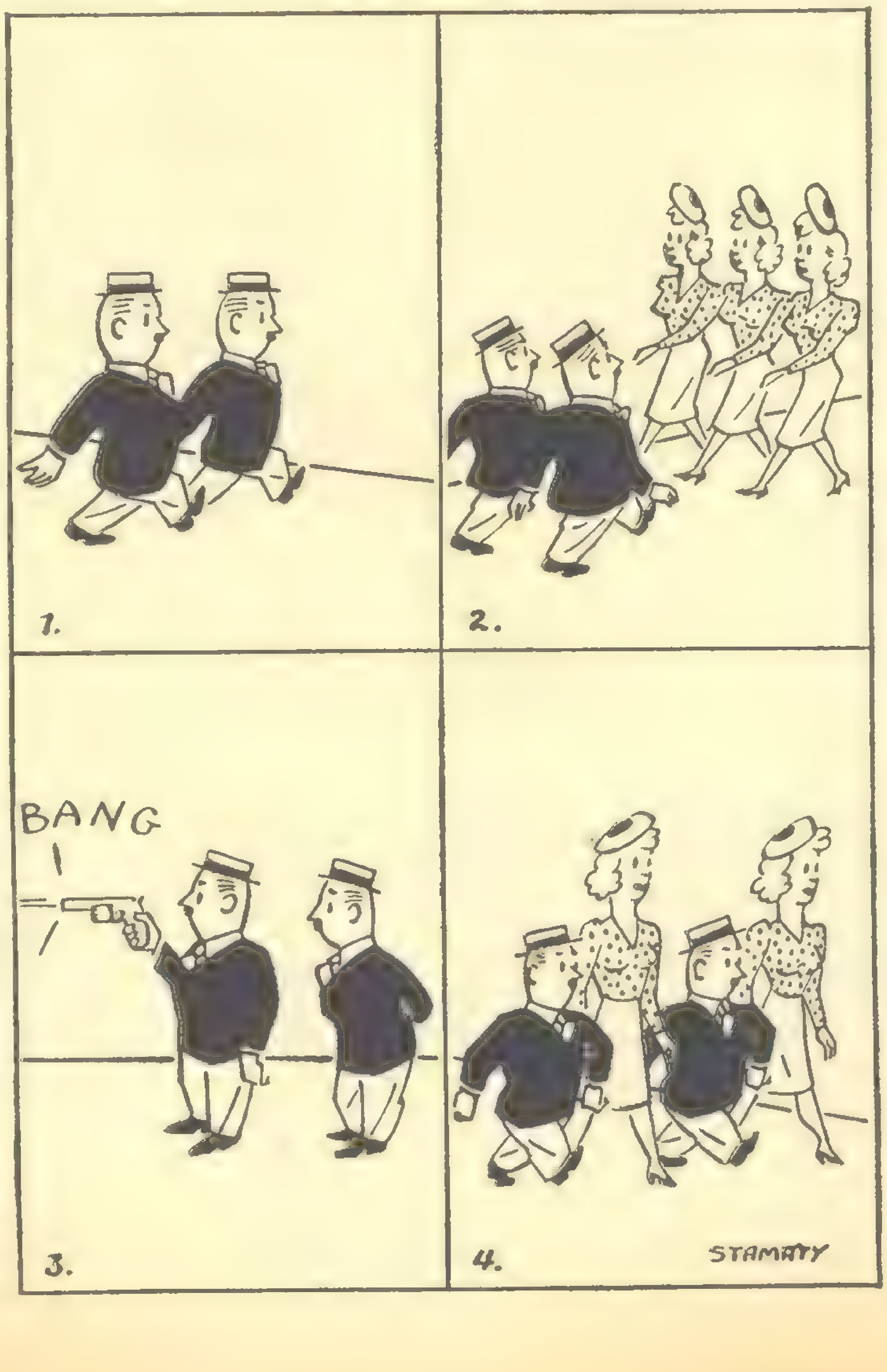
In the Mediterranean the life cycle of the swordfish has been traced from a floating mass of eggs to adult fish, through larval stages in which the magnificent Xiphias looks like a minute and ridiculous hedgehog. Here the fish range all the way from Gibraltar to the Dardanelles and the sea of Marmora. Unauthenticated reports have them running in the Black Sea all the way up into the mouth of the Danube.

The Sea of Marmora has always been one of the great swordfish grounds, and a delightful passage survives in which a third century B.C. Egyptian recommends a tail cut of swordfish to those who journey to Constantinople.

> "Take a slice of swordfish when
> you go
> To fair Byzantium, and take
> the vertebrae
> Which bends its tail. He is a
> delicious fish"
> (Athenaeus of Naucratis'
> *Banquet of the Learned*)

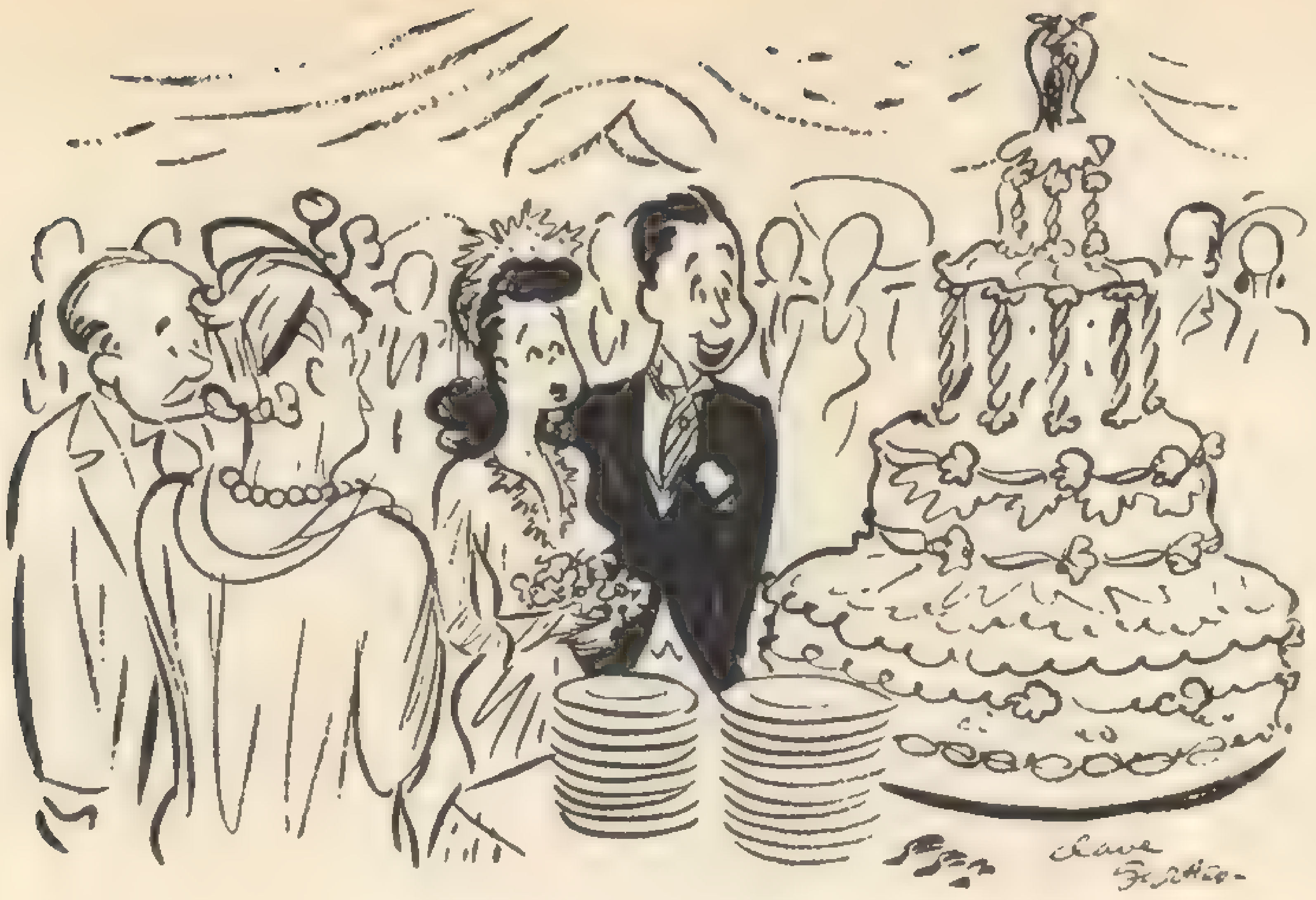
In recent years Mr. Lebedeff has taken a number of broadbill on rod-and-reel in these waters.

Don Juan's fishing ground in the Straits of Messina remains the great center of Mediterranean commercial fishing, if depth charges and bombs haven't scared Xiphias out of that area in the last year or so. The lookout stations on the rock of Scylla and elsewhere along the Strait, from which watchers direct the swordfish fleet, have been in use since Carthaginian days and have been passed down in the families of their present proprietors for centuries. There is hardly any difference between the fishing procedure described by Strabo at about the time Christ was born and accounts by recent observers. Strabo says that the same methods had been used "since Ulysses." The Achaean origin of the Italian swordfishery is illustrated by the fact that instructions and special charms repeated in attacking a fish have, up to quite recently, been delivered in Greek, although the fishermen claim that this is done so that the fish will not understand them. In Roman and medieval days the small vessels used for this fishing were built to resemble swordfish, with beaked prows and simulated fins. This, says Oppian, deceived the fish into thinking he was among friends, and Oppian gives a moving account of the indignation of a broadbill which has fallen for these "gross deceits" and been harpooned, and "assaults the Boat and stabs the treacherous board," and concludes sanctimoniously by remarking that " 'tis feigned acquaintance brings the surest doom."



The procedure used in taking fish from these waters seems to be highly formalized, due, I suppose, to the necessity of establishing regulations when a large number of boats are working in a limited area like the Strait of Messina. Each lookout station is manned from dawn to dusk and controls the movements of a group of small boats which, with the lookout, constitute a single organization which may take fish only within a clearly defined area. If a fish is not struck within this area, and moves on into an adjacent one used by a different group of boats, the boats of the section in which the fish was sighted must withdraw. Even more of a strain on human nature, individual boats of each station must await their turn to move out and attempt to strike the fish, and a boat which has failed to bring home the bacon must queue up and await its turn. I shudder when I think of the amount of invective and the number of bloody heads that must have been incurred through past centuries in the course of imposing this procedure on successive generations of Greek, Sicilian, and Calabrian fishermen. However, there it is, and it seems to work fine; but I'm afraid it would make a Block Islander feel a little inhibited.

Besides the Atlantic and Mediterranean, Xiphias also roams the Indian Ocean and the South Pacific, and enormous swordfish have been taken on rod-and-reel off the Chilean coast. A lovely little pre-Inca wood carving of Xiphias was recently exhibited in the Museum of Modern Art in New York. So you can see that he isn't a New Englander, as many think, but a very cosmopolitan fish indeed, and one with a rather substantial historical background. As this is written, the swordfishermen on our own east coast are pulling lobster pots, or watching for submarines. But in their hours of relaxation around the fire, or in the cuddy of a schooner on a gray and wintry Atlantic, Xiphias is still a vital topic, and no matter what the weather, memories of his strength and beauty and courage will always bring the sun of June to those who know him, and carry them back to days of fishing on summer seas. ⌗



"Oh, boy! Cake!"

We're no naval strategist, but from a purely logical point of view, we can't understand the argument that if the other fellow has battleships, we have to have them too. If he resorted to bows and arrows, would we have to do likewise?

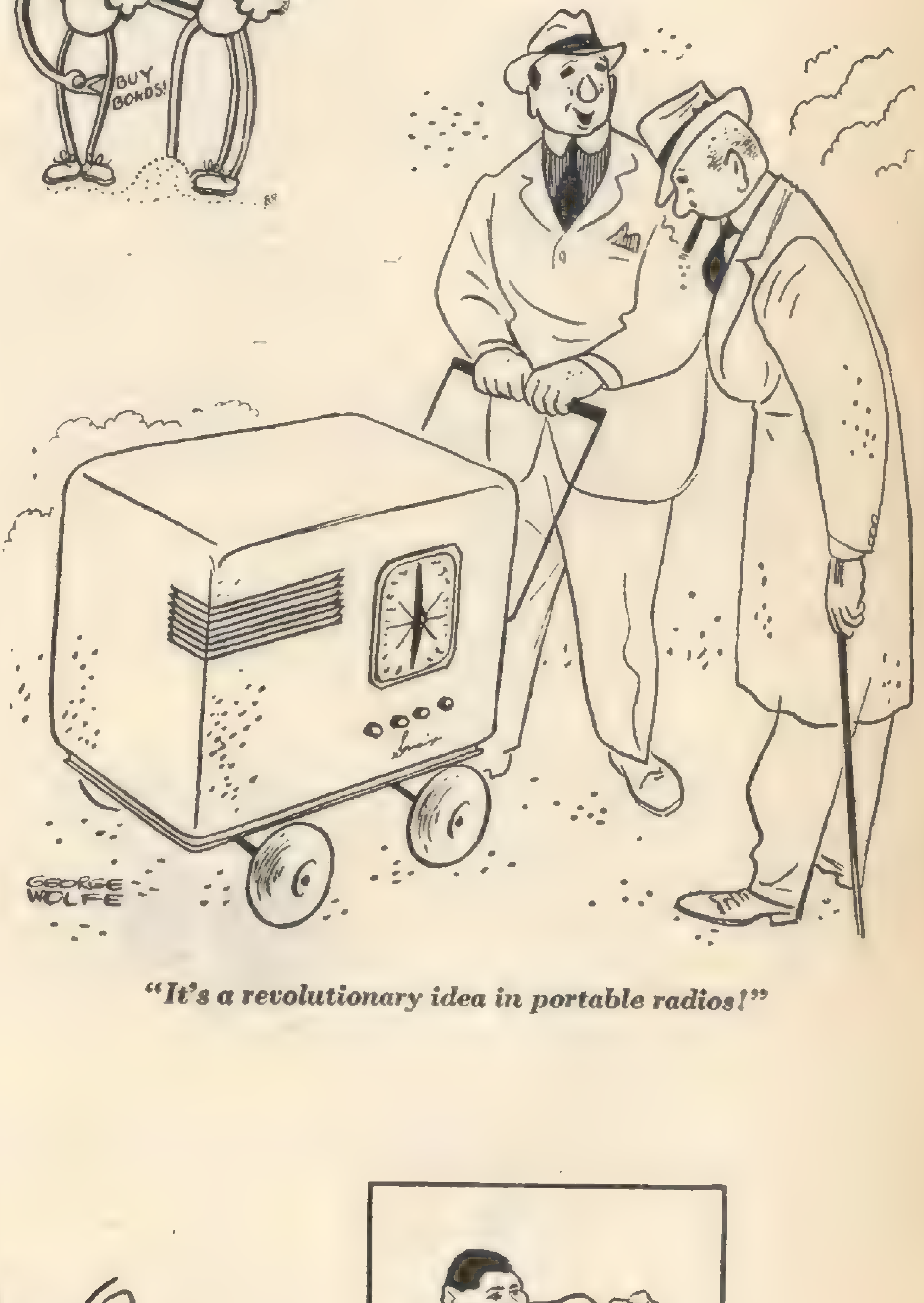
FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
BUY BONDS!

Noted Musical Instruments

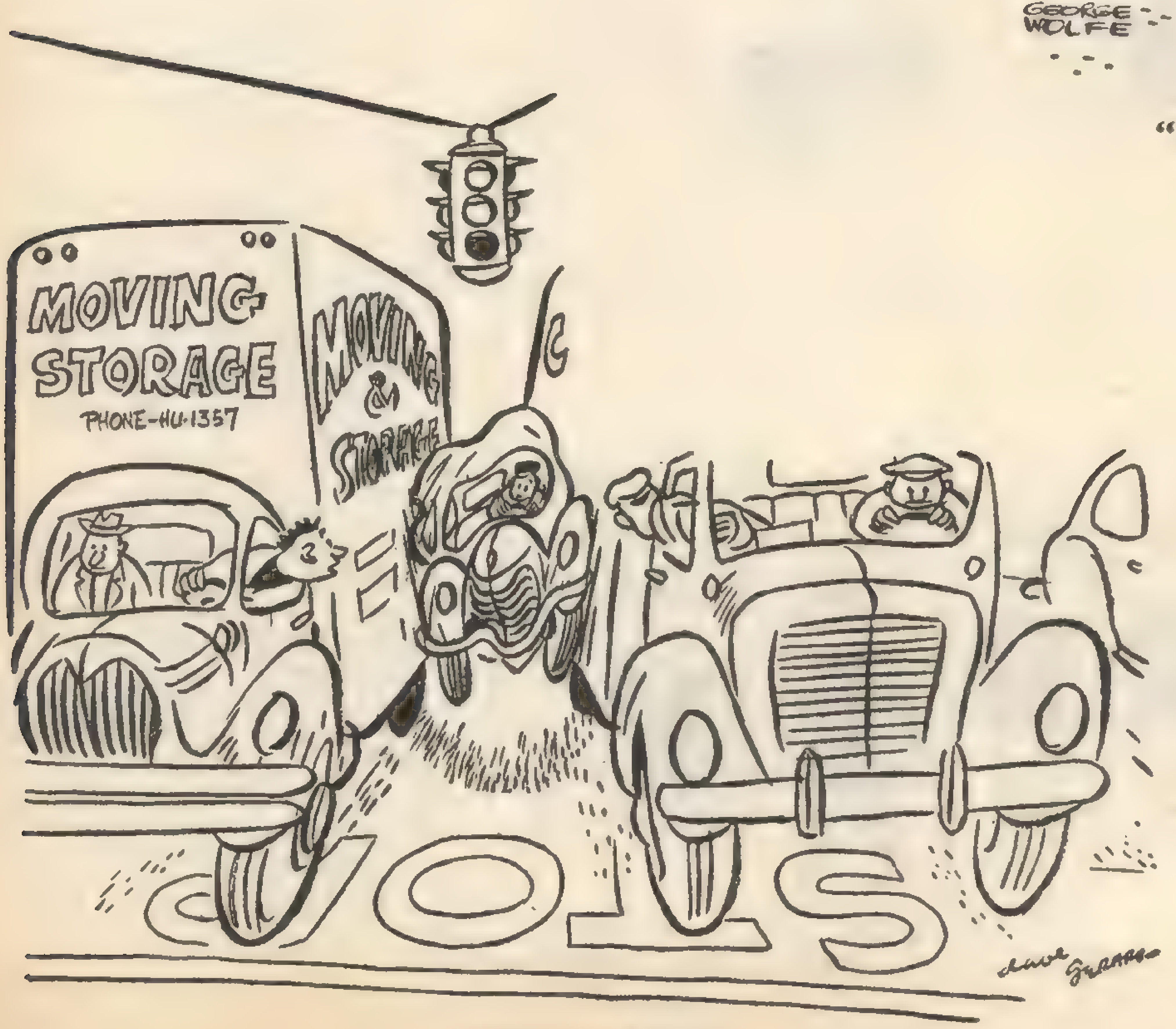
Piano: A large keyboard instrument, having eighty-eight notes, all of which can be wrong. Various types of pianos are upright, concert grand, baby grand, plain grand, and plain lousy.

Tuba: An enormous curved horn through which the music pursues its repetitious circuitous course, eventually to emerge at a specified exit.

Drum: A percussion instrument played by the athletic type of musician who should be capable of pole-vaulting fifteen feet, turning in a forty-six second quarter mile, playing left half for the Chicago Bears, and going five rounds with Joe Louis.


GEORGE WOLFE

"It's a revolutionary idea in portable radios!"


MOVING STORAGE
PHONE-HU-1357
MOVING & STORAGE

"Nice try, lady!"

Economists are divided on whether it is better to finance our army and navy by increased taxation or just to let Joe Louis go on contributing his gate receipts.

Man the Kitchenette

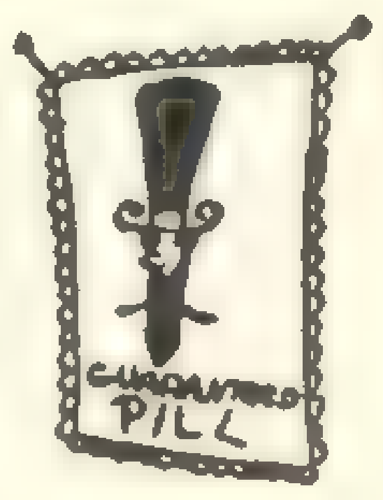
Continued from page 78

flavor of the ham, and it is particularly recommended to people who abhor vegetables, as many men do. Only persons affected with gall bladder trouble mustn't touch it. Expense? (Because that too comes into consideration in this department since the war.) About twenty cents for the lentils and fifty for the smoked meat—for a score of helpings!

Now we finally take our seats at the Humphrey dining room—remember? We were right at the door when I interrupted you with recipes, or receipts, as they say in Kentucky. First of all, to comply with Count Cobentzel's code of etiquette, you must let the hostess conduct the conversation in whatever channel she desires, and be like a chameleon, taking on the color of your surroundings. I was fortunate in this instance. Mrs. Humphrey related an anecdote concerning her cousin who had resided abroad for many years in the capitals of Europe. He had lived extremely well on the advantageous exchange, but was forced to return to Louisville at the start of the war. With prices much higher here than in pre-war Europe, he had to take rooms in a small hotel, but this gentleman in whom Southern hospitality was inborn, still entertained in the modest dining room. One night he invited Mrs. Humphrey to a formal dinner. When the roast was brought in, the waiter, apparently instructed in the art of serving by the much traveled host, went around pouring drinks out of a bottle that was enveloped in a napkin as champagne usually is. The liquid that appeared in the glasses did actually look like champagne and the guests prepared to drink it with due ceremony. They were quite surprised on tasting the beverage to find it was actually nothing more than a local beer!

Dr. Till's Longevity Pills

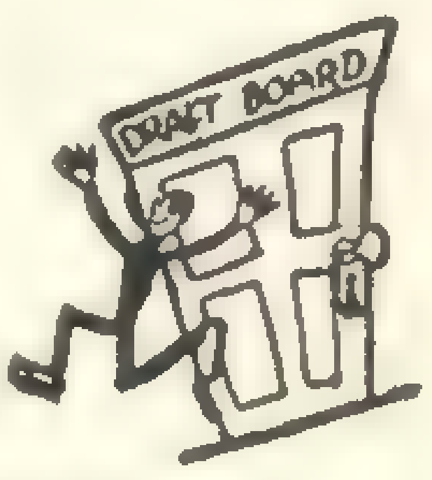
by WALLACE IRWIN



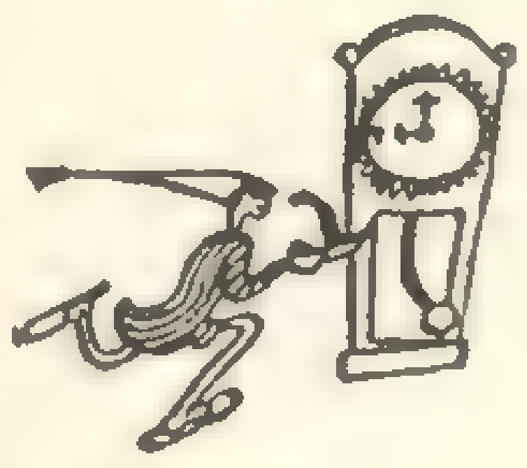
Take Dr. Till's Longevity Pills each morning ere you eat,
Imbibing 6 or 8 in heated water,
If you desire the best results, invidious Time to cheat,
Read following Directions, as you ought ter:

Be moderate with alcohol, be early off to bed
And use tobacco only with discretion.
Beware of crowded subway trains replete with germs we dread
And never join a riot or procession.

Avoid the public drinking cup, avoid the night-club bar,
Avoid all Yale reunions, for they're hectic.
Avoid the soap-box orators who shout their creeds afar—
Especially if you are apoplectic.



Wear overshoes on rainy days, relax if you perspire.
In football and in polo stop contesting.
If you must play, pursue croquet, till you begin to tire—
Our Pills are most effective when you're resting.

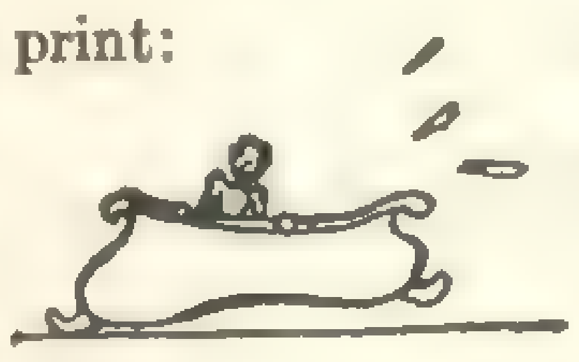


In taking Till's Longevity Pills the mind should be at ease;
All nervousness is contra-indicated.
Restrain your views, don't read the news that fosters heart disease
And dodge the sort of friend you've always hated.

And also with Longevity Pills avoid such sudden shocks
As bathtub skids or bumps from falling missiles;
Cross crossings very carefully on traffic-haunted blocks
And wait until the nice policeman whistles.

Keep out of drafts, eat sparingly of porterhouse and pie—
Then if you think you're not in good condition
Or feel a chronic falling off, and can't discover why,
Consult the nearest family physician.*

*Obedient to Federal Law our Formula we print:
Camphorated oil of cloves a minim.
Sodium chloride (table salt)
Baking soda, flour and malt—
Those never killed a Patient, going in 'im.



I kept mum for more than one reason during the Humphrey dinner—I was eating, and enjoyed the fare tremendously. There was an excellent and unusual soup, called Calf's Head soup, the recipe of which is at the end of this article. Then there was Southern fried chicken, several vegetables, among them asparagus, a strange salad which I will tell you all about, ice cream and pound cake. Miss Mary Humphrey, the beauteous daughter of the hostess, told me the story of the salad which looked like lettuce, though the leaves were smaller, rounder, crisper, and had an oily quality.

This unusual salad, said Miss Humphrey, is called Bibb's salad. And there are different versions as to how it came to be known under this name, how it came into existence, and how and why it settled in the South. The story goes that a Mr. Bibb who had spent a very pleasant week at a hospitable Southern home, said to the hostess at the end of his sojourn: "I'd like very much to repay you, but I have nothing to give you, except these seeds of salad. Plant them. You'll like it." They did, and Bibb's lettuce turned out to be so superior that it soon became famous.

It is really good, the offspring of common lettuce and an African variety. Rather small, it grows like a cabbage rose, has natural moisture, and a beautiful green color. The epicurean way to serve it is to take the rosettes and use French dressing on it. Having an oily quality, it needs less oil in the dressing than other salads, an important consideration today, with oil (and particularly olive oil) so precious.

In concluding this subject I must tell you another one of the Bibb's stories. This goes that a Mr. (in some stories it is Colonel or Dr.) Bibb who developed a fine new salad was guarding the crop, shotgun in hand, day and night. No one but the owner tasted the salad and everyone in the countryside was most curious. Two slippery colored boys made up their minds to steal some of it, recommending their erring souls to the Lord in advance. They were helped by Him in their efforts to spread the good salad and let mankind benefit by the great discovery: old Bibb fell asleep in the middle of his salad plantation, gun in hand, and awoke only when the two boys, running for their lives, were already in the gardens of Paris. (Ky., pop. 6,200.)

By the way, did you know that Paris, Kentucky can boast of the tallest men in the United States? They are extra strong, too. The reason for this special height and strength is supposed to be the diet and the limestone in the drinking water that also accounts for the fine Bourbon whiskey in Kentucky and the fast horses. (And the beautiful women?) I've heard that the Parisians eat a lot of Spoon Bread and Corn Meal Soufflé, Hush Puppies and Corn Dodgers. As you may gather, these are all farinaceous foods made with corn meal, and not only the very names are appealing, but Hush Puppies, tiny, round, hot affairs that you eat with your meal, are downright adorable. Corn Dodgers is another kind of corn bread, in the shape of a roll, very hot and eaten with butter. I refer you to the end of the article for the Spoon Bread recipe; Corn Meal Soufflé is simply Spoon Bread, glorified.

During my stay in Louisville I had the good fortune of visiting with a score of interesting people who favored me with tastes of unknown somethings or other. Miss Virginia Eady, an eyeful if there ever was one, taught me how to boil a ham, real Kentucky style (recipe at end of article); Mrs. Lyons Brown, young wife of one of the important Bourbon distillers, and daughter of Colonel Shallenberger, who was military attaché to Austria, and whom I met abroad a few years back, taught me the secrets of Mint Julep—but the real Southern McCoy. (Turn back quickly for the recipe.) Miss Lallie Hickman told me the secrets of her father's cellar while her dad is away in the Navy, and I listened very attentively. But you won't find anything about it at the end of this article—and little left in the Hickman cellar. Mrs. Sevier Bonnie was exceedingly helpful in every way, as was Mrs. Bullit, Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Cox. I hope they see this so that they may know I am most grateful to them. And especially I am grateful to Mr. Jouett Todd, who told me all about a curious Kentucky dish, one that is usually called Burgout or Burgoo.

Mr. Todd is a young Kentucky lawyer, but has the most cosmopolitan air of any man I have ever known.

Mr. Todd is extremely well-dressed—he wore a dark green dinner suit one evening after running out of black ones and blue ones during the previous evenings' parties—and would appear stylish even if he didn't get his clothes from the very best tailors. This shows that good taste rarely travels alone—Mr. Todd's taste in food and his knowledge of the subject of gastronomy (in spite of

Continued at top of page 114

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 78-113

the fact that he eats sparingly) is remarkable. He went back in history to explain about Burgoo, this classic barbecue stew, served especially at horse auctions or sales. It seems that the Scots were among the first to come to Kentucky, being hardy men, able to negotiate the hilly stony country with ease, and brought Burgoo with them. When it arrived in this country Burgoo was still a sort of a porridge; but later became a stew, always prepared outdoors, and meat—squirrel when available—vegetables, rice, etc., found their way into it. It was a very powerful dish this Burgoo, highly seasoned, and it was said to possess swaying powers in the case of hesitating horse dealers. At any rate, if Mint Julep didn't get them to make up their minds about the nags, Burgoo did.

It is so pleasurable to talk about regional food, a gastronomical subject of no mean import! Of course, in Kentucky, as in all regions and all corners of the United States today, there are rationings. But to end this piece on a comparative note, I'll tell you what we had baked in the bread in countries sticking with the Germans in 1918. Do you know what, my friends? Sawdust! You have no idea of the luck you had when you were born here! In this, you are luckier than I am . . .

CALF'S HEAD SOUP

Put the head into one and a half gallons of water; let it boil till the meat drops from the bones; take out and chop very fine; take out the brains and mix with them one pint of claret or port wine, one teaspoon of salt, and one glass of Madeira wine; mix with chopped meat an onion minced fine, handful of parsley, one teaspoon of cloves, one of allspice, one of black pepper, a little sage and thyme, a piece of butter, size of an egg, with a little flour worked in, and put in the soup.

SPOON BREAD

3 cups milk
1 scant cup corn meal
Butter, size of walnut
3 eggs
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt

Stir meal into 2 cups milk and let come to a boil, making a mush. Add remainder of milk, salt, well beaten eggs, baking powder and melted butter. Bake in greased dish in moderate oven 45 minutes or longer until done.

CORN MEAL SOUFFLÉ

Scald 1 cup milk and stir ¼ cup corn meal into it, cooking 5 minutes over slow fire. Add ¼ teaspoon salt and set to cool. Beat yolks and stir in. Beat whites stiffly and fold in. Bake in buttered dish for 45 minutes in 300° oven.

COUNTRY HAM

Soak smoked ham overnight. Boil till done (until meat slips on the hock). Boil a pound of brown sugar and one handful of whole cloves in water together with the ham. Let the ham cool in this solution. Remove skin, and at the same time make deep cuts in the fat. Now make a paste of:

1 teaspoonful dry mustard
½ cup brown sugar
Enough vinegar to make paste
1 teaspoonful ground cloves

Spread paste over the ham and bake it in slow oven (300°) about one hour.

MRS. LYONS BROWN'S MINT JULEP

Take a regular mint julep cup, without a stem, made of silver. Crush ice very thoroughly. Put sugar syrup to taste in cup first; then select mint that has jagged bases, so it will "bleed" into the cup. Do not crush the mint! Now put in your ice and pour on top four ounces of Bourbon whiskey, and fill up with some more ice. The mint leaves, sticking out of the cup should tickle your nostrils. Use straws. ⧻

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 62

ences with Judith Anderson. Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn, Tallulah Bankhead and Ethel Barrymore sell out the road box office, whereas—unlike in the days of Drew, Faversham, Hackett, et al.—the male stars most often come financial croppers. The public apparently patronizes the women stars arbitrarily and looks askance, save their vehicles be overpowering, at their professional boy-friends.

This seems at times to be true, so far as the road goes, even in the case of the musical shows. Both Al Jolson and Ed Wynn, once great road favorites, last season had to close their tours for lack of customers. But Ethel Waters packs them in, and so, when she tours, does Ethel Merman.

The enemy has further inaugurated its blitz with producers like Mrs. Bonfils, Mrs. Edith Ringling, Margaret Hewes, Gertrude Macy, Alice Alexander, Carly Wharton, the aforementioned Cheryl Crawford, Marjorie Hughes, Helen Arthur, Katharine Cornell, Martha Hodge, Ruth Wilk, Ruth Selwyn, and a half dozen others. It has gone into the angel, or play-backing, business with a vengeance. Mrs. Lewis, Louise Carpenter, Dorothy Straight, Marie Louise Elkins, Lyn Logan—these are only a handful of the dolls who have rushed into the investment field. And the sweet ones have also elaborately horned into the dance direction fortress with such troops as Albertina Rasch, Agnes De Mille, Gae Foster, Felicia Sorel and the like; into the costuming end with Valentina, Manning, Sharaff, Pons and all kinds of others; and into the scene designing end with Aline Bernstein, Emmaline Roche, Peggy Clark, Carolyn Hancock, Gladys Calthrop and plenty of additional such beauties.

A woman, Lillian Hellman, won the last bestowed Critics' Circle's prize for writing what the majority of the critics esteemed as the best American play of the year—the first time the award has gone to a member of the opposite sex. One of the other biggest financial successes of the year was Rose Franken's *Claudia.* Clare Boothe has been received by the box office with hurrahs, and so periodically has George Kaufman's collaborator, Edna Ferber. Some of the most popular of recent plays have been derived from the stories of Sally Benson, Ruth McKenney and Frances Lockridge. Three Pulitzer prizes have been bestowed on women playwrights. In his published annuals of the "best plays of the year," Burns Mantle has in the last dozen seasons listed no less than twenty-three plays written in entirety or in part by women. Cole Porter has a competitor in lyric writing in Dorothy Fields; Richard Rodgers has one in music in Dana Suesse; and other of the boys have them in both music and lyrics in Mrs. Danny Kaye (Sylvia Fine), who writes her popular husband's most successful songs.

The majority of the preview and other benefit performances of plays and shows are solely in the hands of women; and the income from such benefits is often relied upon by producers to help reduce either the initial cost of the exhibits or to help along the box office after the exhibits have opened. The job of gathering road subscription audiences for the Theatre Guild's and the American Theatre Society's attractions is in the keeping of women in a number of the biggest cities. The Drama League, the Theatre Society and the Drama Study Club, all of which gather audiences for selected plays and all of which give annual awards to plays and players, are composed chiefly of women. And their counterparts outside of New York—and there are many such spread throughout the nation—are similarly constituted.

It is perhaps already sufficiently known that Katharine Cornell is her husband Guthrie McClintic's adviser and counsellor in many of his individual undertakings. But it is less well known, if it be known at all, that Lillian Hellman is of great similar assistance to Herman Shumlin; that Mrs. Gilbert Miller is of invaluable service to her producer husband in approving the details of settings, costumes, etc.; that Grace George is her producer husband William A. Brady's chief staff officer in the way of suggestions and criticism; that Rachel Crothers has assisted John Golden in the casting or direction of certain productions apart from those in which she has, as a playwright, been directly concerned; and that Mrs. John C. Wilson guides her producer husband in the same ways in which Mrs. Miller guides hers.

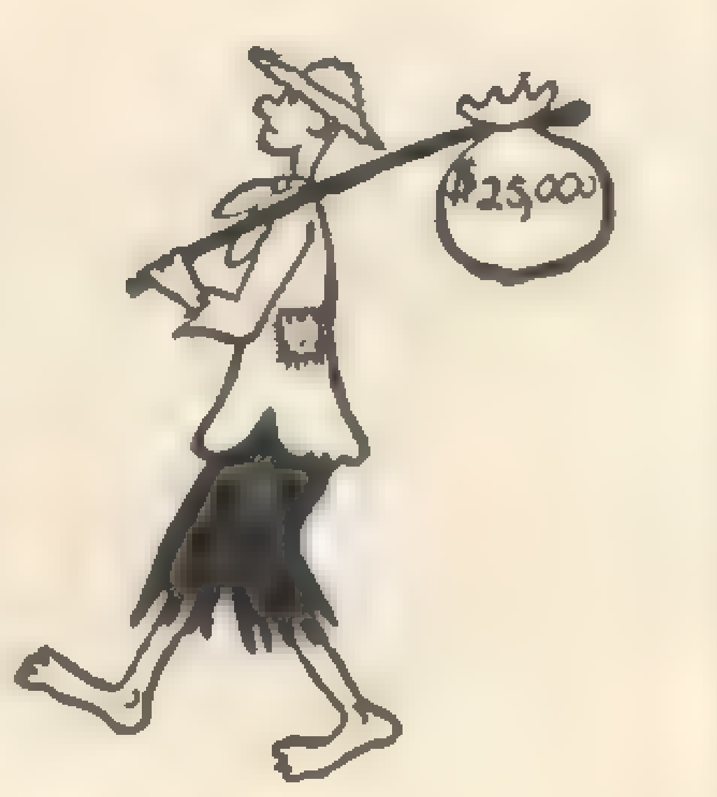
The picture thus begins to suggest its steadily enlarging feminine frame. We find that not only these many theatrical departments but divers others are coming more and more into the hands of women. We engage an increasing number of female play brokers and agents, an increasing number of female acting coaches, an increasing number of female scenery exchanges, an increasing number of female librettists, an increasing number of female theatrical supply firms, and an increasing number of even female drama critics. And the Theatre Wing War Service by its constitution limits its personnel to women.

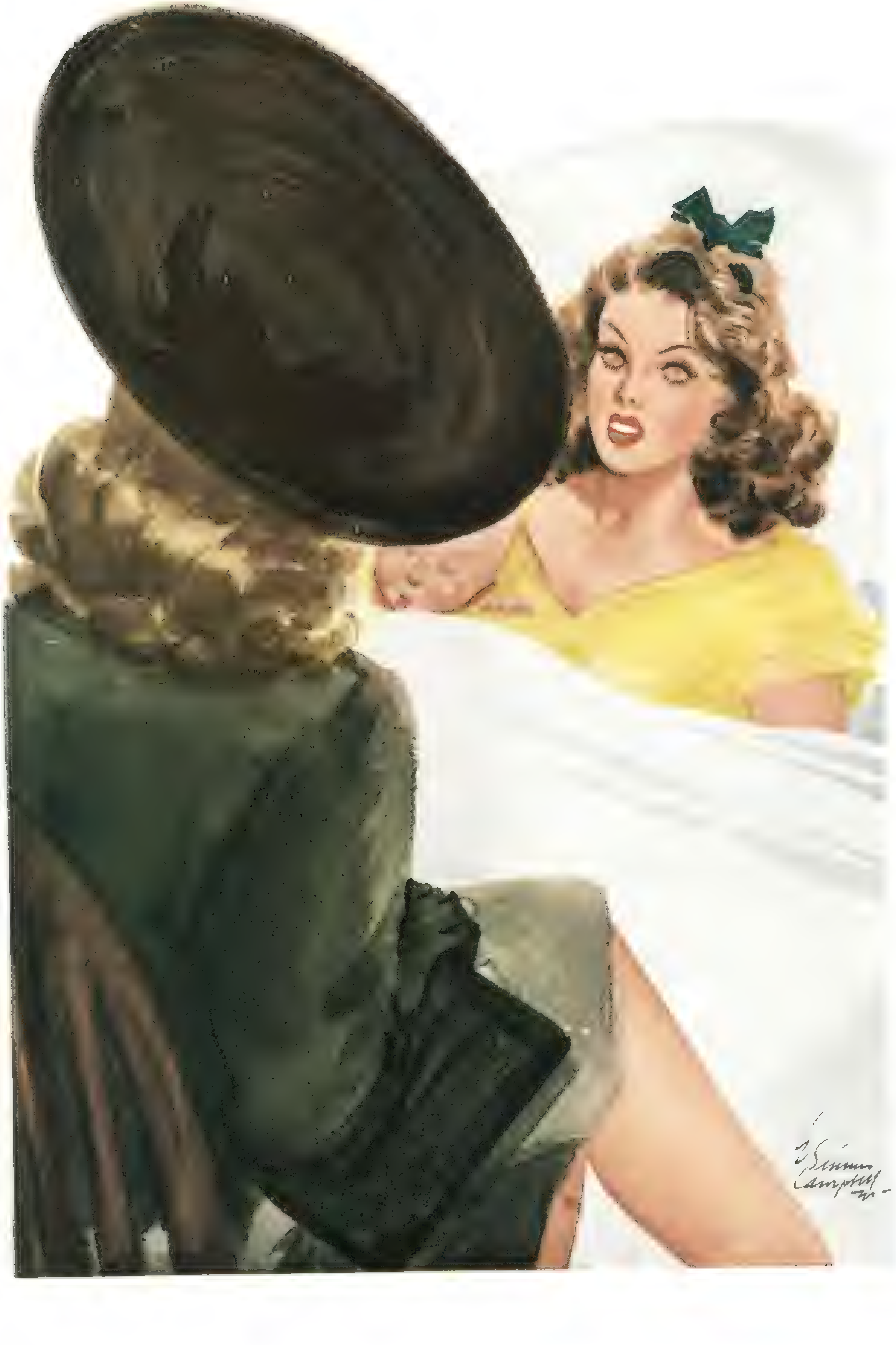
Just where or how it will all end, no one can say. It was a woman, Lady Gregory, who did much to help the modern theatre of Ireland on the road to glory. It was a woman, Miss Horniman, who was no little instrumental in improving the tone of the modern English theatre. It was a woman, Mrs. Warren, who assisted, indeed, in the birth of the American theatre 'way back in the eighteenth century. So it may be that it will be the women who will eventually lay hold of a present American theatre that is sadly in the doldrums and reinspirit it with a new life, and a new brave enterprise, and a new and much needed vigor.

The men, as has been noted, have the most of them failed of their duty. They have been lazy, unimaginative, backward, and even cowardly. They have played the cheap game of a cheap Broadway. They have taken few chances with merit and have preferred to spend their money on trash that has often promptly lost it for them. Or they have postured pretentiously and made themselves ridiculous. With but a few honorable exceptions, the rank and file of them have been intellectual shoe-stringers, aimless playboys, dealers in junk, or out and out theatrical imposters. Let us see now what the girls can do. The door is wide open. And good luck to them! ⧻

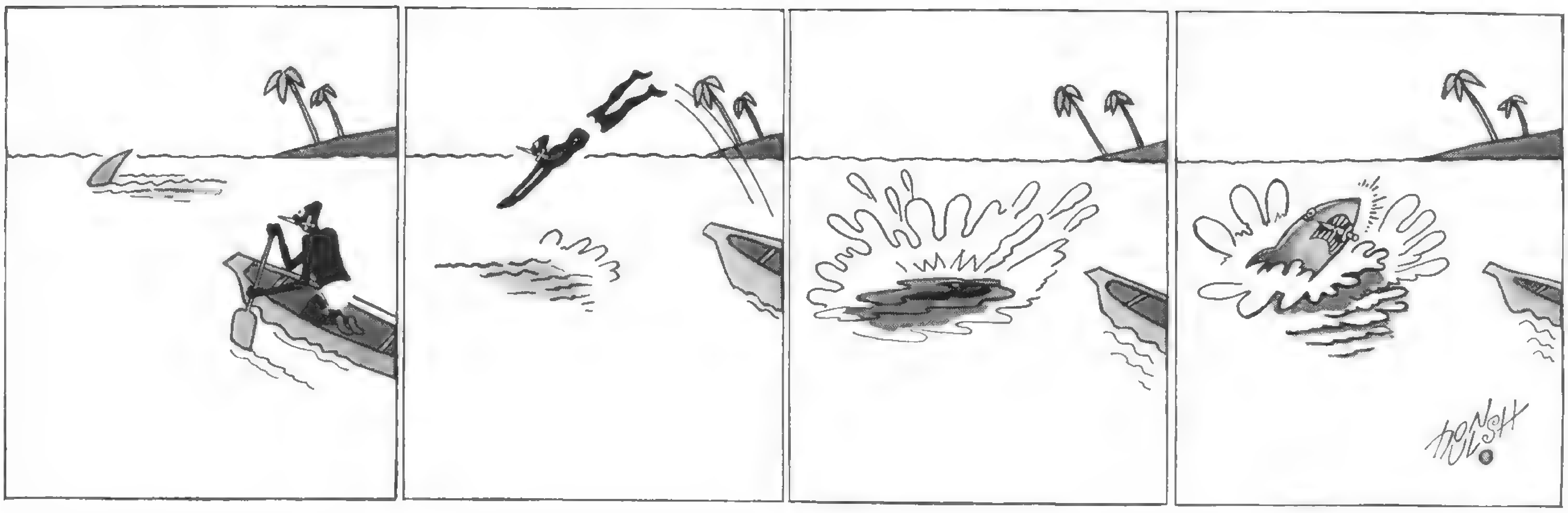
Pitiful War Casualties

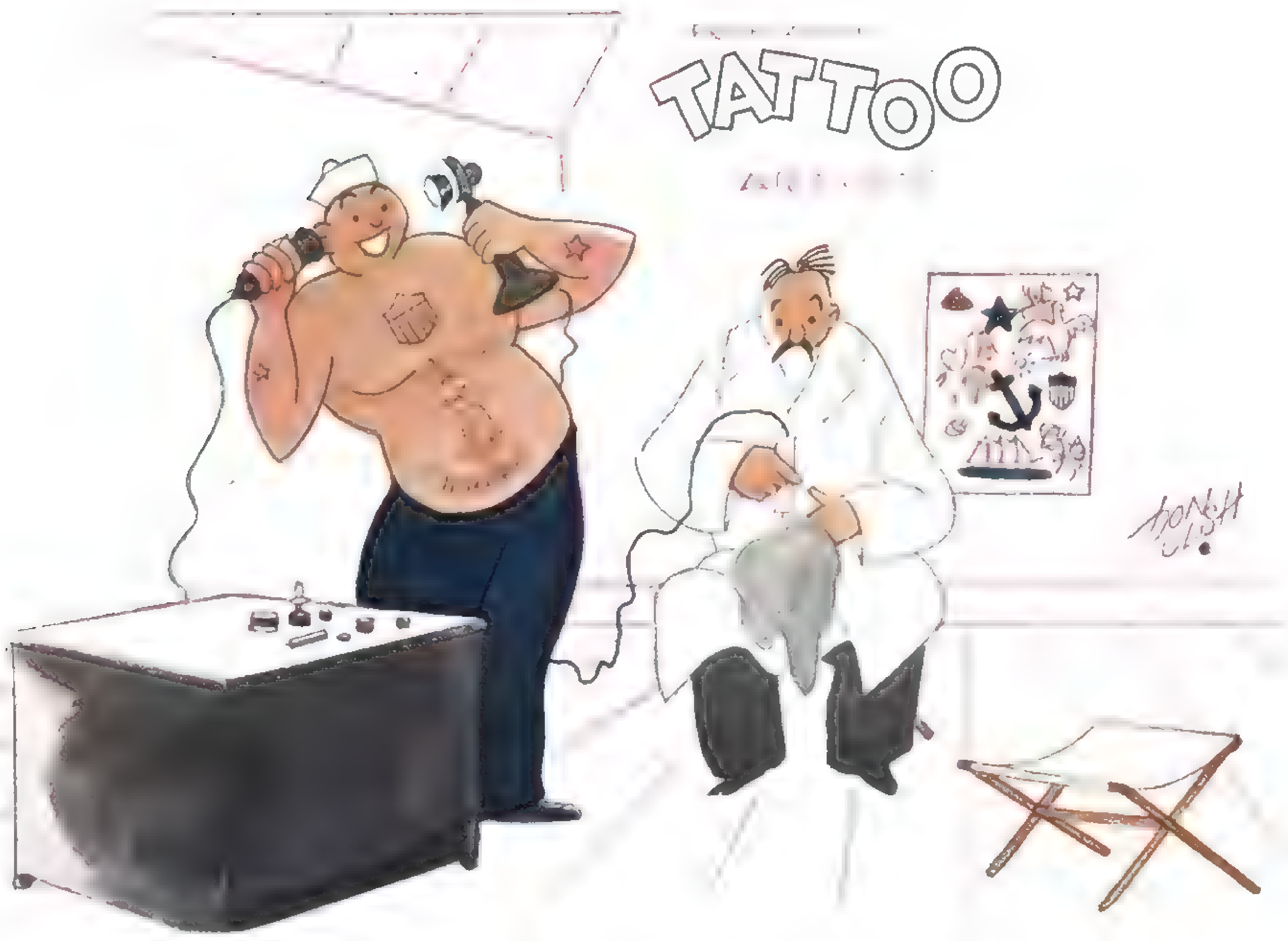
The fellow who is only permitted to keep $25,000 a year after all his taxes are paid . . . The sweets-craving lady who is compelled to skimp along on half a pound of sugar, eighteen marshmallow sundaes, six pounds of candy and two chocolate cakes per week . . . The racing fan who must limit his racetrack visits to three a week on account of the gas shortage.





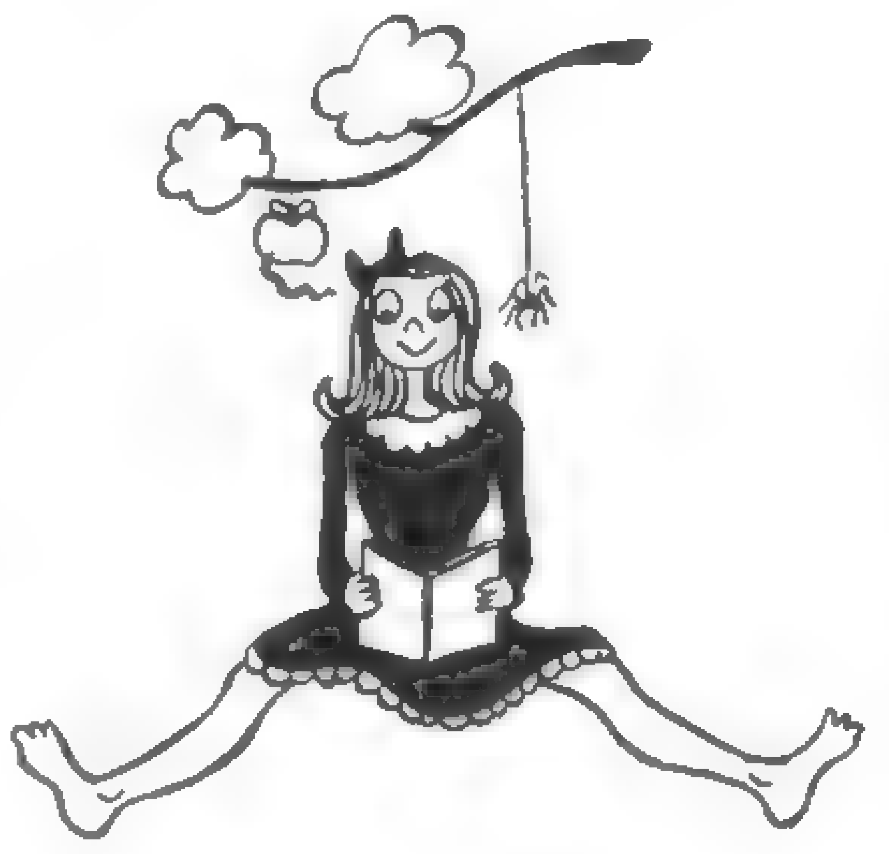
"We had picked the name Douglas MacArthur Roosevelt Burns, but she changed our plans"



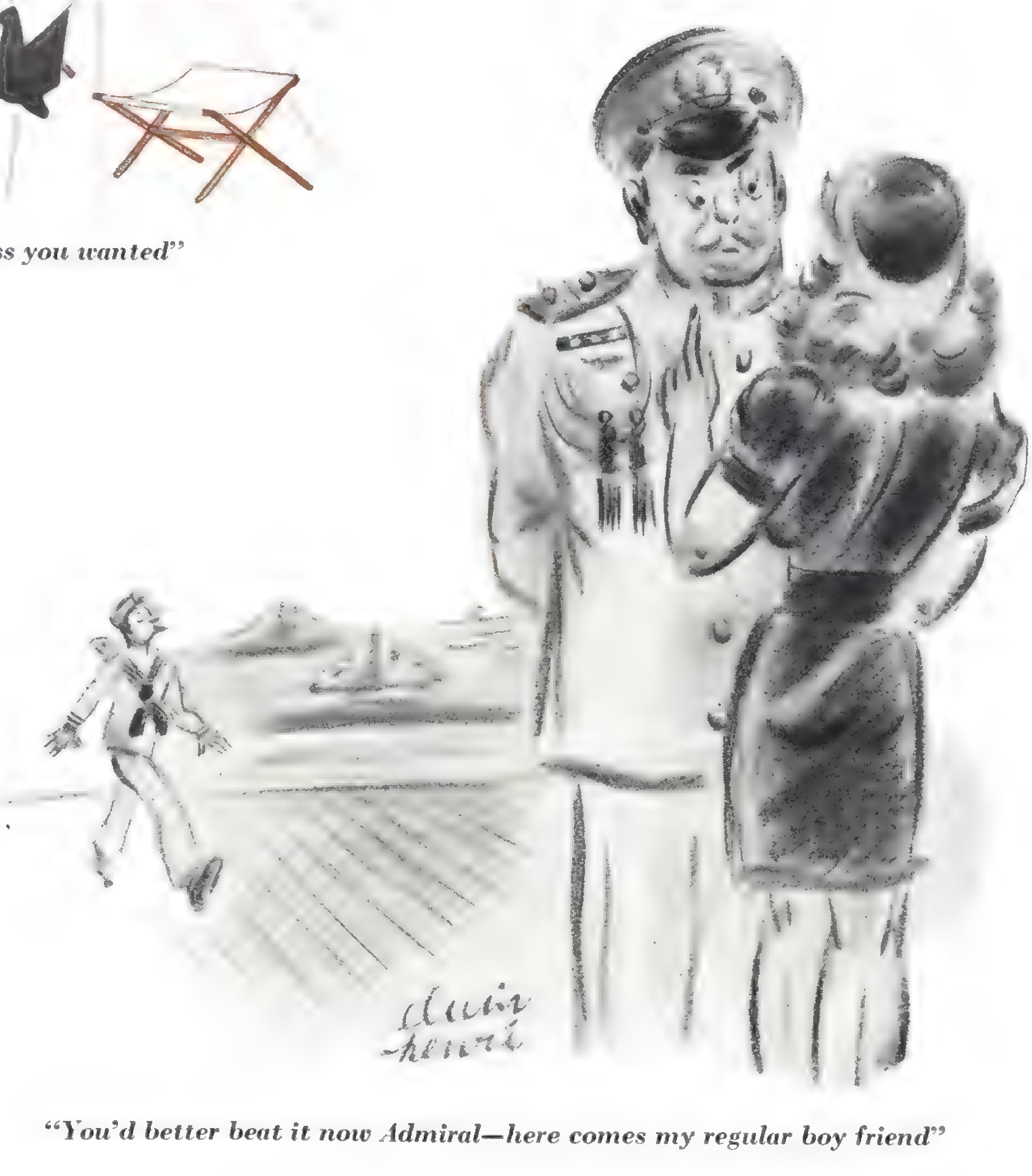


"Hello, Mabel—I got that new dress you wanted"

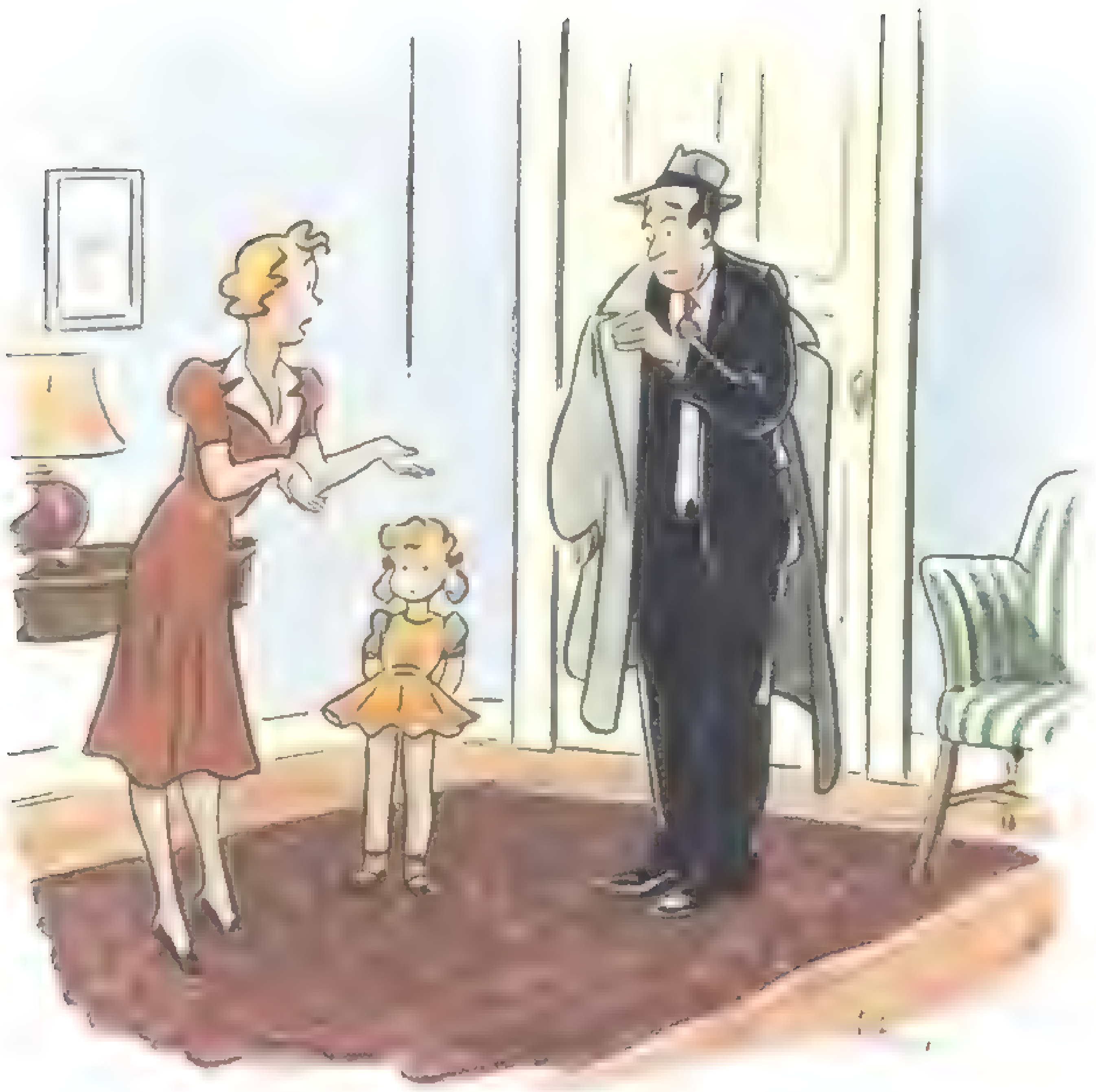
It is whispered in some quarters that gas rationing is primarily for the purpose of saving tires. Next thing some super-thinker will inform us that lump sugar is being rationed so that we will cut down on old-fashioneds, and thus save grain alcohol.



No. Sir Isaac Newton didn't write that popular song hit: "Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree."

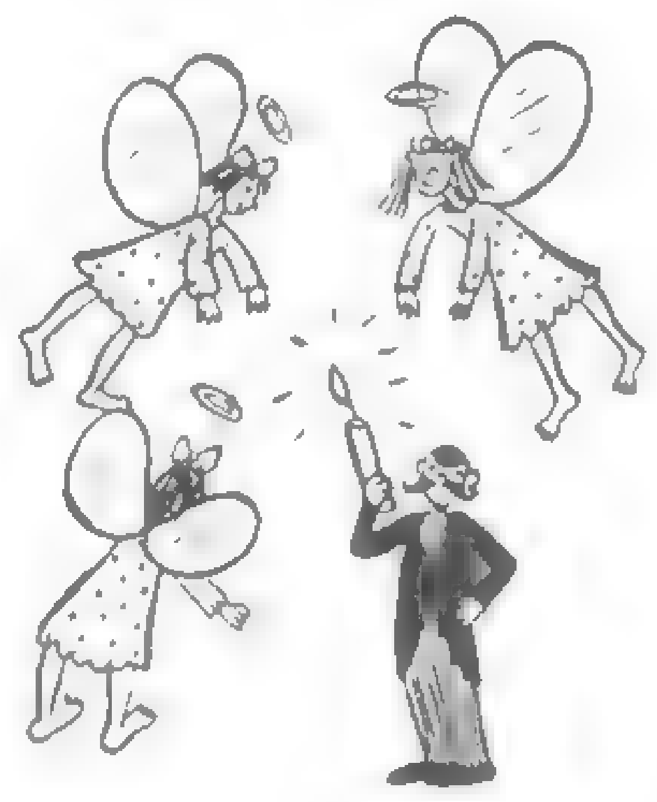


"You'd better beat it now Admiral—here comes my regular boy friend"



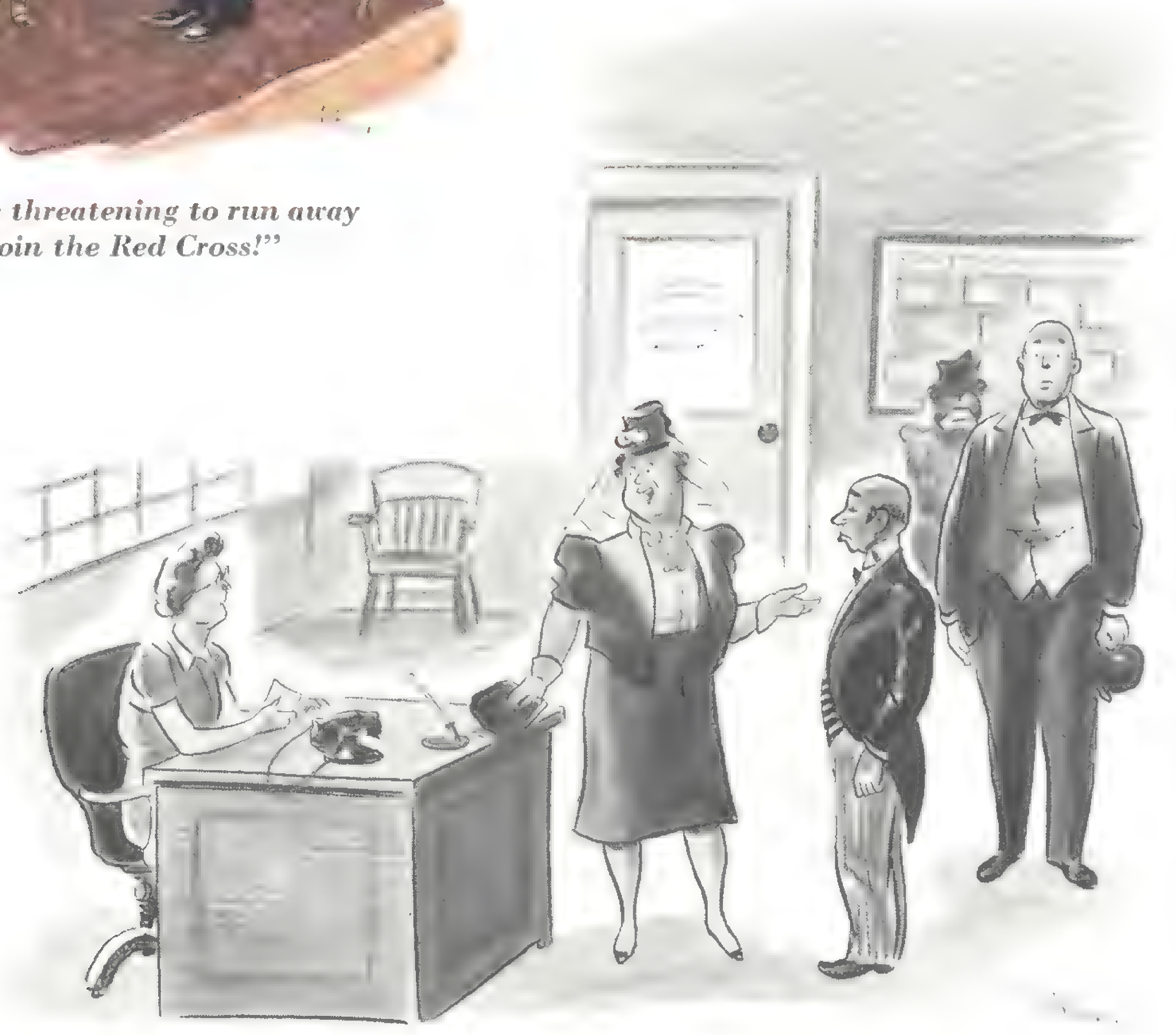
"She keeps threatening to run away and join the Red Cross!"

Saperoo

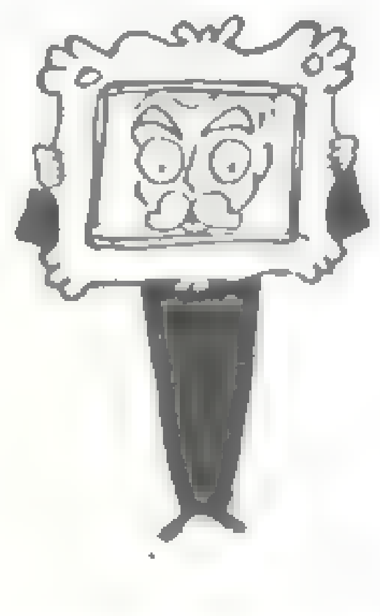


I've a reputation
Under which I chafe,
I'm the Great-Big-Brother type
The Gals all label "safe",
Mothers beam upon me
And tell me I'm a prize,
I wish they'd tell their Daughters
But they're out with dangerous guys!

—PHIL STACK



"Have you this one a size larger?"



Handy Answers When You're Stumped in an Argument

"But statistics don't prove a thing"

* *

"You're obviously prejudiced."

* *

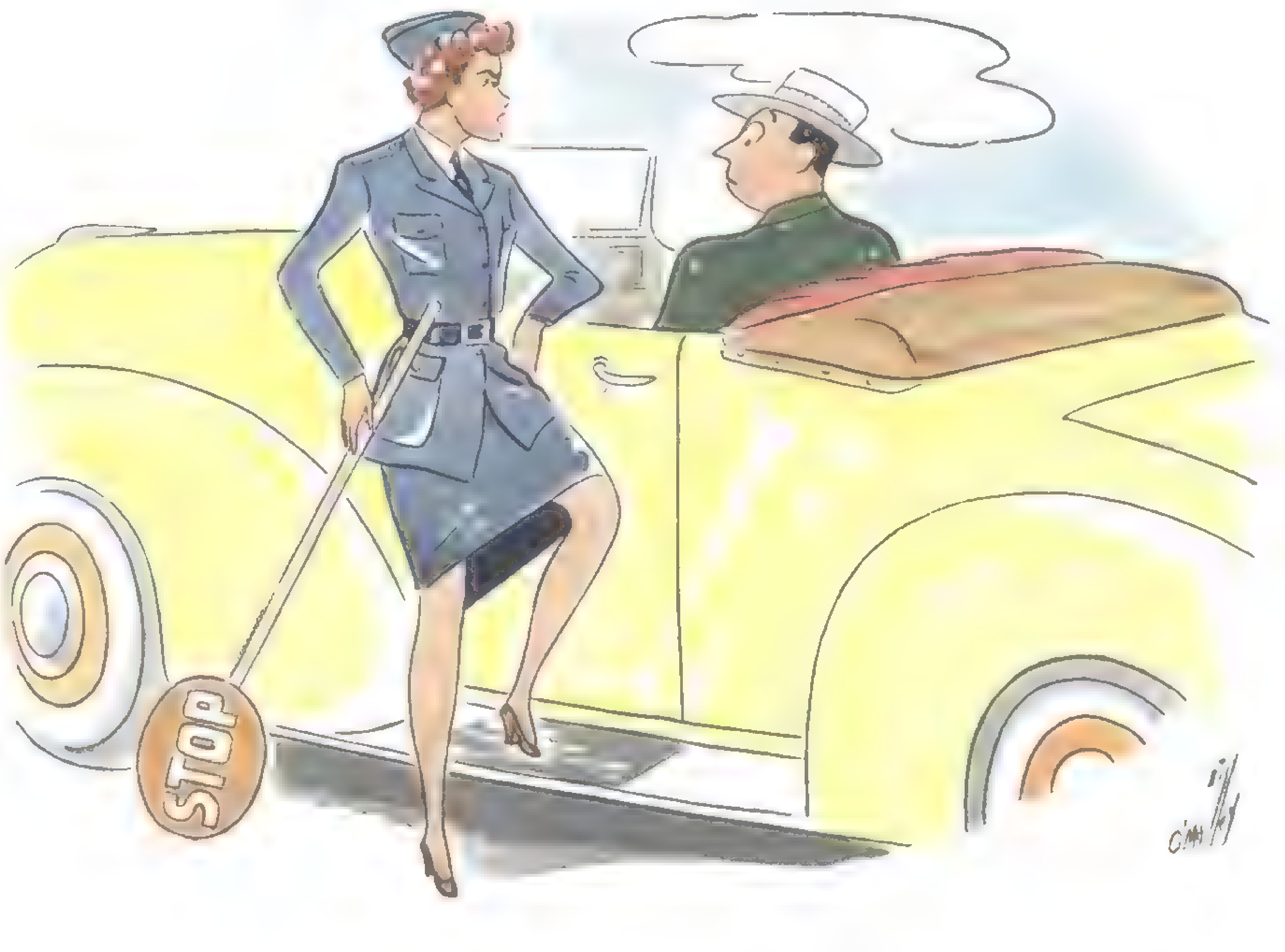
"That's a very superficial way of looking at it."

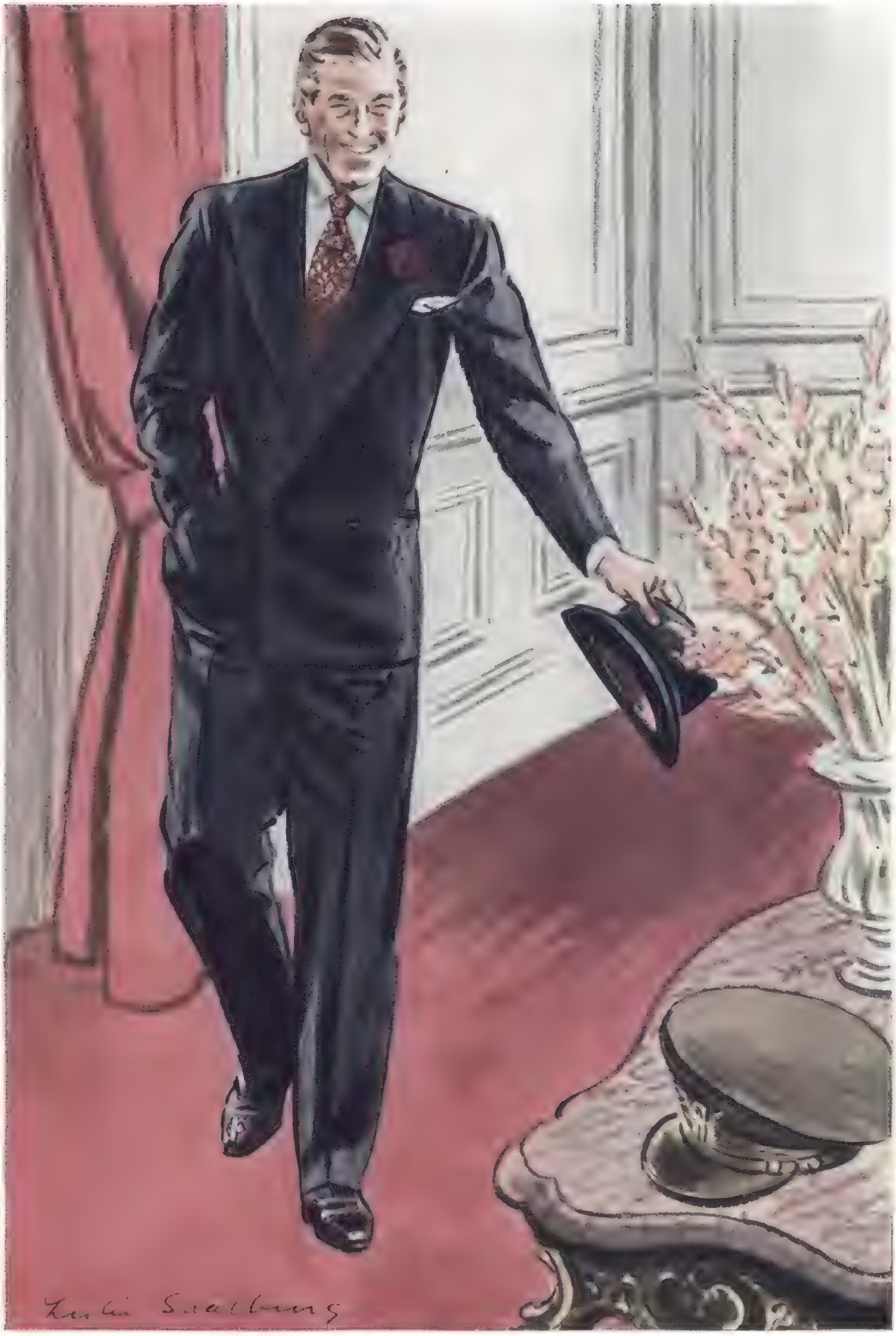
* *

"Your conclusion's highly debatable."

* *

"That's what I used to think."





freedom blue on the beam

"So it goes . . . here I came a tippin' and a toein' to give this pert little skirt a big twirl, only to be beaten to the drawing room by an infernal colonel!" We hope you collar the jive of this zany gentleman who tosses his midnight blue Homburg into the proverbial ring and is all set for an evening threesome. Tonight he feels hep to meeting up with Olive Drab (color), for he's wearing the new Freedom Blue, only a tone's throw away from the conventional navy blue, with the indistinct stripings which tend to intensify the color of the unfinished worsted material. The double-breasted jacket is worn without a waistcoat. Accessories include a pale blue broadcloth shirt with widespread collar, a figured tie of the Macclesfield type, and a clove red carnation een zee lapel. The black town last shoes have perforated medallions on the toes. "Wait'll she gets a load of this Freedom Blue!"

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Yes, Mr. Mercer

Continued from page 39

and Mason and Dixon must have been a soft-shoe and patter act on the old Keith-Proctor time. This is the world of the plantation singers of Shubert Alley.

Our Mr. Mercer is a little out of this world.

* * *

These days, when the gentlemen behind the glass partition doors of the publishing houses on Tin Pan Alley look over the names of the top-ranking song writers, there isn't a one of them wouldn't trade his wife and kids for Johnny Mercer's contract. As far as publishers are concerned, a song writer is two things: a contract and a "catalogue." He writes songs which become part of his so-called catalogue. The greater the number of hits in a composer's catalogue, the more valuable that catalogue becomes. There are many lyricists whose catalogues are infinitely more valuable than Mercer's. This is because they have been at it for much longer than Mercer; they've had a head start. But there isn't a song writer in America with a greater potential catalogue, with a more promising future than Mercer's. That is why every publisher lusts for him like David after Bathsheba. That troubadour of the Tin Pan, Gus Kahn, once put it this way to Mercer: "I would trade my whole catalogue for your talent and for the years ahead of you."

Mr. Mercer is clearly a phenomenon. He is at the moment the most successful song writer in America. This comes on the authority of his competitors, the sheet music sales as recorded in *Variety*, and that barometer of the business, the Hit Parade. There were times when four of the most popular songs of the week were Mercer's. He holds the lyricist's all-time record of having had eight songs in the top spot, the so-called "Number 1" hit of the week. At one time he had an unbroken record of having at least one of his songs on the Hit Parade every week for a solid year. No other song writer comes near that record. It is to song writing what Joe DiMaggio's consecutive hitting record is to baseball.

Mercer is thirty-two years old. He has been writing songs ever since he was fifteen, but it wasn't until he was twenty that he broke into the big time. We conclude then that he has been in the racket for twelve years. He has written about five hundred songs, but a song writer does not measure his achievements by total bulk. He measures them by the number of songs he has had published and by the percentage of hits. Mercer has had about 150 songs published. About 50 of these have been hits. As catalogues go, that is already enough for him to retire on.

By this time, most of those hits have gone tinkling down the drain. That is due to the fact that Mercer possesses in abundance the greatest asset any song writer can have—"commercialism." The great majority of his stuff is manufactured quickly, marketed quickly, and when it dies it dies for good. The same holds true for all writers with the commercial flair. One of the tricks of the trade is to strike while the iron is hot. Mercer has a gift for plucking a catchphrase out of the current colloquialisms and making it the song hit of the moment. He did that with *Jeepers Creepers* and *Goody Goody*. This sort of thing is meant to be a fly-by-night passing fancy.

Mercer has an instinct for the literary lyric too. He proved that with *Skylark*, which is not precisely in a class with Shelley's appraisal of the same feathered creature but which is way above the usual moron level of popular song lyrics. Strange as the word sounds in these times, Mercer is a poet. But he can make compromises. This young man with the gift for poetic phrases can also be the young man with the corn. He can write a *Blues in the Night* but also dash off something like:

"The ocean may cease in its motion
But not my devotion
To you . . ."

Poets may quibble with that one, but the public didn't. The public lapped it up. It was commercial. Or again, the same Mr. Mercer of *Skylark* can write:

"Goody goody for me,
Goody goody for him,
I hope you're satisfied, you rascal you . . ."

But this is the sort of thing that always goes and this is the sort of thing that Mercer turns out in mass. *Blues in the Night* was just a detour; so was *Skylark;* so was *And the Angels Sing*. As luck would have it, they became hits. But the well-travelled road is safer. Keep it simple, keep it silly. "Jeepers creepers, where'd'ja get those peepers . . . goody goody for him, goody goody for me . . ." Stuff like that. They eat it up. And if you happen to have a good song, a really good song, in your system once in a while, get rid of it by writing it. It *may* turn out to be a hit.

In the final analysis, the ability to plunge from the sublime to the ridiculous, to oscillate, as T. E. Shaw would have it, from asymptote to asymptote, is a key to the secret of Mercer's success, or of any popular lyricist's success. Few song writers have the necessary flexibility, the sort that stretches all the way from such a well-phrased lyric as *And the Angels Sing* to such commercial corn as:

"You must have been a beautiful baby
Cause baby look at you now!"

Mercer can write to please the most fastidious of the sophisticated jazz addicts. He can also talk the mumbo-jumbo of the jitterbugs, who love his *Mr. Heckle and Mr. Jibe*, his *Bob White:*

"I been talking to the whippoorwill
He says you got a corny trill
Bob White!
What'cha gonna swing tonight?"

And occasionally he can appease the two with one phrase, such as "my mama done tol' me." On a clear working day he can switch from sweet talk to jive with just enough time out for a sandwich in between.

But Mercer's most memorable songs, the few that may be sung by your children's children, have been phrased in the idiom of the Southland. This is the talk most natural to him for Mercer is that mutation among song writers, a born Southerner. Broadway and Hollywood may take up his commuting time, but Savannah is home town. He left Savannah when he was seventeen.

Back in the days of Mercer's extreme youth, his father wanted him to take over the family holdings. (The Mercers are an old Savannah family, big in real estate and all that. Rudy Vallee once referred to Mercer as "a chap with fine breeding and background.") But after the younger Mercer got

Continued on page 120

PHOTOGRAPH BY EWING KRAININ

Tricks of the Trade

Telephonetiquette

This wolf *thinks* he has a way with women. He *knows* he has two on the aisle for Cole Porter's latest, and an option on a magnum of champagne at the Stork. Yet, as he hangs up the phone, he is unhappy. None of the girls will play with him. And all because his telephonetiquette is terrible.

If you must be a wolf, at least be a good one—and the first lesson is to learn how to make a telephone talk. Here's a condensation of phone lore compiled by the Bell System:

1. Keep your lips not more than one-half inch from the mouthpiece—just far enough away to permit freedom of their movement. Hold the receiver close to your ear.
2. Speak in a quiet, conversational voice at a moderate rate of speed; enunciate clearly and distinctly. Loud voices jar over the phone.
3. Speak *to* the person at the other end of the line—not *at* your telephone. Try to visualize the person and you will find yourself speaking as naturally as in a face-to-face conversation.
4. You can't smile over the phone. As a substitute measure, introduce numerous courteous expressions into your conversation, listen attentively, refrain from interrupting, use the other party's name frequently. Never hang up without giving a definite indication that the conversation is finished. And then replace the receiver gently—don't give the other party a bang in the ear.
5. If there is the slightest question about it, be sure to ask if it is convenient to talk. When placing a call, don't hang up if you don't receive an immediate answer—give the party at least a minute to get to the phone.

Yes, Mr. Mercer

Continued from pages 39-119

a taste of real estate management in the Negro section he decided he'd rather be an actor. He joined a little theatre group.

In those days David Belasco was running an annual one-act play tournament and Mercer's little theatre group was invited to New York to participate. They came, these Savannah strollers, Mr. Mercer in the van, and they conquered. Their play was judged the most original in the contest. They won a prize. Thereupon the smart members of the group clasped the prize to their bosoms, combed the stardust out of their hair, and went back to their honest livings in Savannah. Mr. Mercer, however, was not so smart. He stayed on in New York. He was going to become an actor.

He did. He became one of that anonymous army of "atmosphere" players who clutter up the casting offices of Broadway. When Mercer worked, he ate. When he didn't he had friends. But fate is a gypsy, in the words of the bard, it hides around corners, bearing gifts.

In those days the Theatre Guild had a workshop comprised of students of drama who put on plays of their own devising. One of the annual events of this group was a revue called *The Garrick Gaieties*, the mere mention of which will bring a tear to the eyes of veterans who reckon their theatre in terms of the Grand Street Follies and the Little Show and the Garrick Gaieties. That was the heydey of the real intimate revue. Many of the now bright lights on Broadway came out of the Gaieties. Rodgers and Hart are probably the most illustrious alumni. Johnny Mercer must also be reckoned as another prize pupil.

When the busy little apprentices were throwing together their material for the revue, Mercer went around and asked for a job—an acting job. They told him they had plenty of actors. Mercer started to leave, but he happened to overhear a conversation in the wings. One apprentice was telling another that what the show needed was a few more good songs.

Mercer went home, and with a rapidity which has since become part of the Mercer legend (he wrote *And the Angels Sing* in two hours) he wrote a song. It was called *Out of Breath*. The lyric hit just the right spirit of bouncing youth and precocious charm the Gaieties were always striving for. (Mercer dedicated it to a young lady in the chorus of the show.) It went, in part, like this:

> "All you have to do is say 'boo'
> I'm out of breath
> And scared to death of you."

Sterling Holloway, the rising star of the show, heard it and claimed it for his own. He sang it in the show to much acclaim, and the professional song-writing career of Johnny Mercer was launched. That is to say, he continued to write songs. The fact that he did not sell any for a long time does not bother us. We are concerned here only with the fact that he started to write songs in earnest. He was not eating in earnest, however, and he got a job in Wall Street, punching holes in stock certificates. He quit because his thumbs got sore.

Mercer can neither read music nor play any musical instrument, but he has a voice. It has been called a singing voice. It is, rather, a gift for recitative in rhythm. Mercer is no musician, but, like Irving Berlin, he's got rhythm. His voice was once described as "ecstatically sleepy." He sings, as a matter of fact, as though he were flat on his back, a little too tired to stand up. After his flyer in Wall Street, he heard that Paul Whiteman was holding auditions in an attempt to discover two new singing stars, one male, one female. Mercer entered the contest because he couldn't sell his songs. He was under contract to the publishing firm owned by Will Woodin, the then Secretary of the Treasury, and he actually wrote one song with that Puckish plutocrat called *Spring Is in My Heart*, but he didn't get very far with it. The president of the firm, a Mr. Charles Miller, wrote a nice note to Johnny's father. "John," he wrote, "is a literary genius. However, we can not give him a drawing account of more than twenty-five dollars a week." He wasn't doing so well in the song-writing line but he did win the Whiteman contest.

When Mercer joined Whiteman, the short uphill climb began, because Whiteman liked his songs and played them. He wrote *Here Come the British with a bang! bang!* (composing time: one half hour), and *Goody Goody* (forty-five minutes). Whiteman began to bill his singing star as "the well known composer Johnny Mercer."

Mercer had a friend, Hoagy Carmichael. Carmichael had already written his own passport to immortality with *Stardust*. He had another tune in his files, something called *Snowball*, in which certain strains were reminiscent of another one of Carmichael's tunes called *Washboard Blues*. Mercer listened attentively to these strains and suggested to Carmichael that he extract them bodily and make a brand new song of them. He, Mercer, had an idea for a lyric—not a commercial idea, perhaps, but one that had been jumping around in his head ever since the Savannah days. Carmichael isolated the strains and made a song of them; Mercer wrote the lyric. It was *Lazybones*.

In these days of quick turnover, when today's national anthem is tomorrow's fond memory, it may be a little difficult to recall the *Lazybones* craze. It topped the lists of the nation's song hits for many weeks. There came an epidemic of "Lazybones" hats, toys, games, and candy bars. Those were the early days of the NRA and *Lazybones* played its proper part in that political-spiritual awakening. Consider, for example, the NRA pageant put on in Mercer's own town, Savannah. The local paper described the climax to the festivities thus: "With a roar of drums, the opening curtain rose on *The Spirit of NRA*, which was a beautiful sight. The large stage was filled with pretty lasses dressed in colorful costumes, eleven of them holding the blue eagle emblem. While the lights played on the central figure in the group, the eyes of the emblematic eagle took on an encouraging glow, which made all enter into the spirit of the act. Mrs. F. B. Stevens sang her version of *Lazybones* with a wording arrangement that urged everybody to buy now and help NRA." Another symbol of the overwhelming success of the song was the fact that it was barred in Nazi Germany because it encouraged idleness and did not conform to Nazi ideals.

Mercer had started to make good money out of his song writing, but he had never made a fortune out of one song. He made it on *Lazybones*.

He became a radio star. He went on the air with the Benny Goodman program, singing and contributing a type of lyric he was the first—and perhaps the last—to use. He wrote daily songs describing the news of the day. Did Lou Gehrig hit a home run? Mr. Mercer celebrated the event in song and story. Did the King and Queen of England visit America? Mr. Mercer made the visit immortal with a song. For a time he was extremely popular on the air, especially with a young lady from New Rochelle who wrote him: "When I hear you (sing) my stomach feels as if the bottom dropped out and my heart stops beating. The most strange thing

Continued on page 123

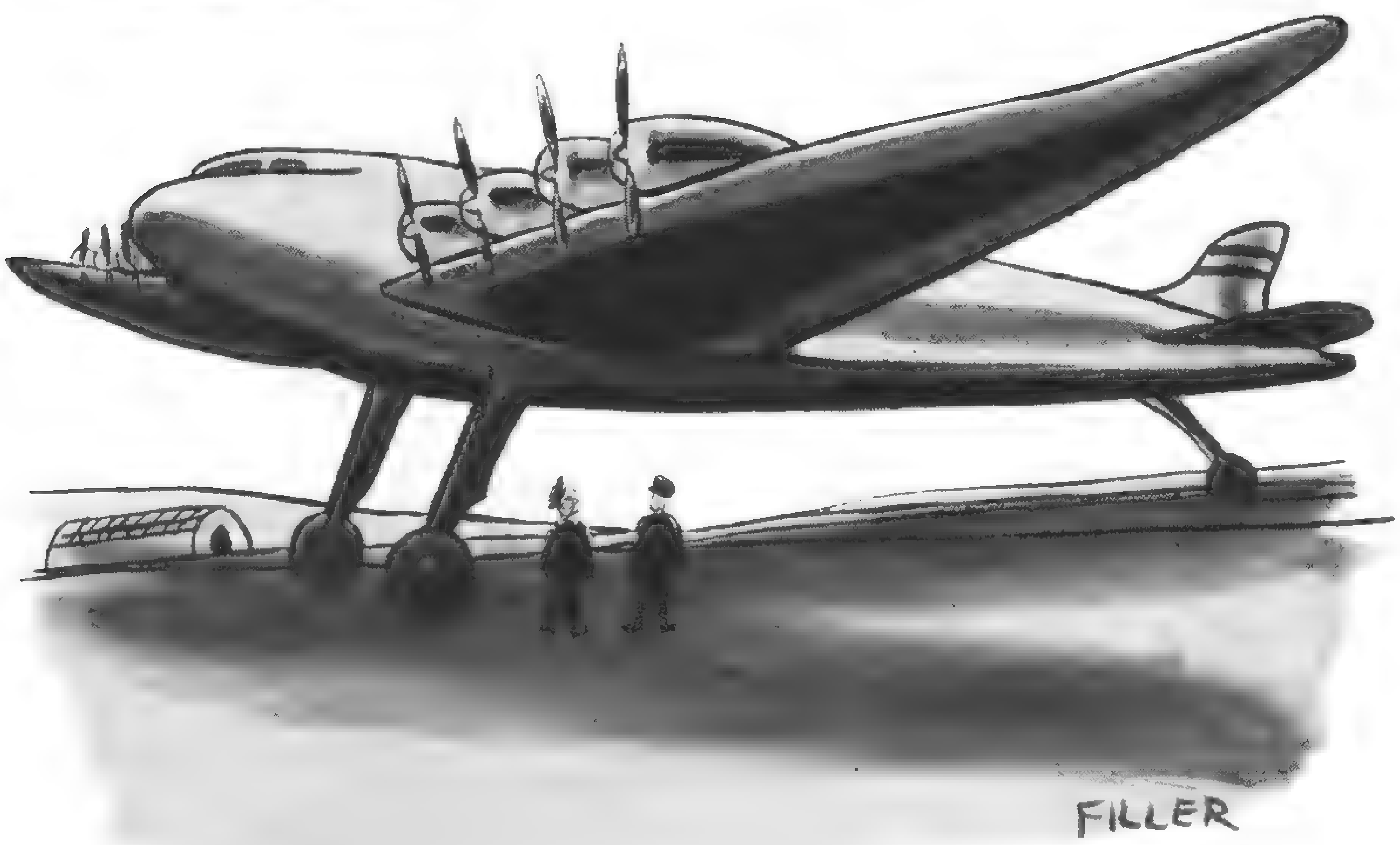
PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE PLATT LYNES

My Idea of a Good Time

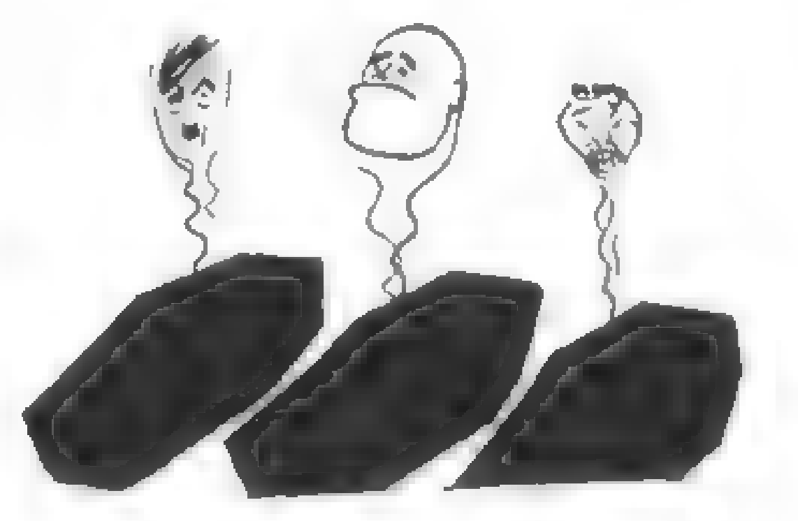
W. Somerset Maugham Gives His Formula for Fun

My idea of a good time is *not* attending a cocktail party at which I am lavishly complimented on some book I never wrote . . . not receiving people who bear letters of introduction from individuals I don't know . . . not being gushed at by a woman, however beautiful she may be . . . not waiting for a woman to get ready for an appointment, however beautiful *she* may be . . . not listening to people who tell me things I already know . . . not playing intellectual parlor games (although I enjoy any game of chance) . . . not getting a manicure . . . not doing the same thing today that I did yesterday.

Excluding these painful preoccupations, almost anything else I do is apt to be fun—particularly getting together with a small party of congenial persons who not only have interesting and amusing things to say but are courteous enough to listen to what I have to say.



"Its speed is unbelievable—and it'll fly around the world twice, in case you overshoot the first landing"

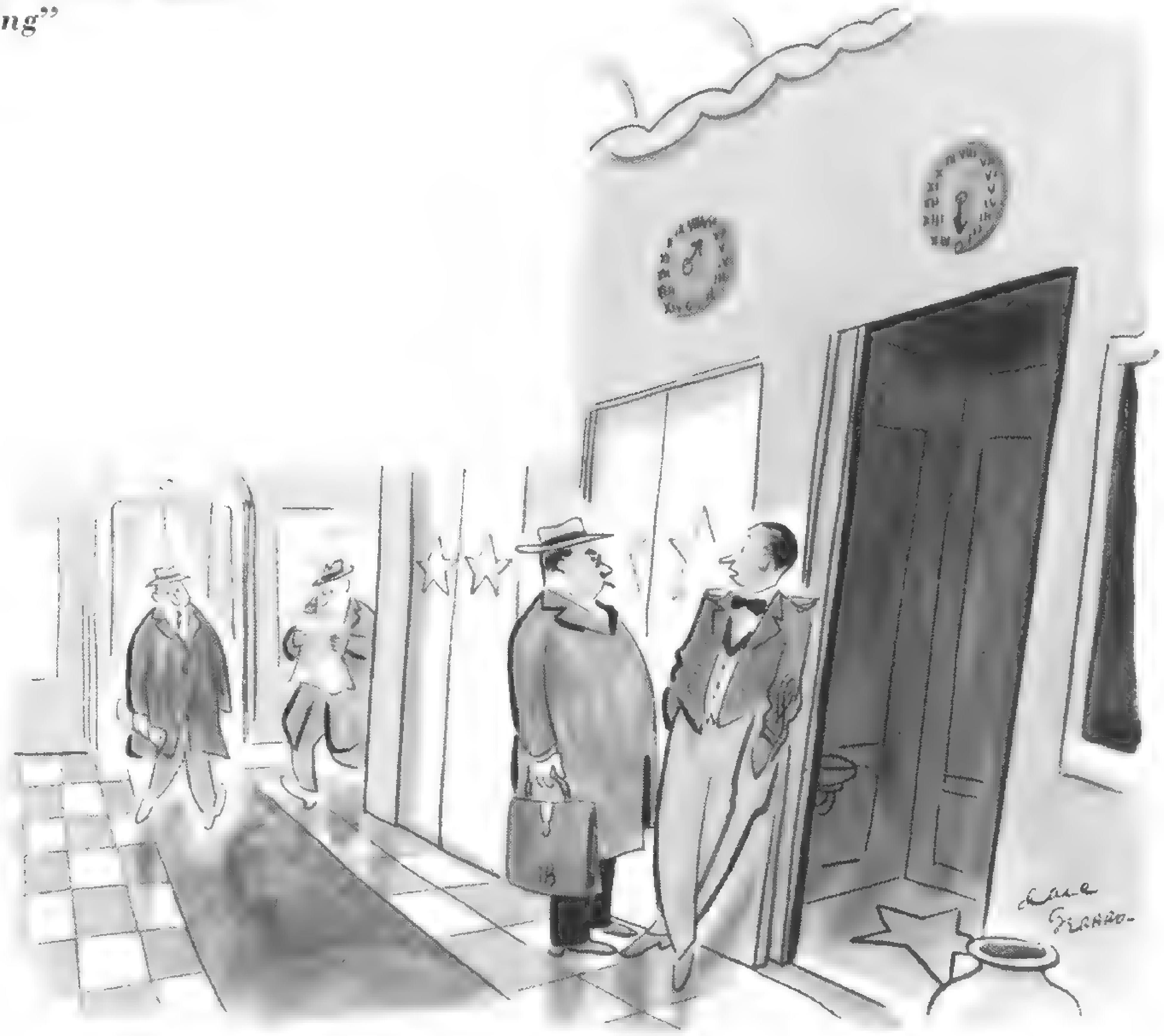


Note to the Axis

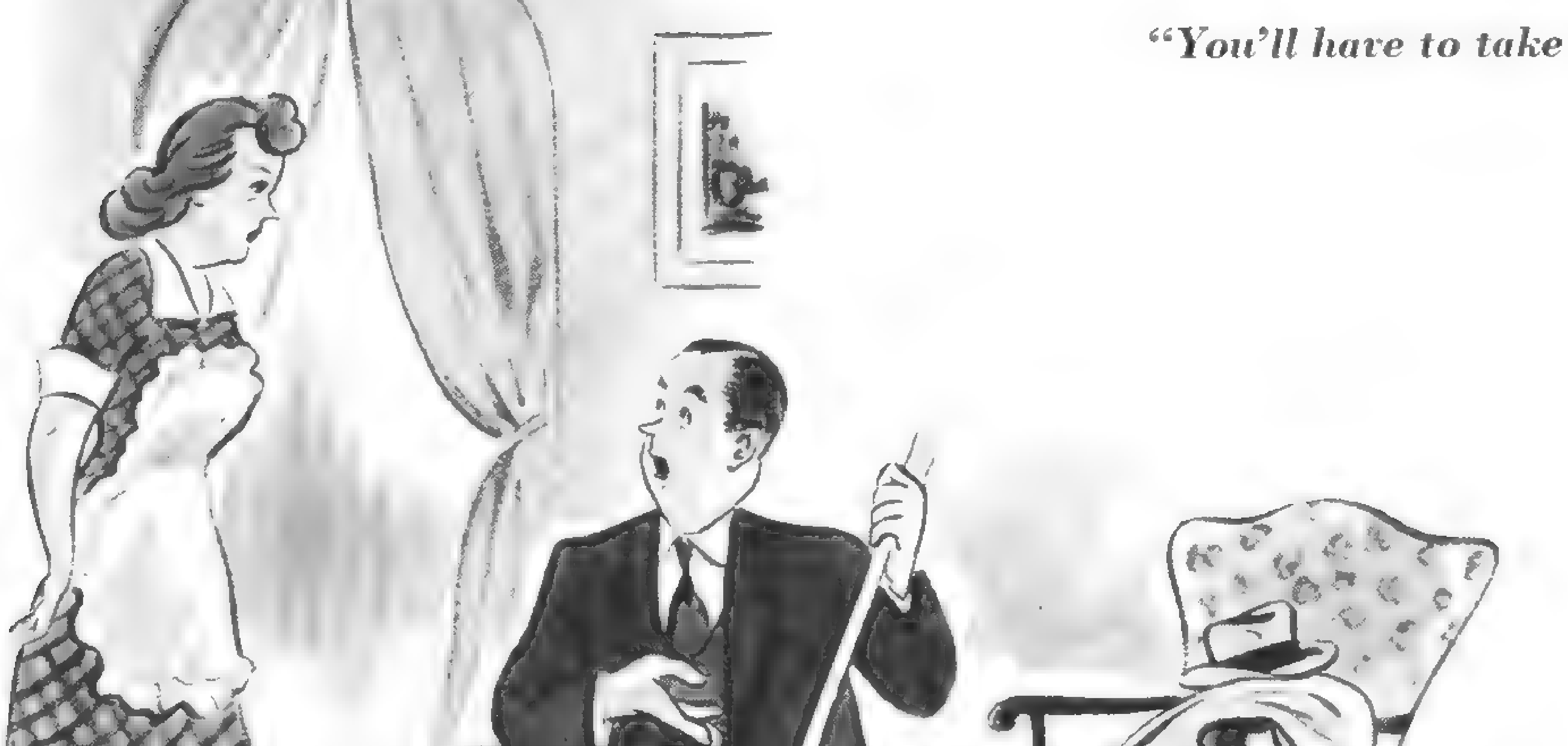
Next year will be the last for you.

Our slogan's "'43 Skid-doo!"

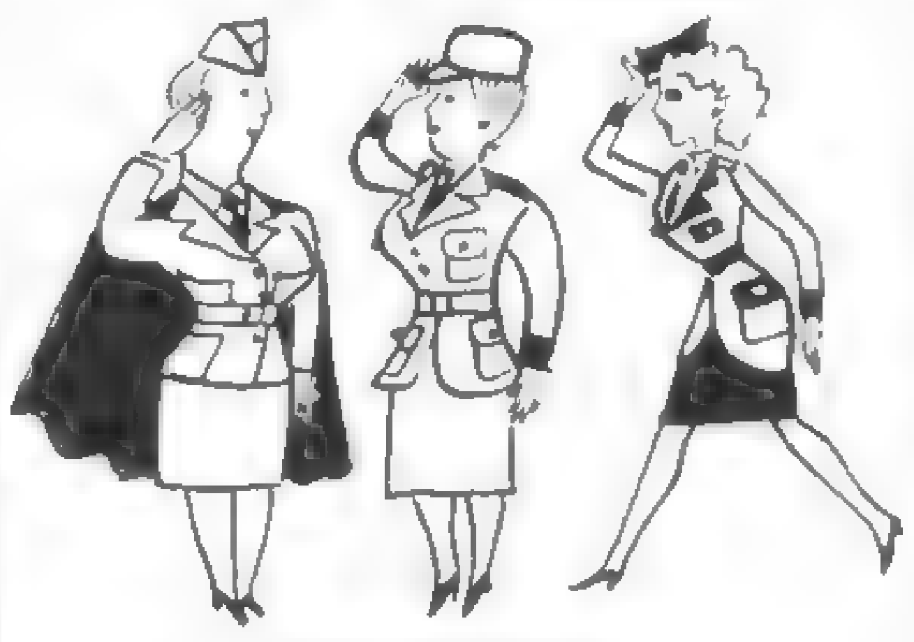
No, Hans, Hitler's favorite song isn't Deep in The Heart Of Russia.



"You'll have to take one of the other cars—I've been grounded!"

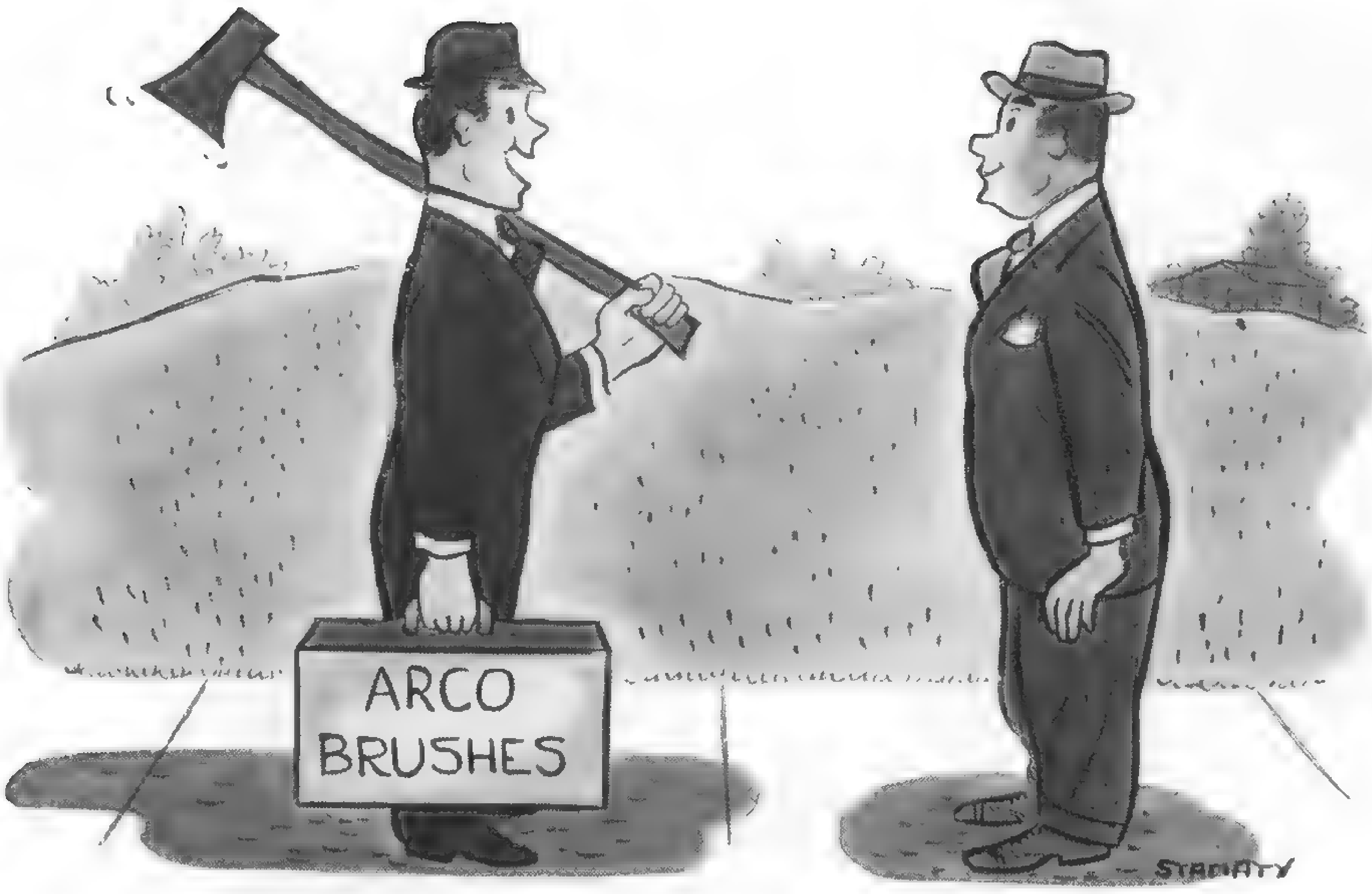


"Since we cannot supply you with our regular model the company asks you to bear with them until the present shortage of steel, rubber and aluminum is over"

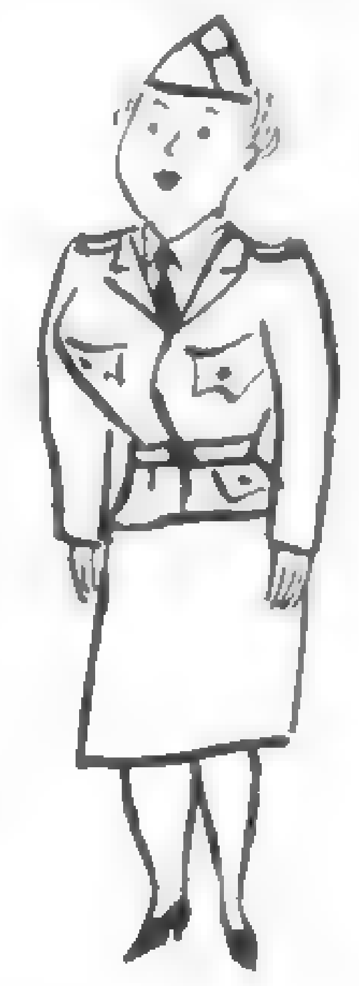


Statistics

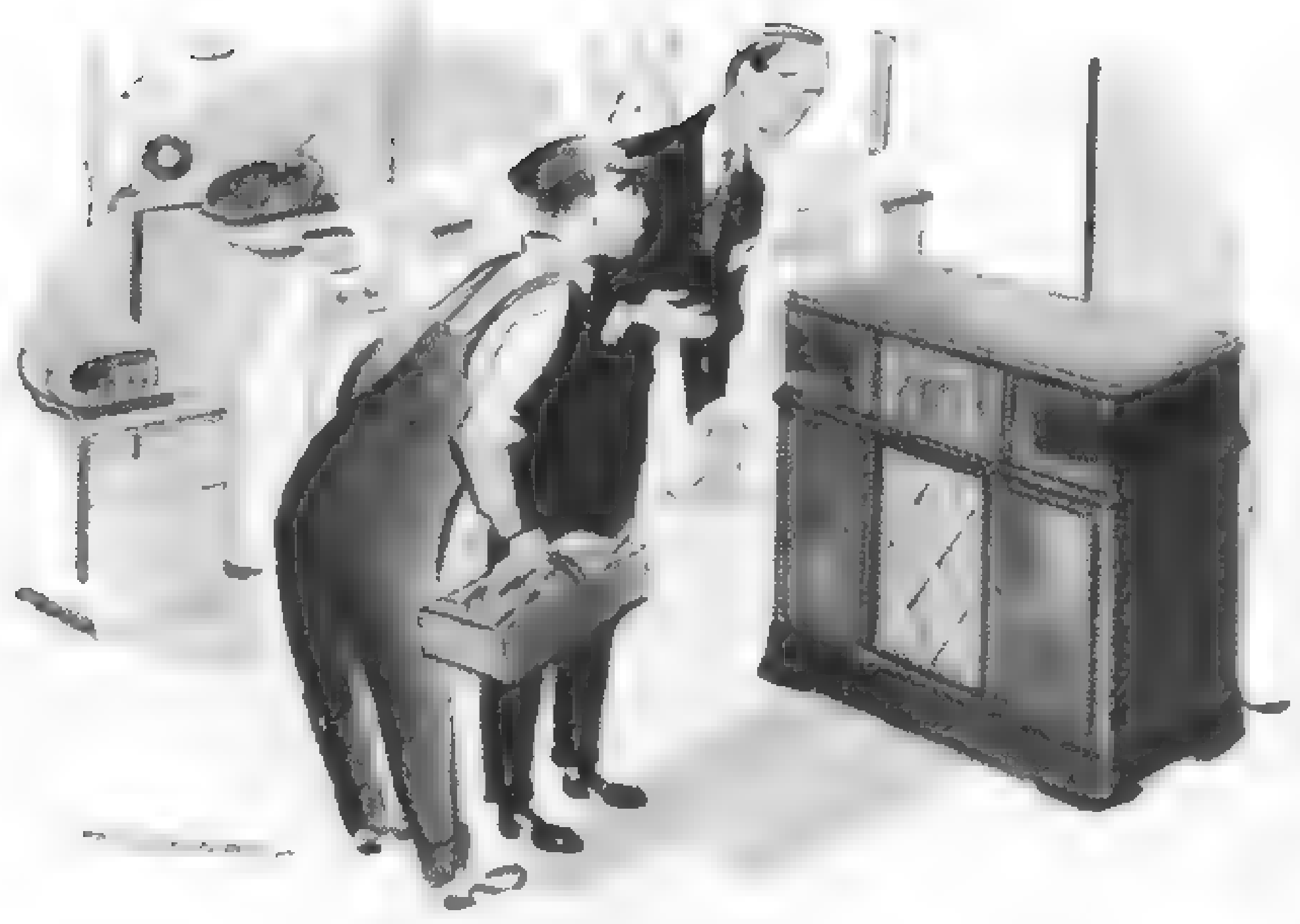
It takes twenty men on the ground to keep one flier in the air—and twenty designers to keep the American woman volunteer in uniforms.


ARCO
BRUSHES
STAMATY

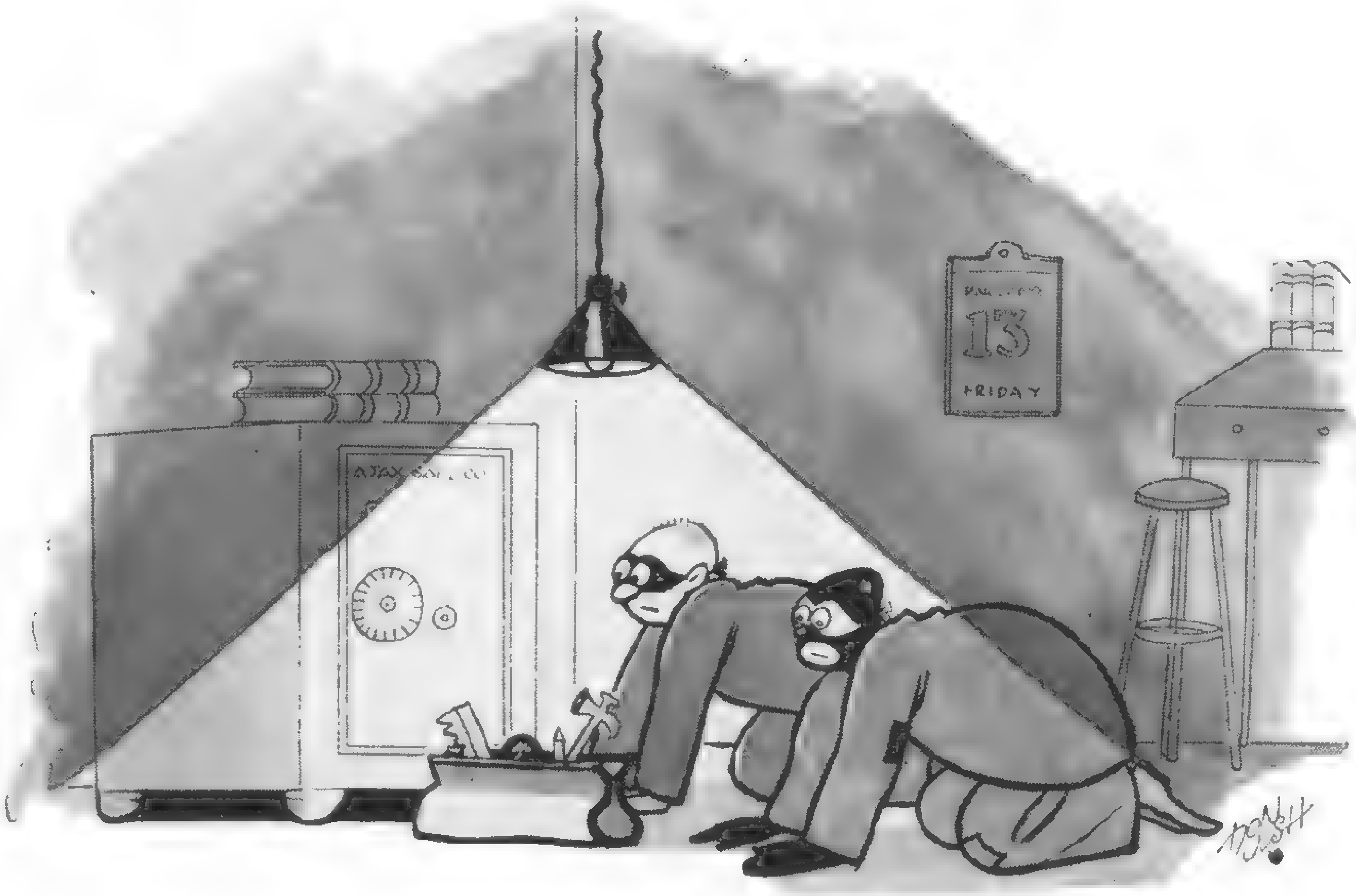
"I always manage to get past the door!"

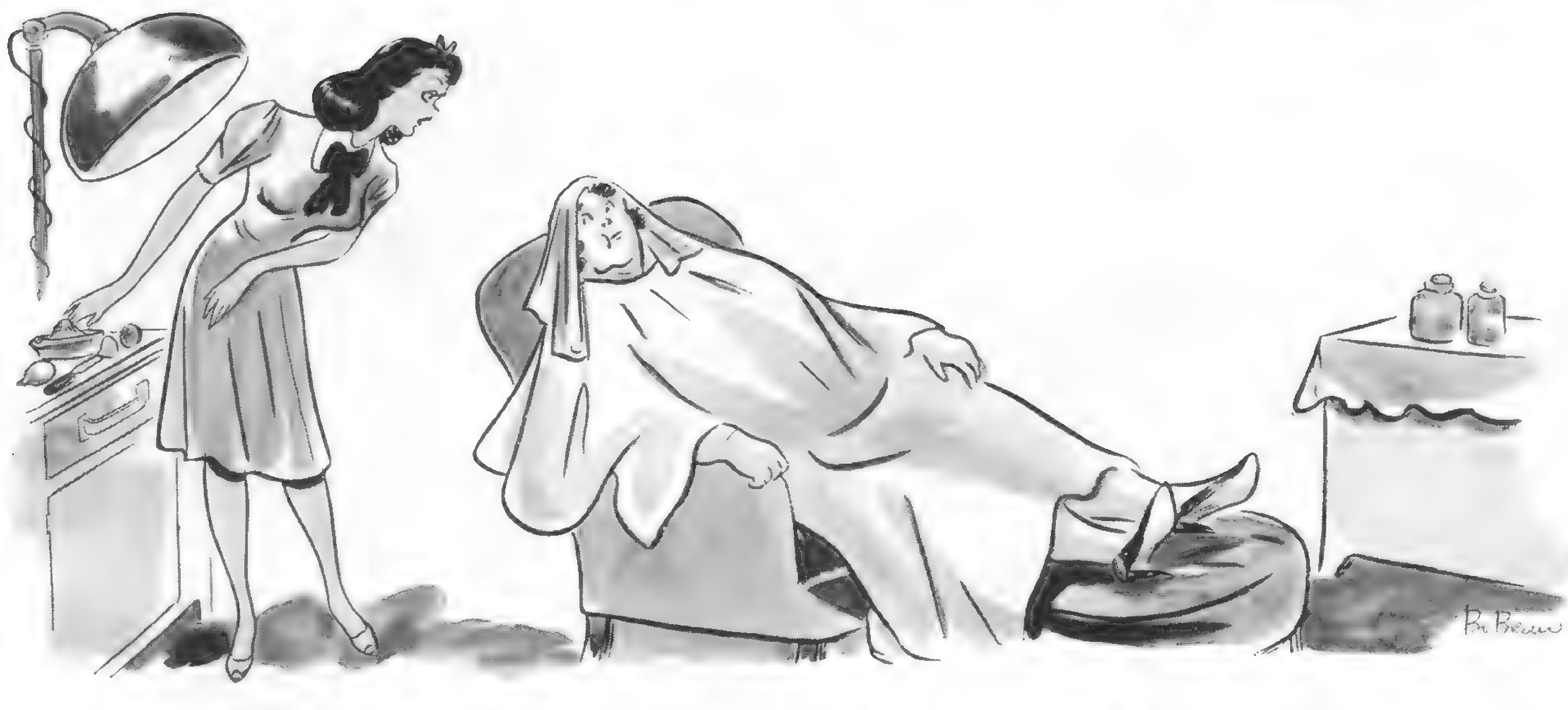


With a tin shortage imminent our better half has decided to store her can-opener for the duration.



". . . but this one keeps playing on both sides at once!"


AJAX SAFE CO
13
FRIDAY



"Do you want Florida or California fruit for your lemon rinse, Mrs. Molloy?"

Yes, Mr. Mercer

Continued from pages 39-119-120

that happened to me is that I just sit, almost in the radio, with my arms around it. And once I actually kissed the radio." All of which goes a little further in explaining the lazy-levee quality of Mr. Mercer's voice, but it should not give any false impressions about Mr. Mercer's profile. Mercer is not your true matinee idol. He is sleepy-eyed, boyish. He looks like a young Beaverbrook, though he is taller than the Beaver. It is possible to imagine impressionable young ladies clasping radios to their bosoms when the Mercer voice floats through, but this should not lead to the notion that he is cast from the same classical crooner mold as Rudy Vallee. Mercer looks like a college kid.

After radio, Hollywood, as it must to all men, came to John Mercer. He made several unremarkable musical pictures, for which he wrote the words part for the music and in which he sang and danced. It was during this acting-writing phase of his career that he wrote *Pardon My Southern Accent*, which was memorable, aside from its financial success, for two reasons. First, a Judge Robert W. Winston of Durham, N. C. told Johnny's father that with the phrase "pardon my Southern accent" Johnny had coined a phrase that would live as long as Patrick Henry's "Give me Liberty or give me death." Secondly, an unreconstructed female rebel from Atlanta wrote to the papers that only an "ignorant Northerner" would compose such drivel. If you look at your map, you will see that Savannah is further South than Atlanta.

Mercer has written many articles for the swing magazines on the subject of attaining success as a song writer. He exhorts the newcomers to the field to strive always for originality, to shy away from complicated rhyme schemes. He tells them to work hard, live clean, and keep punching. He tells them to write about people and things they know ("*Lazybones* is about myself.") There is one rule, however, which Mercer has followed but which he has never put down as a commandment. This may be because it is such an obvious requisite. It is simply this: Mercer has always worked with the best composers in the business. Aside from Cole Porter and Irving Berlin (who write their own lyrics), and George Gershwin (who always had brother Ira), and Richard Rodgers (who always has Lorenz Hart), the list of Mercer's collaborators reads like a Who's Who of modern composers: Jerome Kern, Rube Bloom, Harry Warren, Vernon Duke, Richard Whiting, Jimmy Van Heusen, Hoagy Carmichael, Matty Malneck, Lew Gensler, Harold Arlen, Victor Schertzinger, ad infinitum. Mercer has always picked his collaborators from the song-writing stratosphere. This, of course, is nice work if you can get it.

Mercer is everybody's favorite. When his period of collaboration with one composer has run its natural course all the others clamor for him. When established composers don't clamor, the amateurs do. He wrote *I'm Building Up to An Awful Let-Down* with amateur Fred Astaire.

He also spends what time he can on his singing. He has made several popular records with Bing Crosby. That crawling croon makes an elegant obbligato to Crosby's voice. One of the Mercer-Crosby records is worthy of special note because it was actually a case of spontaneous combustion. Crosby had recorded one side of a platter. He didn't have the right tune for the other side and he called Mercer to ask him if he'd be interested in singing some sort of a duet. Mercer said sure. He sat down in a quiet corner and wrote a song called *Mr. Crosby and Mr. Mercer* to the old Gallagher and Shean tune. It was a sort of primer on swing, with Mercer asking questions and Crosby answering. A sample:

"Oh Mr. Crosby, Oh Mr. Crosby,
I've been reading in the latest magazines
That a jiving jitterbug
Blows his top and cuts a rug
Will you tell me what that language really means?"
"Oh Mr. Mercer, Yes Mr. Mercer,
As a student of that slang they use pro tem
That just means a solid gate
Cuts a murderistic pate . . ."
"That's amazin', Mr. Crosby!"
"Element'ry, Mr. M."

That side of the record turned out to be the big selling side.

There are songs, of course, in every writer's trunk, songs he couldn't get published, songs he doesn't want published. There are songs every song writer would rather forget. Mercer has his share of these. In his brooding moments, when he wants to punish himself, he remembers the time he wrote a song called *The Bath Tub Ran Over Again.* If that doesn't plunge him into depths deep enough, he thinks of one entitled *Every Time I Shave I Cut Myself With the Razor.* That does it.

Every song writer has a favorite song of his own composition, Mercer's is one called *The Nod Away Road.* Sometimes he talks about it wistfully. "It's a simple thing," he says. "Just the story of a farmer riding down the road in his buggy and the things he thinks about. That's all there is to it, but it's my favorite." *The Nod Away Road* was played several times on the air. It was a flop.

Mercer's home is in Hollywood with his wife and three-year-old daughter. His wife, Ginger, was in the chorus of *The Garrick Gaieties.* Both wife and daughter are grist to his mill. When daughter Amanda was two years old, Mercer wrote *Mandy is Two*—not a smash, as the boys say, but an okay item. Once when he and his wife were going through an old family album they came across a cabinet photo of young Johnny on a bearskin rug. Mrs. Mercer said, casual like, "you must have been a beautiful baby." Mercer's lyric under that title was one of his most profitable ventures.

For pearls of great price he now writes his lyrics almost exclusively for the movies, for ever since *Blues in the Night* he has been the most sought after lyricist in Hollywood. At thirty-two he is prosperous, at the top of the heap, and with his best years, as Gus Kahn saw them, ahead of him. He is quiet, practically shy. He speaks the slow Savannese as of yore, and occasionally there sneaks into his speech a phrase, a simile, that could have come only from darkest Georgia. The successful song writer has many tricks, but there is usually one innate quality which accounts for his best songs. In Mercer it may very well be his Southern exposure. Harry Warren, with whom he wrote *Jeepers Creepers*, calls him "the black Huckleberry Finn." He knows Negro talk and he can poetize it, and black talk is the father of jazz talk and the grandfather of jive talk. It is a fact that the two most durable modern songs *St. Louis Blues* and *Old Man River*, were compounded of black talk. *Blues in the Night* may or may not turn out to be fit company for these two, but it is nice to know that there is among us one white man who can talk black and make it come out blue. And if there's anybody around who's going to write another song to sit way up there with the other two, you might place your bets on Mr. Mercer. #

Legs and the Woman

VERA ZORINA

The beautiful legs of Vera Zorina (born Brigitta Hartwig in Denmark) had already carried her to early fame as a dancer when in 1934, at the age of 16, she made her debut in this country with the Ballet Russe. . . . Since then the same legs, with improvements, have supported her in a number of sensationally successful performances on the musical comedy stage and in the movies. . . . Their alluring contour, along with the rest of the package, caused a California Air Corps battalion to vote her as possessing The Most Beautiful Fuselage in the World, a committee of 250 artists decided she has The Fairest Feet in the Land, and for a spell Winchell used to refer to legs in general as zorinas. . . . Their owner nurses the ambition of some day giving a unique series of "talking dance" recitals, suggested by the memorable scene in *I Married an Angel* in which she combined prattle with pirouettes to interpret a mood.

DiMaggio, the Man

Continued from page 34

third, Williams in the outfield. Everybody is good: He never knocks. Toughest man to interview. Yet it is an admirable quality in Joe—if you know your baseball players—that a guy so preeminently great as he is has such tolerance for the performances of less gifted men. He doesn't look down his nose at the weakest of his colleagues in the majors. "Great fellow," he says. "Great player." That goes for *all* of them.

At home in the winter he gets up late, as late as noon, and turns on the radio. He likes current music. When a recording of Dorsey's band is played he knows the vocalist is Helen O'Connell. Kay Kyser, it's Ginny Sims without being told. He knows enough about popular music to observe that the tune: *Jolting Joe DiMaggio* is not corn.

"Listen to the words," he urges. "That's a good song. The girl who sings it makes fun of me a little."

In the off season, he has few outside interests beyond swing broadcasts and bass fishing—and movies. He never reads a book or a magazine. He is definitely no publicity hound. All he does is break records with a deadpan. He has no parlor tricks. He can't recite, play an instrument or come up with the card you picked out of the deck. He isn't glib or witty. Therefore he avoids conversational groups because he knows his shortcomings. His education was not extensive. He matriculated at Francisco Junior High School but was not a good student, as Dominic was, and besides he used to play hookey too much.

In the presence of women he is awkward. He has a beautiful physique, clothes it smartly, but he fears that his thin and hawk-like face is unattractive to women. He recoils from male admirers who gently rib him because he cannot think of a smart answer, and this accounts for his reluctance to make personal appearances.

He doesn't indulge in other sports in the winter. No hunting, no golf for him. He'll help out by rolling the first ball to open a bowling alley, but doesn't bowl. He fishes more than he used to, but only for the unsporting game of bass and deep sea. Trout fishing requires too much walking.

In baseball he behaves like a robot but isn't. He thinks and is no dummy on the field. He gets the signals correctly, is a fine team man and one of our most intelligent players—on the grass. He studies his own technique and when he fails to hit for two or three days knows exactly what he is doing wrong and soon corrects it. There is no better student of form. He isn't a mechanical ogre. The ball players all like him, and of course admire him. When he joined the Seals old timers who were likely to lose their jobs because of him warmed up to the kid who never said a word. In the dugout he is a clam.

His refusal to crack under the strain of hitting in 56 consecutive games last season led some unkind observers to suggest DiMag' is a bovine dope without any sensitivity of nerves. After he was stopped by Al Smith and Jim Bagby the night of July 17 in Cleveland before 67,000, he went off on another binge for himself—of 16 straight games—and this seemed to support the contention he isn't human.

Months later I asked him if the ordeal got him down, or did he take it in his stride. "What do you think?" he said. "In those last twenty days I went to bat with my palms wet. I don't show emotion because I'm not a grandstander, but I feel things like everybody else. I feel it when people boo me for holding out, although I don't let on."

Of all the great players, DiMag' required the least teaching and correction of faults. He had the ideal style from his very first day in the minors and hasn't altered his technique to any considerable degree. In his first season with the Seals, a group of major leaguers passed through San Francisco en route to the Orient. "Uncle" Charlie Graham, owner of the club, remarked that DiMag' looked more like a big leaguer even at that early date than the big leaguers themselves.

Joe is proud but not overbearing. He knows he is better than most and doesn't ask for quarter, from club owners or players. Nevertheless, he doesn't strut his superiority in an offensive way. There is nothing of the show-off in him. In 1935 when he was under option to the Yankees, he was fighting Oscar Eckhardt for the batting champions of the Coast League. On the last day of the season less than .001 separated the rivals. Bill Lawrence, centerfielder for Seattle, wanted DiMaggio to win the title; so when Joe lifted an easy fly, Lawrence deliberately stumbled and allowed the can of corn to fall for a legal hit.

DiMaggio stormed the press box as soon as he tagged first base. "Whoever is the official scorer," he demanded, "I want him to change that to an error." It was the first time I ever saw him mad.

We in San Francisco remember Joe as a young buck who spent his winter afternoons sitting through *A* and *B* pictures at the Warfield, and then hurrying across the street for four hours more at the RKO Cathedral. Hiking, swimming, bowling, hunting and other masculine outlets were not for him. Mike, the oldest brother, and Tom, the next, and Dom and Vince served hitches on the crab fishing boat from Eureka to San Diego, but Joe never put to sea commercially.

The first member of the family of eight, born of Sicilians, to earn a livelihood at baseball was Vince. If Vince had not been recalled from Tucson by the Seals and paid 300 dollars a month, the DiMaggio baseball dynasty probably would have died aborning. That was more than the *Libia* made in two months. The *Libia* is the crab smack christened by Papa in honor of the Roman war ship of the Garibaldi era. Mrs. Rosalia DiMaggio, the mother, still keeps a special taper burning before an ikon for Vince and prays that some day he will return to her an opera singer. But Papa has come around to recognizing that baseball is not the worst of all possible economic evils. With his first earnings from the Yankees, Joe bought his folks a 25,000 dollar home in the Marina district, which is semi-classy. Papa now approves of Vince, Joe and Dominic playing, and as a concession he made it his business to learn how to keep score. Before military prohibitions prevented, he liked to meander down to the pier and chin with his cronies. If asked by one of them who is president, he would answer brightly: "Signor Roosevelt." If he was then asked, as he usually was, who is vice-president, to trip him up, he would say: "Signor Bill Dickey." He regarded that as a pretty good joke.

The DiMaggio family never mixed with the folks of other illustrious San Francisco players in the majors, even those of Italian extraction from virtually the same precinct such as Frankie Crosetti and Tony Lazzeri. Curiously, Joe did not meet Crosetti and Lazzeri socially until he joined the Yankees. Lefty Gomez, now Joe's closest side kick, was reared in Rodeo, Cal., across the mouth of the Sacramento River from Martinez where Joe was born, but they did not get together until in New York.

A few years ago a giant of a man standing 6 feet 3 and weighing 230 approached the front stoop of the DiMaggio flat, then on Taylor Street, and spied Papa DiMag' enjoying an after dinner pipe.

"You DiMag'?" inquired the giant.

"Sure, I'm DiMag'," answered the short, mustachioed father of Joe.

"I once collected your garbage. Remember me?" offered the big man.

"A garbage man! Fa! Many have I known. Why should I remember you? I am the father of Joe DiMag', da great hitter of da homma runna for da Yank-ees," boasted DiMag' senior.

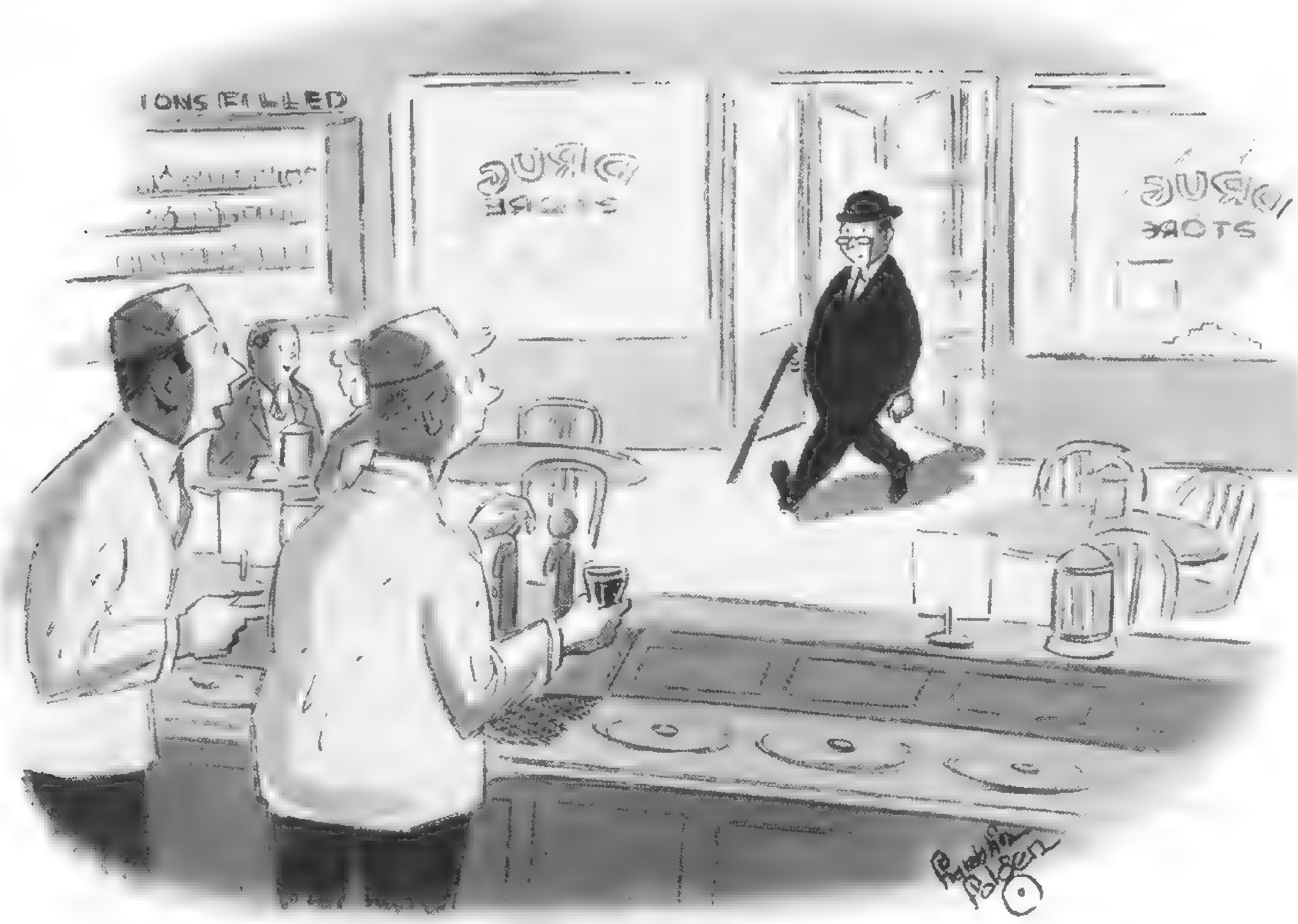
"I am Crosetti," said the big man.

"*Crosett'!*" exploded Papa DiMag', extending his hand. "Come in. Rosalio, the chianti for Crosett'."

Dominico Crosetti, hulking father of Frankie, is a retired manager of a garbage route and ringleader of the fathers of DiMag', Lazzeri and Joe Cronin by his loquacity and wit. I was instrumental in having the dads meet relatively a short time ago when I rounded them up for a

Continued on page 126

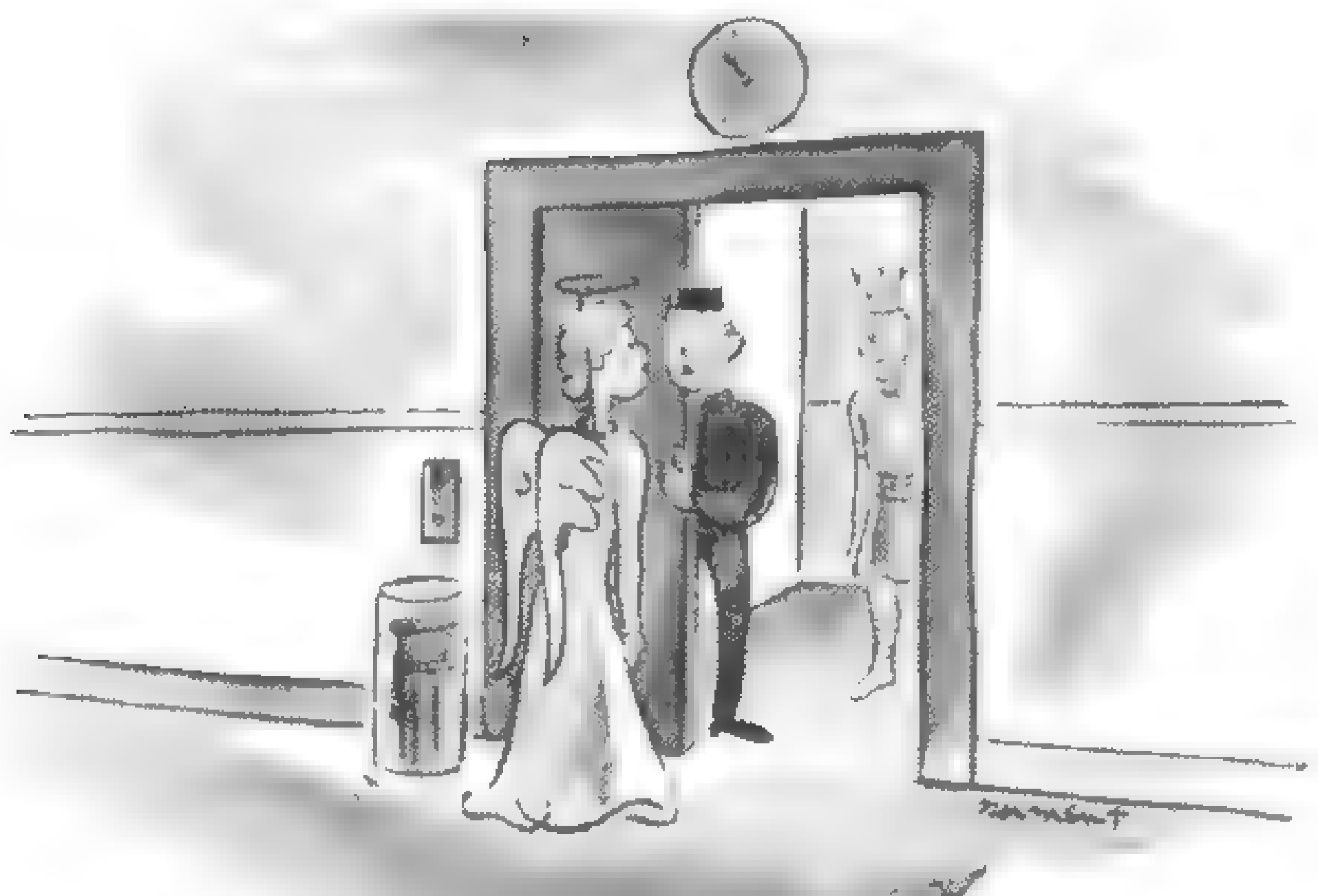
Mr. and Mrs. Aksel C. P. Wickfeld, snapped at Palm Beach. He wears a blue on brown plaid Shetland jacket, blue small patterned mesh shirt, buff colored mesh panama hat, tan slacks and cut-out leather sandals. Mrs. Wickfeld's slack suit is a brilliant red rayon.



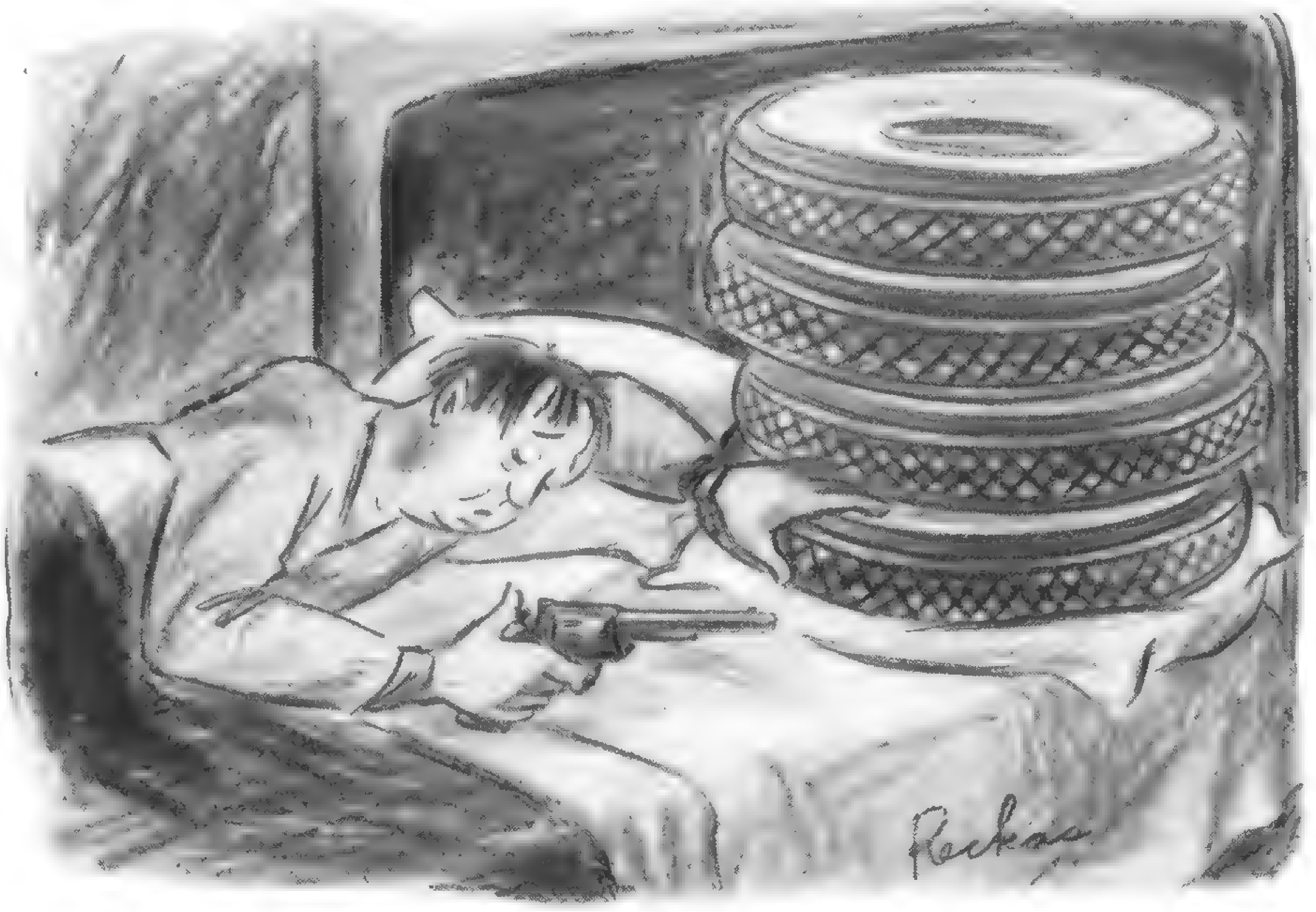
"Here comes old strawberry coke without ice"

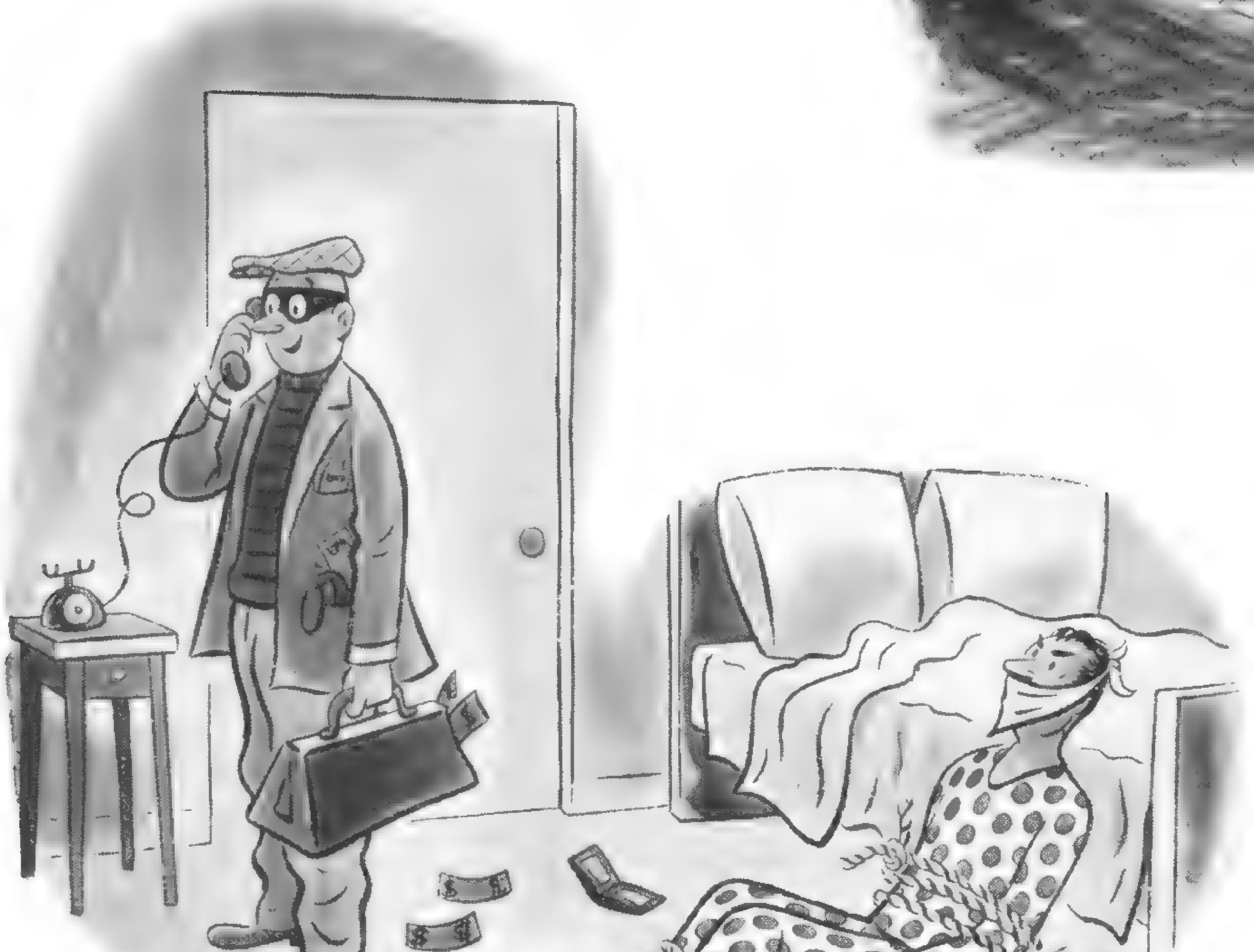
Ain't It the Truth?

It's a joy to shell out taxes
When they help to shell the
Axis!



"Going up, lady?"





"Hello, Room Service? Count to one-hundred and then send up the house detective"

Three of the toughest languages for our scholars to master are Sanskrit, Phoenician . . . and Jitterbug.

DiMaggio, the Man

Continued from pages 34-124

news picture, although, as I say, they had lived close enough to be neighbors and their sons were in a common calling.

To digress a little, Agostino Lazzeri is an iron molder in the Bethlehem shipyards and Jeremiah Cronin, who once drove a coal wagon through the Mission district with the future manager of the Red Sox on the front seat, is retired to the leisure his boy provided.

Jeremiah was shocked at his first contact with Pappa Crosetti. Crosetti is Falstaffian and with a gift of mimicking the Irish brogue. In his active days on the scavenger wagon he delighted in embarrassing Irish housewives by posing as a Hiberian.

"Begorra, a strange Irishman you be," said the perplexed women South of Market. "You have the tongue, 'tis to be said, and I'm wondering why a descendant of the kings of Ireland stoops to picking up orange peels and coffee grounds when there are Eye-talians to do the wurruk."

Jeremiah enjoyed that and took to old man Crosett'.

Joe was the last of the family to take to sandlot ball, not excepting the dauphin Dominic. As a kid he had little heart for it. By nature he was lethargic and nonathletic. He liked to pound the pillow late, visit the double features and eat meat dishes. The traditional spaghetti is his choice only for the newsreels.

Joe had to be dragged into baseball by the nose in his grammar school period. He didn't mix well with the other youngsters and operated as a lone wolf—through shyness, not aloofness. A boy named Frank La Rocca, still his best friend, steered him into the city playground. That was Joe's first expenditure of energy. He was pretty good at "hunch," a corruption of basketball played under one hoop, because he was taller than the others. From "hunch," he eased into softball.

Baseball didn't intrigue him. He didn't own a glove or a bat or spikes. But he began to like softball when he discovered that he could hit the mush ball farther than the other urchins who stood only up to his elbow.

His graduation to hard ball was precipitated by the generosity of a fellow resident of the Latin quarter, a boniface named Tony Battaglia who operates a gas station at the corner of Columbus Avenue and Lombard Street. Signor Battaglia was the angel of the "Jolly Knights," a cracker-barrel boys' club with pass words and secret grips. The Jolly Knights organized a nine that played Saturday mornings at Funston Playground in Cow Hollow, near the scene of the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition. All the DiMaggios began as infielders, Joe at shortstop.

Joe's introduction to professional ball was purely casual. In 1932 Augie Galan, the shortstop of the low-ranking Seals, asked permission in September to join a barnstorming troupe to Hawaii. Vince recommended brother Joe to fill out the schedule. Charlie Graham, with baseball at low tide, didn't stand to lose by the experiment. The first day he played, Joe got a triple and a double in eight times at bat in a double-header, but almost killed half a dozen spectators behind first base with wild throws. Jimmy Caveney, the manager, therefore moved him out to right field.

Joe had a hard time getting out of the Coast League. In 1934 he hit in 61 straight games and saved the league from ruin. Nonetheless there wasn't a buyer, and for good reason. After a night game he stopped off at the Hof Brau for a snack, and in getting into a friend's car he slipped on the running board and wrenched his knee. Scouts from the big show packed up and departed. The next year he crashed into the fence while retrieving a ball and reinjured his knee. Except for Bill Essick of the Yanks, he would have been given the go-by. Essick, however, insisted on an examination by a doctor in Los Angeles, and then grabbed him for 25,000 dollars and five mediocre players—a sinful bargain considering that Joe is now worth easily 500,000 dollars to the Yanks. If Essick had not had the courage to gamble on damaged property, DiMag' might have given up baseball in discouragement. It was a close brush. Everybody else had turned him down.

I think that the Essick incident is significant in Joe's career. It was another of the many "helping hands" that have miraculously steered Joe to success. At first he had no interest in athletics. Then the example of Vince slanted him toward baseball. Frank La Rocca led him into the playground and softball. Tony Battaglia shifted him to baseball. Then Galan's chance trip to Hawaii, and Vince's persuasion got him his break with the Seals. Charlie Graham, the moment being propitious for him, gave him the chance, and Jimmy Caveney found for him that he belonged in the outfield, not the infield. Then Bill Essick went out of his way to salvage him. Lefty O'Doul, his second manager at Frisco, taught him to dress elegantly in seventy-dollar suits and to tip the waitress twenty cents as becomes a man of his station. Bobby Johnson, his first trainer, tutored him in ridiculously long medical terms, and to say: "Well, I'll meander nonchalantly down the promenade" rather than: "I'm takin' a powder."

Finally, the position of the Yankees, a splendid winning team which makes playing ball more enjoyable and endurable, helped him rise to the top in the money bracket, although there is no gainsaying Joe did as much for the Yankees as they did for him.

All the way through, Joe reacted triumphantly to environment . . . down to his present penchant for putting away his earnings against the hour of his retirement—which is typical of all successful big leaguers of this fiscal era.

When you stop to weigh Joe's phenomenal abilities for this game, it seems almost unbelievable that so many ministering angels were needed to bring him through, granted he had the stuff in generous gobs. That is the astonishing and interesting facet of Joe's career, to me. Yet it has happened many times in other fields. Geniuses always seem to be lucky in the influences that beam upon them by chance. A long time ago old Louis Pasteur once observed: "Luck always favors the man who is best equipped to make use of it."

I think in this respect, Joe DiMag' presents a most remarkable and complete example, in terms of athletics. Even his ambition for money and economic security is *derived*, an attitude characteristic of the better-grade big leaguers. If I should attempt to sum up my reaction to years of close and valued acquaintanceship with Joe and the other DiMaggio boys, I believe it would simmer down to the effect that the sun always shines on talent. So true that it's discouraging, almost, to all those less richly endowed. ⌗

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOYNINGEN-HUENE

Model Conduct

How America's most popular models size up the male of the species

ANITA COLBY

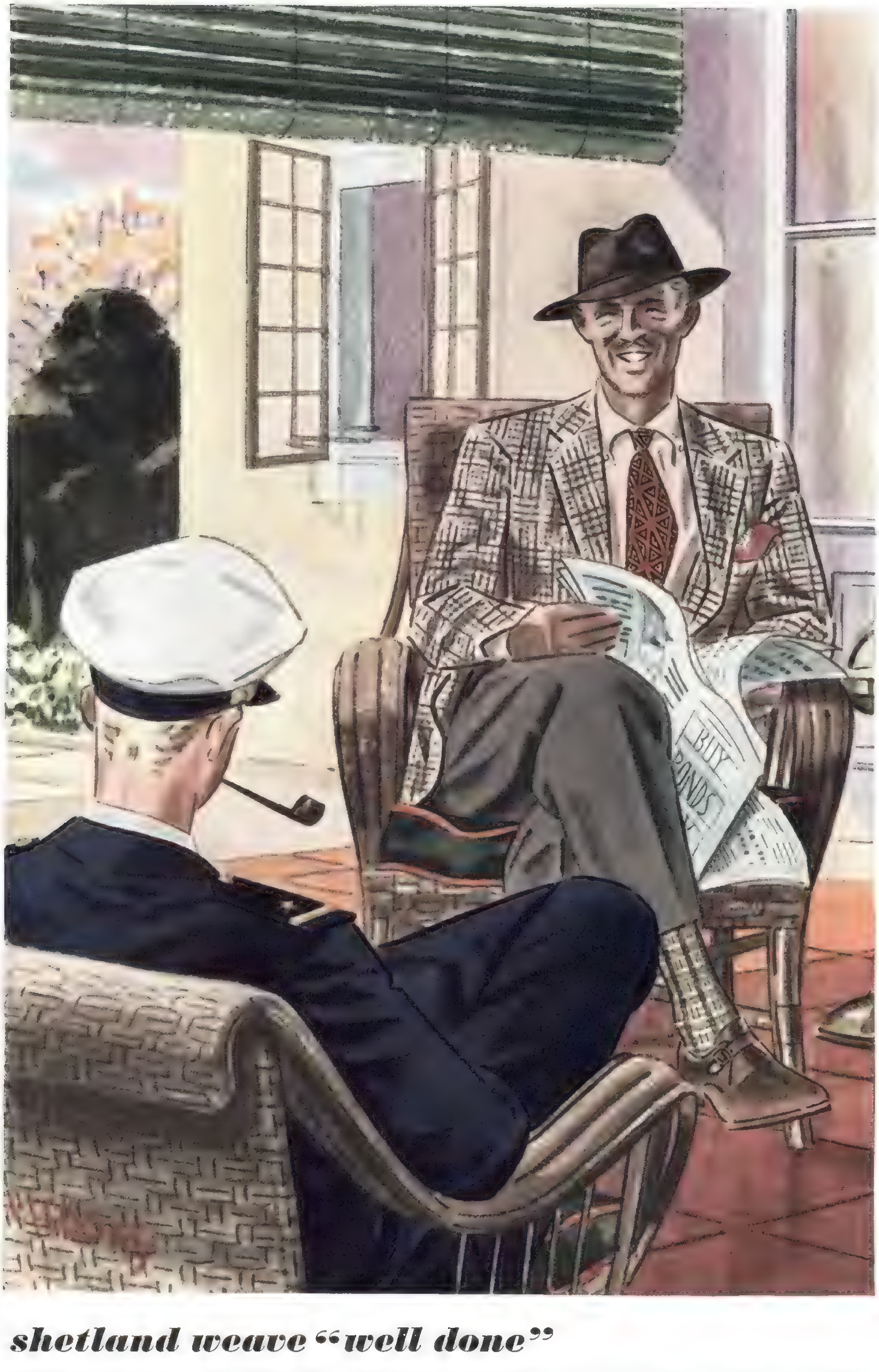
INTERVIEW

Selected by the Artists & Writers Association as their favorite model in her very first year in the business, Miss Colby has been tops ever since. In addition to her posing, she spent two unhappy years in Hollywood and functioned as an advertising space saleswoman for *Harper's Bazaar*. She is noted for having an executive, as well as highly decorative, head on her shoulders.

Miss Colby on Men:

"There's one neglect I can't forgive a man—and that's neglecting to grow up. Give me a mature man anytime, preferably over thirty-six years old. A young man thinks all the dames are falling for him; an older man knows better. A young man expects the world on a platter; an older man is grateful for what he gets. A young man tries to make a dazzling impression on everyone he meets; an older man knows there is such a thing as humility. These days a lot of youngsters are becoming adults ahead of schedule, proving magnificently that they can throw off their excess youthfulness when they have to."

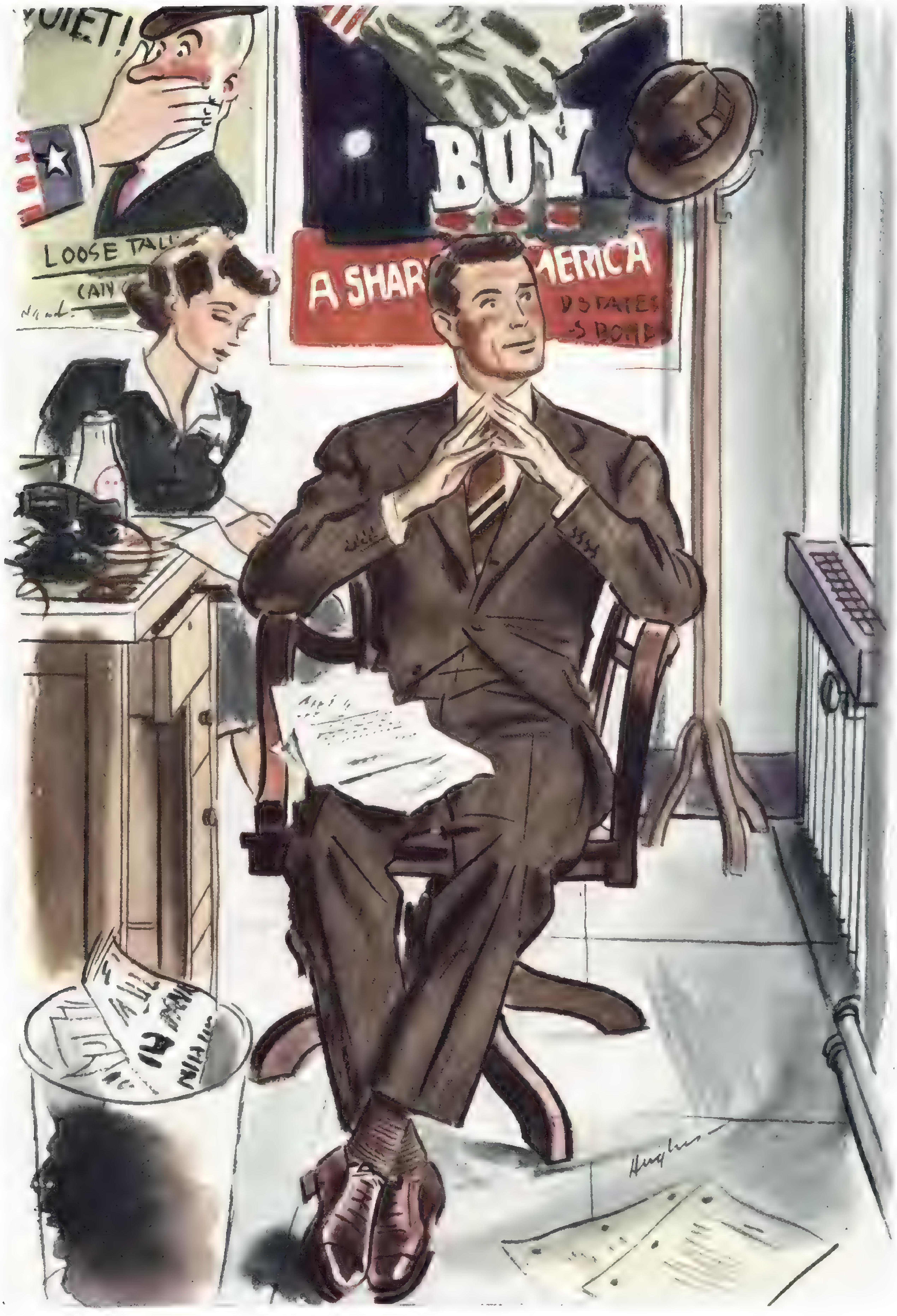
VITAL STATISTICS: *Name:* Anita Colby. *Model Agency:* Harry Conover. *Home Town:* Washington, D. C. *Age:* 26. *Height:* 5′ 10″ with heels. *Weight:* 125. *Bust:* 34. *Waist:* 26. *Hips:* 36. *Hair:* Brown. *Eyes:* Grey.



shetland weave "well done"

All right . . . give the civvie a break, will you? He's spent a lot of time planning this off-duty outfit, and nobody gives him a tumble when there's a uniform in sight. But first cast a glance at that newspaper he's holding. . . . Yes, *buy Bonds*, brethren . . . just dig down and feed that eagle! . . . getting back to our forgotten man again. . . . His jacket is a Shetland showing border stripes on the Glen plaid design. His oxford shirt with a button down collar is a twill weave and the slacks are of grey flannel. The design on his foulard tie is a direct swipe from an American Injun blanket, and the handkerchief is also foulard. The suede-like finish on his lightweight felt hat marks it *pour le sport* and the shoes are monk front. Pipe the plaid wool socks, too, will you? You have to admit he's very well rigged today, and his skipper friend in full sail is leisurely tacking his course while on furlough.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



mouse-eye view of a big production boss

O.K. . . . so you're a mouse. . . . You've squeezed past the factory gates without a badge, and along about noon you start looking for crumbs. . . . You wander into the office of this executive who has a nifty ham sandwich there on his desk. . . . He doesn't notice you because he's busy twiddling his thumbs, swiveling his chair, and quoting the prices of steel to his pretty secretary. . . . You might have to wait long for your lunch because these days the boss eats when he finds the time. . . . He's not a white collar man any more, and prefers tan broadcloth shirts for factory wear and tear. . . . His Weathered Brown cheviot suit is practical too, cut to the old WPB regulations, and toned up with a gay silk repp tie and striped lisle hose. . . . Yes, these businessmen are getting more business-like every day. . . . Why, I'll bet this Big Shot doesn't even leave his bread crusts for you! . . .

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 72

understands perfectly the enameled side of human nature, the polished surfaces as artificial as the light they reflect, but I have always felt that she herself has more ability than is displayed in her writing. With many other clever authors, I often feel they have accomplished large results with small capital. They have made the most of their natural gifts. Now, although Katharine Brush is always readable, always hits the target at which she aims, I am certain there are depths in her own nature she has not sounded; and that this may be explained not by lack of ambition, but by being so continually and busily active that she has not sufficient time for thought. There was one writer who, when told that his books lacked thought, replied, "Well, how can I do two things at once? How can I write and think at the same time?"

This new novel, *The Boy from Maine*, is even more interesting than her previous tales. With all its virtues, I was able to lay down Miss Chase's *Windswept* at any page; but not *The Boy from Maine*. There is, of course, the obvious contrast between the Maine natives and the Maine vacationists. The best character in the book is Ruby, but also her hero is both unusual and real, and there is more depth to the implications than in her earlier works. I like this book for itself, but I like it even better because I know that Katharine Brush has only just begun to fight. And how she must have struggled to repress her usually irrepressible humor!

Robert Nathan, although he writes charming stories in prose, is essentially a poet. This is why, in the very difficult art of the *short novel*, as distinguished from the short story, he is able to create and develop characters, supply appropriate scenery, and always leave in the reader's mind an afterglow. *Portrait of Jennie* is a perfect illustration of his power of writing poems in prose; and his latest short novel, *The Sea-Gull Cry*, is another; and it is more satisfactory than some of his other books, because there is a larger variety of people, ranging from oldish men and women to children. His stories do not need to be attached to the age in which they are written; the only defect in *Jennie* was the employment of the convenient New England hurricane; but the refugee element in *The Sea-Gull Cry* distinctly adds to the reality of the characters.

The reliable Rex Stout has given us a thriller in his latest book, *Black Orchids*, where Wolfe and Goodwin not only hunt in couples but with both barrels. Carter Dickson, who I suppose is John Dickson Carr, adds another to his long list of successful murder yarns with *The Gilded Man*. And I salute a writer hitherto unknown to me —Charlotte Armstrong—for giving me so much pleasurable excitement in *Lay On, MacDuff*.

When shall I see a man run a mile in four minutes? No one should apologize for excitement over athletic sports, for it is interesting to see what the human body can accomplish. One day I was sitting outdoors with a business man, and he said, "I have accomplished a great deal in a long, useful life, but have no public reputation; whereas if I could jump from this piazza to a point twenty-seven feet away, I should be famous all over the world." Well, persons, like diamonds, are famous according to their rarity. A man who came on the stage at Covent Garden balancing a straw upon his nose, made 11,000 pounds net profit in one year; and in 1778, Dr. Johnson said, "Everything that enlarges the sphere of human powers, that shews man he can do what he thought he could not do, is valuable. The first man who balanced a straw upon his nose; Johnson, who rode upon three horses at a time; in short, all such men deserved the applause of mankind, not on account of the use of what they did, but of the dexterity which they exhibited." If the learned Doctor were alive today, he would always attend the circus, he would always read the records of track meets. To my mind, one of the greatest athletes of all time was the Englishman, W. G. George, who in the Spring of 1886 ran a mile in competition against the professional Cumming, though compelled to forfeit his amateur standing by doing so. Mr. George won the race in the (then) astounding time of 4.12¾, a record that stood for thirty years, and was then beaten by one who ran in 4.12 3/5.

I received a letter from Mr. W. B. Edwards of Melbourne, Australia, asking me if I could secure for him a copy of Ambrose Bierce's *The Devil's Dictionary* and of Harry Leon Wilson's *The Boss of Little Arcady*. I sent him both. Let me suggest to Esquire readers (for none will enjoy it more than they, indeed the book sounds as if it had been written for Esquire) that they secure a copy of *The Devil's Dictionary*. It is one of the wittiest, most humorous, most devastatingly satirical works I know. The jacket bears a truthful statement from H. L. Mencken—"So far in this life, I have encountered no more thorough-going cynic than Bierce. Out of the spectacle of life about him he got an unflagging and Gargantuan joy." I hope he did; for it was the only fun he had. His definition of "cynic" in this *Dictionary* is: "A blackguard whose faulty vision sees things as they are, not as they ought to be. Hence the custom among the Scythians of plucking out a cynic's eyes to improve his vision." Note: *Resident:* "Unable to leave." *Longevity:* "Uncommon extension of the fear of death." Bierce spoke and wrote with austerity; he hated slang; he defines slang as, "The grunt of the human hog (*Pignoramus intolerabilis*) with an audible memory. The speech of one who utters with his tongue what he thinks with his ear, and feels the pride of a creator in accomplishing the feat of a parrot. A means (under Providence) of setting up as a wit without a capital of sense." *Telescope:* "A device having a relation to the eye similar to that of the telephone to the ear, enabling distant objects to plague us with a multitude of needless details. Luckily it is unprovided with a bell summoning us to the sacrifice." *Childhood:* "The period of human life intermediate between the idiocy of infancy and the folly of youth—two removes from the sin of manhood and three from the remorse of age."

A letter from Mrs. William Winne encloses a picture in the Society section of a Sunday newspaper of a Mrs. Pickwick over the caption "descendent (*sic*) of the family made famous by Dickens," and she comments: "Is it possible that Dickens's lovable Mr. Pickwick was real; that Dickens braved the libel laws; and that the bachelor Pickwick could have living descendants bearing his name? I suppose mainly I resent having to establish roots and ties for the gentleman who is almost my favorite of all characters in fiction." And writing later, giving me permission to quote, Mrs. Winne says, "You may recall the amusing characterization of suddenly social folk in *The Tugg's at Ramsgate*, in *Sketches by Boz*. Although Dickens himself is most humble in his preface to the *Sketches*, I've enjoyed them so much. If there had been writers of the stature of Dickens in every age, we could bridge instead of leaping the chasms of differences in customs and manners between the periods. To my mind, a peek under the period veneer at the unchanging people underneath is most valuable." Dickens took the name Pickwick from an owner of coach-horses in Bristol.

A small and admirable book about Dickens has recently appeared by the British writer, Arthur Machen, called *A Handy Dickens*. He agrees with Barrie that in creative power Dickens stands next to Shakespeare, and that it shows greater art to create characters than to copy them.

Squaring the circle: a square meal makes a round stomach.

Who first made this revised version?

Who loves not Wine and Woman
and Song,
Remains a fool—but will live very
long.

When we consider the sacrifices war demands of the U.S.A., we might remember some of the advantages it brings to us. Since August, 1914, our country has been the music capital of the world. Many of the leading composers and musicians of Europe have taken up residence here; and again, since September 1939, a large number of artists and men of letters have made their abiding place with us. Among these, we are fortunate in having Mr. W. Somerset Maugham. We are doubly fortunate, because in his presence we have not only a distinguished novelist, but a charming person. His new novel, published this summer, *The Hour before the Dawn*, is a masterpiece. It is filled with thrilling excitement, yet with a "planned economy" of style. In plot, characterization, style it reveals the master's hand. Young and ambitious writers would do well to study this book, as Mr. Maugham, in his youth, studied the works of Swift. Read from the critical point of view, it gives continual delight; and yet anyone can enjoy it without effort, reading merely for diversion. It precisely illustrates my conception of what a first-rate novel should be—a splendid story splendidly told. I recommend it to intelligent and also to unintelligent readers. As a preface, Mr. Maugham quotes two lines of Pope.

In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than
they attend.

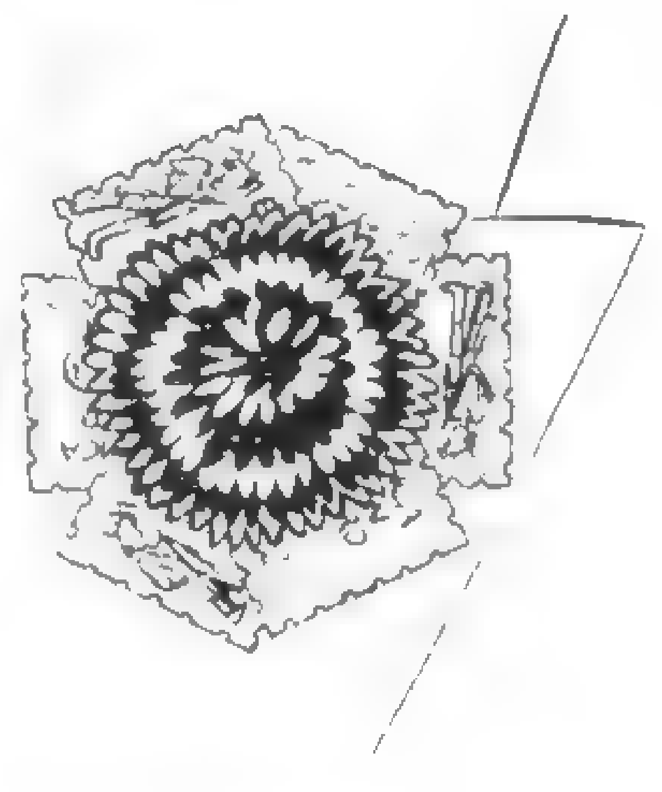
The grammatical error in the second line is one carefully avoided by our novelist; but I wonder if the *idea* expressed is really true. How about Emerson's

He builded better than he knew.

And do not the two quotations express the difference between Pope and Emerson—or have I stupidly misunderstood what Pope was saying? ⋕

War Stamp Boutonniere

Wave your country's colors, do your share for Victory, and add a well groomed note to your lapel by blowing yourself to a War Stamp boutonniere. The nine ten cent war savings stamps individually wrapped in cellophane are attached to a red, white, and blue felt posy and the whole shebang sells for only a dollar at your nearest retail store.



Murder at the Thirteenth Hole

Continued from page 55

not competitive."

"And it's not," said Basil, squaring his jaw. "Golf was invented by the Dutch in the Dark Ages. In Scotland it was played by Mary Queen of Scots and Charles Stuart."

"And they both got their heads cut off. Is that what you're trying to prove? Listen, I can read the Encyclopedia Brittanica too. But I won't. I don't read golf. I play it." McGool showed a rather cannibalistic set of teeth.

"Nevertheless, golf is not a competitive game," said Basil firmly. "Didn't Westbrook Pegler—or was it Grantland Rice—say, 'It's not competitive'? How can it be, with two players, each with his own ball, doing nothing to interfere with the other man's game? If a man played polo that way they'd lock him up with the horses. And imagine two football teams, playing with twenty-two balls, everybody stopping to chalk up his own score. Why, even in marbles you knock the other fellow's alley taw out of the ring. That's sport. What's golf?"

"Search me," said Devil McGool. "I've been watching your game too long to have any ideas."

The naturally gentle Basil fulminated. "All right, if you'll play it the way God—who isn't a Scotchman—intended games to be played, I'll lick the living pants off you."

"I believe you said that yesterday," said McGool, "and I've come to take my punishment. Call it five dollars a hole."

"Ten," grunted Basil. "And we play it with one ball, see? Tee it up, we stand at five paces on either side and when Ice Bag whistles we both go at it."

"Any more rules?" asked McGool pleasantly.

"Not for the present." Like wary duelists the competitors stood their distance, ready to spring, while Ice Bag set the ball on its little peg; then, downing a giggle, the boy whistled on his fingers. A leap, the merry clash of jousting as two knights sprang to action. A club-head flew off as the astonished ball leaped like a rabbit, fifty yards into the rough. "Mr. Spillinger hit it!" rejoiced Mr. Spillinger's caddy. "Niblick, niblick!" was McGool's clan call as he raced down the glen. His legs were faster than Basil's, but Basil's caddy, the one they called Half Portion, had the seeing eye. "Here it is!" he wailed, and Basil's niblick missed McGool's foot by an inch, gashing the ball back into the fairway. From then on it was yoiks and tantivvy, instruments of sport scattered along the way, putters swinging into better mashie shots than either had ever made with a mashie.

In their competitive ardor, approaching the flag, their gyrations did some credit to hockey form. McGool had landed on Spillinger's left leg, but Spillinger slashed bravely on. In the frenetic joy of slaughter Basil was trying to keep score. He had taken eleven strokes to McGool's seventeen, and the mangled ball perched on the edge of the green. Here McGool, who had done nothing but sneer, spoke articulately.

"Competitive golf! I suppose you've invented a patent score card for this nut astronomy?"

Basil rested on his wounded leg. "The object of every competitive game is to make a goal. In competitive golf the goal's the cup. Naturally."

They stood knee to knee, putters crossed over the severely punished ball. "This is going to be good," whispered Ice Bag to his friend as the putters engaged in cunning sword play. Then something happened to Basil. His heels went up, his head went down and he kissed the velvet sward. McGool had hooked a putter around his ankle. The ball rolled toward the cup and Half Portion sunk it slyly with his foot.

"Foul!" decided Basil, spitting grass.

"How can there be a foul when there are no rules?" grinned Devil McGool.

"All right," threatened Basil, "you owe me ten on this one. And if you want to get tough, come on."

From that point Midlothian's rolling sward became a jousting field, untidy with broken lances and dented armor. To Basil Spillinger, inventor of competitive golf, it was a scene of bruised confusion, of duck-on-a-rock, of hare-and-hounds, of alley grudge-fighting with no holds barred. Basil in retrospect recalled pushing the scoundrel from behind when he caught him teeing on the fairway. He remembered McGool's hoot. "Lookit the snake!" that spoiled the only good brassie shot of the day. And the time the slimy devil's caddy directed Basil to a small, white mushroom, leaving McGool to a long swing that put the ball within a yard of the seventh hole.

They had run and wrestled most of the way over a course that had killed several walking fat men. As they approached the twelfth their pace slowed, for the human frame can take just so much punishment. In his exaltation Basil forgot his lame leg, although he had developed a decided limp. This would have given McGool the edge, except that Basil learned the value of throwing wet divots. Once he threw his hat, something seldom attempted in championship play. Staggering toward the twelfth they were even steven.

Then Basil had a winning idea. The ball, for some fantastic reason, lay quite a distance in the foreground. There was a cross-cut through the woods which would bring Basil out yards ahead of his rival. He gained speed. He plunged in. He stopped. Under a silver birch, graceful as the tree, stood a girl in pink. She was fixing something which, had Basil been King James, might have caused him to remark, "Honi soit!" He stood at gaze, he blushed and reflected that bathing suits are God's gift to some girls. She looked up and smiled appreciatively—the girl named Corinne, or Florine or Codeine. She wasn't dressed for golf; she looked like a goddess fresh from a tea party.

"Oh," she said appropriately.

"Oh," he responded, not to be outdone. Then murmured something about wasn't it a lovely day. He stood rooted, nymph-bound, torn between love and duty. His duty was to be out there on the course, whaling the living lights out of McGool. And love . . .

She said, "Oh, Mr. Spillinger, I'm so glad you came along! I'm so stupid, and I tried to climb a tree. In these clothes. Just look what I've done." A scarlet-nailed left hand—wearing no engagement ring he noticed—pointed up the tree. A navy blue sweater dangled some twenty feet above.

"Dar—" he began, then turned a brash "darling" into, "Darn it, how'd that thing get up there?"

"I was knitting it for a naval aviator," she said innocently.

"Up the tree?"

Continued on page 133

We approve of letting college freshmen play varsity football. Now a fellow can have his character built a whole year in advance.

The caddy shortage is making things tough. The average golfer now not only has to carry his clubs but decide which one to use.

The tea shortage won't in the least affect the average literary tea which will consist of equal parts of rye, gin, Scotch, Vermouth and gossip as usual.

Today's Success Story

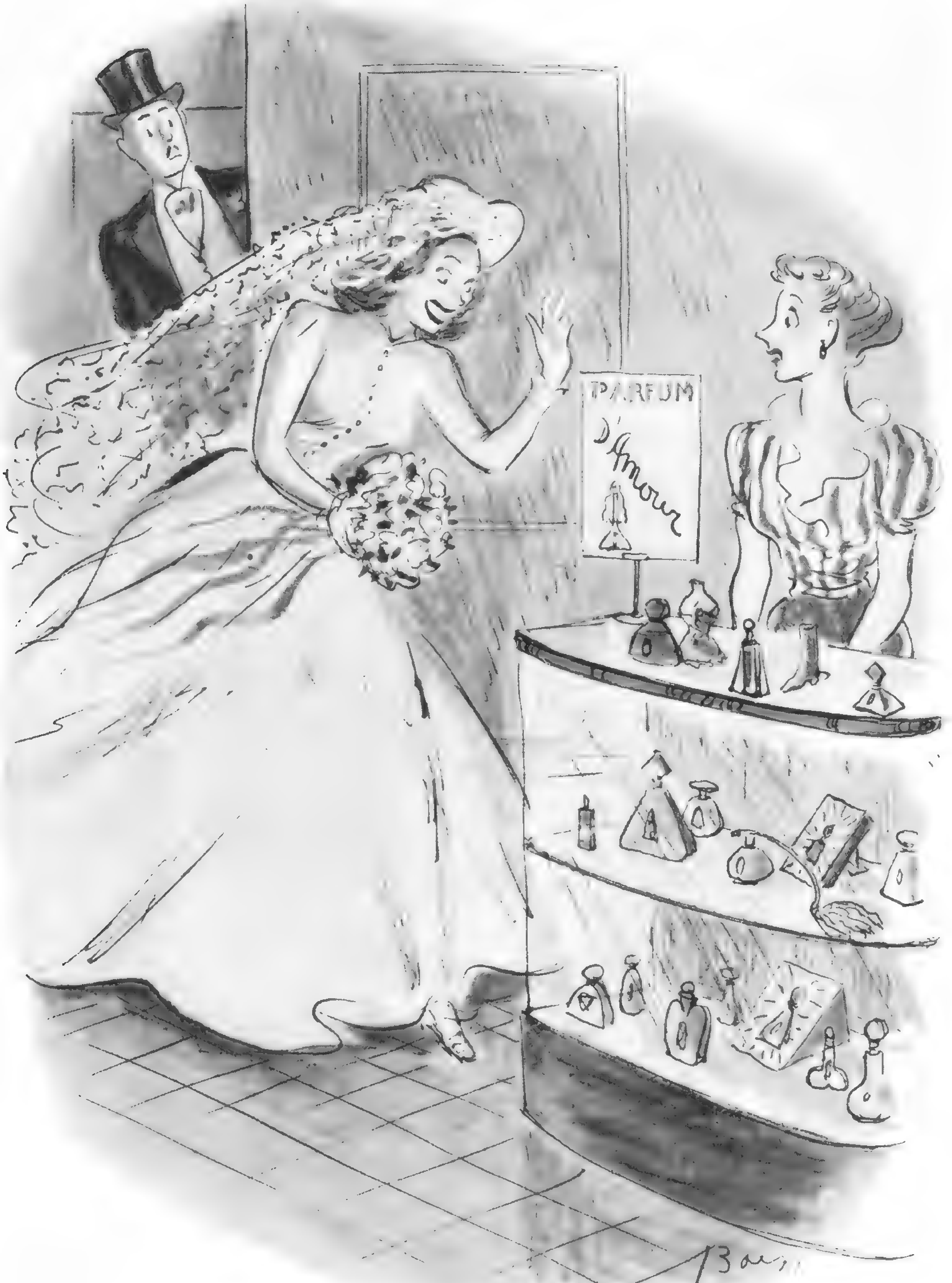
Even a girdle begins near the bottom and works up.

It looks as though professional hockey may cease for the duration. Players who want to get banged up will now have to join some branch of the service.

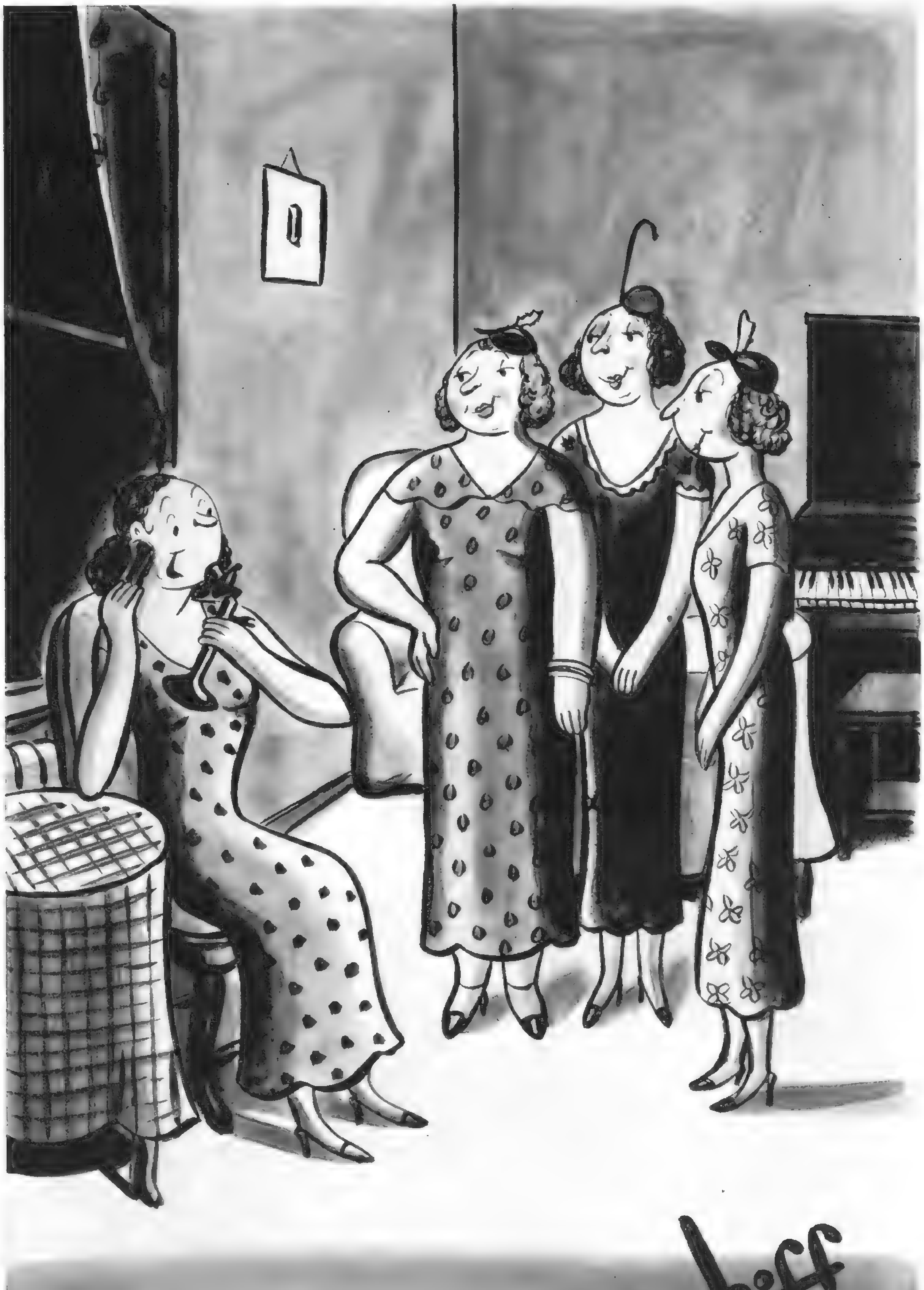
WOTTA BALLGAME !!!!

Fable

Once there was a baseball scribe who, in forecasting the World's Series, concluded: "—and in a short series the chances are that the breaks won't have a thing to do with deciding the issue."


PARFUM
D'Amour

"It worked fine!"



"Hello, F. B. I.—do you need any reckless women for spies?"

Murder at the Thirteenth Hole

Continued from pages 55-130

"Oh, no. An ant or something bit me, and I hung it on a twig so that I could—anyhow, something made the twig snap up, and there it is. Mr. Spillinger, you're so smart, and so strong."

"It looks easy," he said. Powerfully he seized the branch near the base, strained at it, pulled it down. It took several tries before he got it so low that she could rip the sweater loose and treasure it against her breast. Duty sprang up and pushed him toward the fairway, but her look told him that she had something more to say. She held out a mauve ticket.

"For the Saturday dance," she said. "For the Red Cross."

"Leave it in my mail box," he said, and added jealously, "I suppose you'll be there with the naval aviators."

"I wasn't with aviators last night." Her eyes came down like beryl window shades. "Mr. Spillinger, you're so argumentative."

"What did I argue about?"

"You kept saying that college made girls unfeminine. I went to bed wondering if you thought that about me . . ." Suddenly she gave his face a startled look. "Why, Mr. Spillinger, you're all over scratches—and a piece of mud under your eye! Aren't you afraid of tetanus, or something? Here . . ." She produced a cloudy handkerchief and began sopping the wound. Oh, pure delight, the grateful touch of a ministering angel. . . .

Then suddenly out of nowhere suspicion struck like a javelin.

"See here, Codeine," he snarled, "did that devil plant you here to stop me? Did he?" He grabbed her delicious shoulders and shook her fiercely.

"Hey, are you crazy?" she screamed. "Let go you—"

Basil bounded out of the woodland, to see McGool in the distance serenely inhaling cigarette smoke while Ice Bag replaced the flag. He had sunk the ball.

Silently the sworn enemies bumbled their way toward the fatal Thirteenth. Human energy has its limits and mayhem becomes monotonous, even to professional wrestlers. Basil's soul was heavy with the sullen thought that his Pink Girl had gone yellow on him. Listlessly he permitted McGool to trip him up twice, but sought no reprisals. Competitive golf was essentially all right, he reflected, but it required rules. This experience would set him back twenty bucks, but what of it? Experiments cost.

The tragedy on Hole Thirteen was without witnesses, for the good reason that the caddies finally went on strike. McGool, mistaking friend for foe, had thrown a No. 2 iron at Ice Bag's head; whereat Ice Bag explained that he wouldn't take nothing from no gentleman, and went home, closely followed by Half Portion. On the edge of the green the enemies stood at bay. In the haste of combat Basil seized the most inappropriate club, his old dented niblick. McGool stepped on his foot, but Basil's iron struck on the dot. The ball rolled accurately across, and stopped an inch from the cup.

It might have been all right, even then, had McGool kept his mouth shut. But that satanic mouth writhed beneath the twisted moustache and said the thing which no dub, since the birth of golf, has been able to bear with equanimity.

"Never up, never in," he sneered.

Basil Spillinger saw red. . . .

* * *

So the hour of reckoning was at hand: the case rested with the jury. In the Midlothian courthouse there was doomful quiet; the sparse spectators had galloped away to follow a rumor that Sandy Tannenbaum was losing the match to Alec Stiletto. Alone on the classic verandah the girl in pink smoked nervously and tossed lipsticked cigarette butts into the inflammable bushes. The judge was in his chambers, reading The Sportsman's Primer, and in an airtight anteroom Basil Spillinger sat among the sheriffs and lawyers. The competitive golfer looked into space and the attorney for the defense said, "The jury system should be abolished."

The jury, golfers to the last man and woman of them, spent 3 hours 44.2 minutes in point-to-point discussion. Toward the end of the session they sent out a request to see the lethal instrument which had supposedly felled Nicodemus McGool at Hole Thirteen. The club was sent in to them, and in a very few minutes they filed back into the courtroom. Basil Spillinger, summoned again to the dock, gazed lockjawed into the face of destiny. The foreman stood up, and Basil recognized Archie van Gordon, who had been the colony's ruling pro until he was fired for eloping with Midlothian's glamor girl. Archie was a golfer to his bones. Basil shuddered.

"Have you reached a verdict?" asked Judge Lamb in his best conversational tone.

"We have, yer Worrrrship." Archie van Gordon's voice was heavy and thick with doom. "We find the dee-fendant not guilty."

The judge scratched his head with a fountain pen, leaving a diagram on his bald spot.

"Not guilty?" he remarked. "It is not the usual procedure for the court to question the jury's decision. But since this is not a—er—usual case, I am going to waive precedent and ask you by what course of reasoning you have come to your conclusion."

"Weel, mon, yer Worrrrship," said Archie van Gordon, who had learned his Scotch in Omaha, "we conseedered the accused a wee bit guilty, ye might say, until we studied the nature of the bloodstained club that lay beside the body at Hole Thirteen. Then we immediately decided that murrrder was impossible."

"Impossible?"

"Aye, yer Worrship. The club was a niblick. And it's well known wherrrever golf is played that a niblick is *never* used on a putting green."

"Quite right!" said Judge Lamb cordially "Let me thank the jurors. The case is dismissed."

Leaping to freedom, Basil Spillinger couldn't find anybody to kiss except the girl in pink. As they raced away arm in arm she whispered, "Sugar pie, you don't really think I stopped you there in the woods just to spoil your game! I thought you wanted to talk to me. How did I know you had a date to kill a man?"

"But you don't think I killed him, do you?" he faltered.

"I'm not blind, darling," she smiled. "I saw you. I've often wondered why somebody didn't do it long ago."

"Hm. But why didn't you testify that you saw it?"

"Nobody asked me to. Am I supposed to testify when nobody asks me?" Her angel face was serene with happiness.

"Sweetheart," he murmured, "your dumbness strengthens me to go back and begin life anew. I want you passionately—let's go over and see how the Tannenbaum-Costello match came out."

Approaching the course, they saw that the match had been played off. People were going home, making gestures like fancy shots. Basil, arm-linked with his fiancée, stopped a group of his old club-mates. They should be the first to know.

"I'm the luckiest man on earth," he proclaimed. "This lovely has promised to marry me, and a jury has just acquitted me of murder!"

"That's nice," said his lifelong friends listlessly. Then their faces brightened to full flame. "Heard the news? Sandy Tannenbaum rallied on the Thirteenth and made it in par again!" #

Esquire on the Record

CAMPUS CHOICE

Pied Piper Shop
LA SALLE JUNIOR COLLEGE
Auburndale, Mass.

You Made Me Love You; Harry James. Columbia 36296
Jersey Bounce; Benny Goodman. Okeh 6590
Skylark; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 11462
Moonlight Cocktail; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 11401
Somebody Else Is Taking My Place; Benny Goodman. Okeh 6497
Sleepy Lagoon; Xavier Cugat. Columbia 36559
Tangerine; Vaughn Monroe. Bluebird 11433
Miss You; Dinah Shore. Bluebird 11322
I Don't Want to Walk without You; Harry James. Columbia 36478
A String of Pearls; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 11382

Radio Centre
YALE UNIVERSITY
160 Orange St.
New Haven, Conn.

Yale Glee Club Selections. Columbia C79
Finlandia (Sibelius); Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 7412
Symphony in D Minor (Cesar Franck) San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Victor DM840
Brahms First Symphony in C Minor; London Symphony Orchestra. Columbia M383
Song of the Flea; Nelson Eddy. Columbia 17312
Poor You; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 27849
Sleepy Lagoon; Dinah Shore. Victor 27875
Tangerine; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 4123
Jingle Jangle Jingle; Kay Kyser. Columbia 36604
Who Wouldn't Love You; Kay Kyser. Columbia 36526

Briggs and Briggs, Inc.
HARVARD UNIVERSITY
1270 Massachusetts Ave.
Cambridge, Mass.

Harvard Blues; Count Basie. Okeh 6564
Jersey Bounce; Benny Goodman. Okeh 6590
String of Pearls; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 11381
Tangerine; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 4123
I Got It Bad; Duke Ellington. Victor 27531
Somebody Else Is Taking My Place; Benny Goodman. Okeh 6497
Skylark; Dinah Shore. Bluebird 11473
Who Wouldn't Love You; Kay Kyser. Columbia 36526
Sleepy Lagoon; Harry James. Columbia 36549
What Is This Thing Called Love; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 27782

Death in Short Pants

Continued from page 27

1915. A cloud of gas was sprayed out of 12,600 steel cylinders, resulting in the death of 6,000 Russians, the poisoning of 3,100, and the capture of 15,000.

So far, so good. It began to look as though the war lords had something. But within a few months, this illusion faded: (1) the Allies developed gas masks, reducing susceptibility almost to a vanishing point, and (2) the much-touted German chemical industry proved unequal to the big task of generating enough gas to do a job of widespread devastation.

The hardy British rose to the occasion by muddling through with a pretty good gas job of their own, three months later. The first British gas attack was launched on September 25th, at Loos. The French, not quite so resilient, weren't able to horn in on this suffocant melée until February of the following year.

The battle of production then began, and in this battle, as in the present, the Allies outstripped the Germans in production. Germany reached its maximum output of chlorine in 1918, turning out 1,000 tons a month. During this period, the United States alone was fuming out 2,500 tons a month—and England and France were not laggard. By the end of the war, the Germans were sniffing their own medicine; a medicine which by this time was strengthened with bitterer and more-deadly irritants, suffocants, and vesicants.

It has been argued that if the German High Command had not been simultaneously so short-sighted and so pig-headed, and had listened to the sage, albeit morbid predictions of Dr. Haber, they could have followed up their surprise advantage of April 22, 1915, and made short shrift of the Allies. As it was, like many a ration-harassed motorist today . . . they ran out of gas.

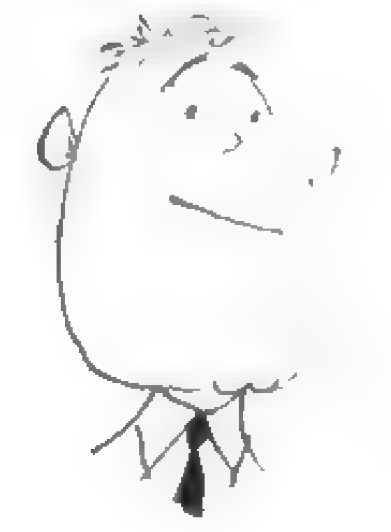
According to one estimate, the total number of men killed, during the last war, was approximately 10,500,000. This figure includes all causes, and all belligerents. Of these, however, the number killed by gas came to only 30,000—a mere *hors d'oeuvre* in the maw of Mars.

* * *

In the last war, chlorine was soon superseded by another and more active gas, which, paradoxically enough, was a liquid. This is chloropicrin, discovered in 1848, by Stenhouse. Phosgene, which had been discovered by Sir Humphrey Davy—of miner safety-lamp fame—turned up. And then, to cap a series of horror climaxes, a series too technical to be bothered about here, we came to the king of killers, mustard gas (dichlorethylsulphide). The Germans called mustard gas *Lost*, from the first two letters of the names of the professors who introduced it, Lommel and Steinkopf. This "gas," which, like chloropicrin, is really an atomized liquid, was another old-timer of the laboratory, developed around 1855, by the chemist, Niemann.

The beautiful thing about mustard gas, from the chemist's point of view, is that it doesn't have to be inhaled. It can clothe the body like some gossamer film, devised by Elizabeth Arden, and deftly clinging burn its way on into deep-veined, vital places. Phosgene was more limited in scope, but also more deadly. Once inside the lungs, it combined with the moisture—otherwise dedicated to kisses—yielding up carbon dioxide plus hydrochloric acid. The hydrochloric acid, it might be added, ate away the lung tissue, quickly, neatly, and finally.

When we were in knee-pants all our mama done told us was to keep the darn things pulled up.



Then there was the dope who wanted to know how to black out his house if there was a daytime air raid.

In the British *Official History of the War*, a case is cited of a man who inhaled phosgene at one p. m. At two-thirty, comfortable in a hospital bed, he seemed completely recovered. At five-thirty, he became blue around the lips, and coughed up huge quantities of a clear yellowish, frothy fluid. At six-fifty, he was dead.

There is no point in detailing the physical effects of each of the eighteen or more gases that were experimented with during the last war. It suffices to say that like the thousand wives of Solomon, each had some peculiar flaw or defect.

As for the modes of attack, styles changed with the passing seasons. The spraying of gases from tanks often backfired on the sprayee; grenades and shells, consequently, very soon came into vogue.

The first successful shells were developed by the French. They were tried out at Verdun, on February 22, 1916—although the Germans had made an unsuccessful attempt to use dianisdine, a mucous-membrane irritant, as far back as October 27, 1914, at Neuve Chapelle. The French shells formed clouds of phosgene.

The Germans, always passionately interested in killer-dillers, if not improvements, retaliated at Chatancourt, three months later, with shells filled with diphosgene.

The next step in the path of progress was phosgene mines, a pleasant little innovation of the British, introduced at Arras, April 4, 1917. The Germans then copied this photostatically within six months, and fired them electrically for the benefit of their now-very-good-friends, the Italians.

* * *

The case against poison gas begins to develop, when we stop to plot the value of a gas projectile against that of an explosive projectile. In other words, you have to ask yourself this question: 'Shell for shell, how many men can I kill, maim, or discourage?" If you are considering projectiles dropped from planes, you have to remember that it's just as dangerous, and just as costly, to carry a load of gas bombs, as to tote a cargo of fragmentation, demolition, or incendiary bombs.

A load of gas bombs, dropped on a factory, may cause no military disadvantage whatsoever, particularly if gas masks and decontamination apparatus are at hand. As opposed to this, there is the flowing and ever present truth that a factory, once blown up, will never settle down again in quite the same way it originally stood. And a man once blown to bits, like the fabulous Humpty Dumpty, can scarcely be put together again . . . in spite of all the lily-white hands of the A. W. V. S.

Consider, for a moment, the toxic niceties of concentration. Unlike patients in an operating room, few war victims go up to the anaesthetist grimly smiling and gracious; they don't stick their noses guilelessly into an inhalator, surrounded by a daisy chain of soft nurses in clinging, close-fitting white. Gases, in war, spread out into the great empyrean.

It has been estimated that to gas all of the citizens of Berlin with mustard gas, you would need 1,450 tons of Gulden's best. Two thousand giant bombers would be required for a simultaneous assault. These ships would have to arrive on a windless day, a day which furthermore was bereft of sunlight, and marked with high humidity. They also would have to drop their bombs at even intervals throughout the city. And even so, if the Nazi burghers stayed long enough in the proper kind of shelters, very little, if anything, would happen.

Two thousand planes, with a full complement of explosive bombs, could turn the city of Berlin into a second Rostov.

If you want a really good example of the comparative ineffectiveness of gas, have a look at Professor J. B. S. Haldane's report on the German attack on the Cambrai salient. Between March 11th and March 14th, 1918, the Germans fired 150,000 mustard gas shells into the Allied lines. The result: fifty deaths.

Spraying from airplanes is even less effective. The process is efficient enough, if your victims are potato bugs, and you are permitted to fly within fifty feet of the ground. But spraying from the height dictated by the eloquence of anti-aircraft fire, and ducking Hurricanes, Spitfires, and P-40's, you'll do little but contaminate a cloud and sear the winged tips of some passing swallow.

* * *

The prospects for the future are nebulous. The relatively stabilized front, now developing in Russia, may make gas a valuable auxiliary weapon. It is conceivable that a simultaneous gas, explosive, and incendiary bombing attack on a besieged city could be highly effective. Demolition bombs would shatter military objectives, incendiaries would set the residential districts on fire, driving the townspeople out of their holes. And then, if they should be so audacious as to fight their fires, down would come the mustard.

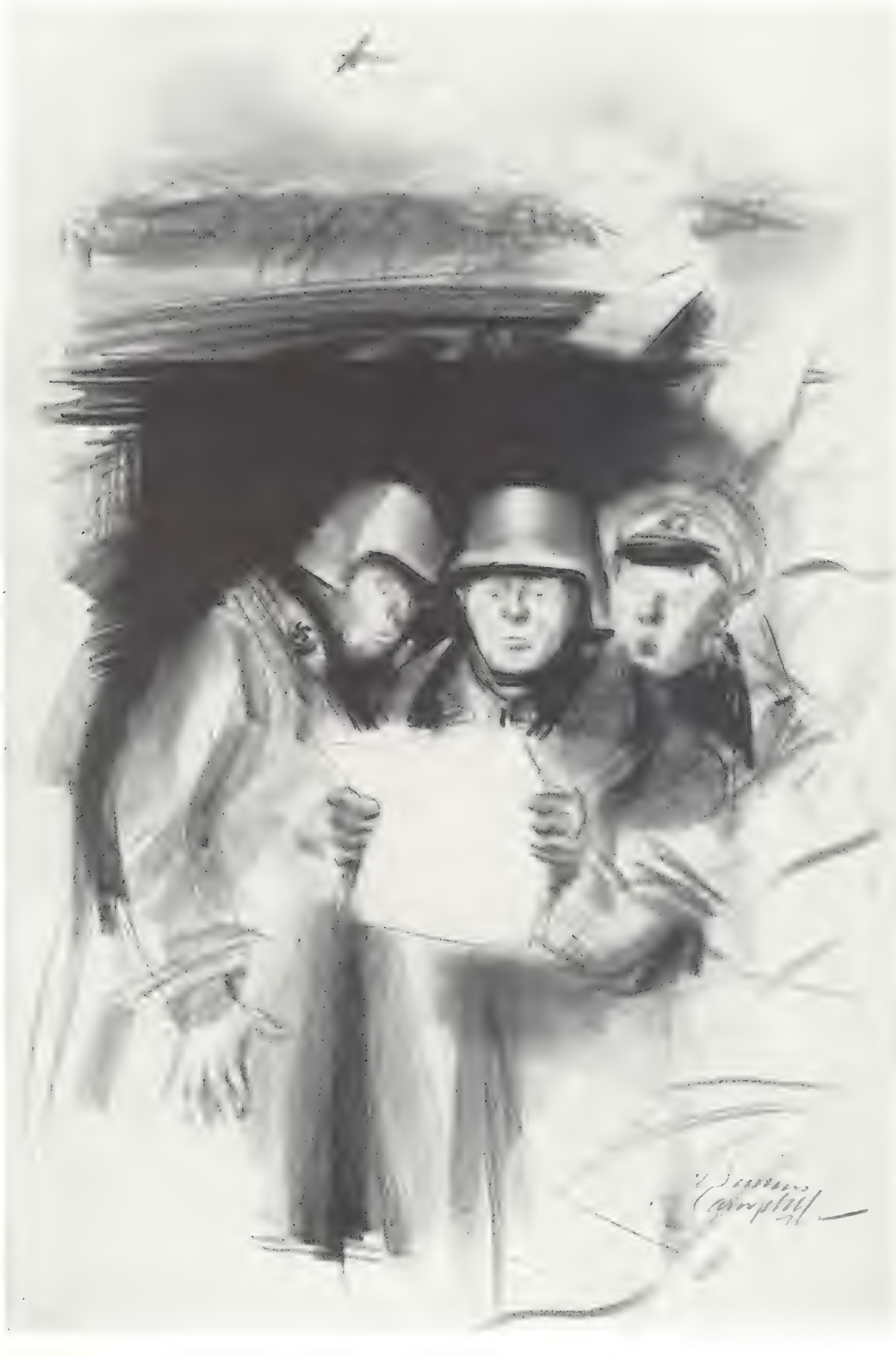
Offensive as this is to our cultural veneer, this blue-plate combination might be very efficient over Tokio, Yokohama, and Kobe.

There are also the prospects of new and more delicate gases, some combination that would realize the chemist's dream. There are hopes for new sternutators, on the order of diphenylarsinechloride—an arsenic compound. The purpose of sternutators of this class is to penetrate gas masks, and irritate the noses of the attacked. The victim tears off his chemical Tarnhelm, inhales desperately and commits a vaporous *hara-kiri*.

Among other diabolical suggestions now current, is one for the use of eye-affecting gases or sprays, such as products of atropin or eserin. These contract or enlarge the pupils of the enemy's eyes, making him incapable of focusing. They will also contract or enlarge yours. Anyone who has spent an idle morning waiting for the effect of belladonna drops to wear off knows how demoralizing nonfocusing eyes can be.

Other suggested usages for gases include contaminating the enemy's food supply, and his water supply—to say nothing of exterminating his termites.

Whether this war will finally plunge into a gaseous stage remains to be seen. One thing we know: all the combatants have ample reserves of noxious chemicals all stored up and ready to spray. It is hardly to be assumed that this heavy investment in consumers' goods will be used for nothing more than feats of fumigation. ⧺



"It says here the more we win the less we eat and that if we have a few more victories we'll be starved"

Bet Against the Experts

Continued from page 88

some horse other than that taken by the consensus, I achieved the following results.

Number of plays—126.

Number of winners—28.

Per cent of bets that won—22.2.

Average price to $1 on winners—$5.13.

Net profit from all plays—$91.40.

Per cent of profit on money risked—36.2.

A reader will observe, in comparing my results with those achieved by the consensus, that although my percentage of bets won was slightly inferior—22.2 to the consensus' 25.9—nevertheless the average price I realized on winners was greatly higher—$5.13 to $1 as against the consensus' $1.76 to $1. These figures epitomize the whole secret of smart play on horses. "To beat the races you must beat the prices," and you never can beat the prices on selectors' choices that attract public money.

Before outlining the simple rating figures that enabled me to realize the results indicated I should like to point out just what I had in mind before I attempted to develop the figures themselves.

(1) I planned to get figures that could be followed mechanically, without any exercise of individual judgment or discretion, and yet beat the selectors.

(2) I planned to get figures that not only would show less loss than the selectors but also would show a net profit when applied in play.

(3) I planned to get figures that would beat the selectors and show a money profit and I proposed to set up horse-ratings of a type that could be applied by anyone who could read and add, even though he knew nothing about horses and never had seen a race, merely by referring to information available in the past performance records of a standard racing sheet that required absolutely no knowledge of racing and horses to apply.

In order to get clean away from the present form mania of the selectors and to permit my figures to reflect some approximately true picture of a horse's real quality, I determined to rate each animal on the basis of his actual performance in each of his last six starts.

A past performance line in a racing sheet representing a single race of a horse entered today always indicates the class of that race, whether a stake, a handicap, an allowance affair or a $4,000, $2,500, $1,500 or other valuation claiming event. The line also shows the finishing position of the horse, whether first, third, fourth or tenth, and gives the number of lengths he was off the leader if he did not win.

For winning a stake race or an important named handicap, such as the Brooklyn, Suburban, or Santa Anita, allow 100 points. For running second, 85 points; for running third, 65 points; for running within five lengths of the leader, whatever the finishing position, 45 points.

For winning any handicap, 90 points; for second, 75 points; for third, 55 points; for running within five lenghts of winner, 35 points.

For winning any allowance race, 80 points; for second, 65 points; for third, 45 points; within five lengths, 25 points.

For winning a $5,000 claimer, 70 points; for second, 55 points; for third, 35 points; within five lengths, 15.

For winning a $4,000 claimer, 60 points; for second, 45 points; for third, 30 points; within five lengths, 10 points.

We Suggest a Blackout for . . .

Food profiteers . . . Sports promoters who promote palpably uneven boxing matches . . . Bridge players who devote fifteen minutes to rehashing every hand . . . Bigwigs who keep resisting an open tennis tournament . . . Guys who know the "inside" story of Pearl Harbor and will tell it to us on the slightest provocation . . . Social climbers who utilize defense work for that purpose . . . Optimistic newspaper headlines when the news isn't so hot . . . The Axis.

For winning a $3,000 claimer, 50 points; for second, 35 points; for third, 20 points; within five lengths, 5 points.

For winning a $2,500 claimer, 40 points; for second, 30 points; third, 15 points; within five lengths, no credit.

For winning a $2,000 claimer, 30 points; for second, 25 points; for third, 15 points; within five lengths, no credit.

For winning a $1,500 claimer, 20 points; for second, 15 points; for third, 10 points; within five lengths, no credit.

For winning a $1,000 claimer, 10 points; for second, 5 points; for third or within five lengths, no credit.

The credits earned by each horse in each of his last six starts are to be added, and the horse coming out at highest total is the best in these figures and a play to win unless he is on top in the consensus of selectors' opinions in the racing sheet used by the player, in which event the race is a pass and he is not to be wagered on.

A few more directions are necessary. These figures are not to be used to rate races for maidens, for two-year-olds or for horses valued at less than $1,500 at the claiming price. Pass all such contests. Also, if a filly or mare rates best do not play her against males in the same race however poorly they rate.

If a race was at a minor track, like all the Canadian courses and the American half and three-quarter milers, rate it as if two grades lower in the table above. Thus, a handicap at a minor track should be rated as a $5,000 claimer, an allowance race as a $4,000 claimer, a $2,500 claimer as one for $1,500.

Graded handicaps at major courses, A, B, C, D and E, should be rated as follows: A as a straight handicap, B as an allowance race, C as a $5,000 claimer, D as a $4,000 claimer and E as a $3,000 claimer.

If a horse ran in a claiming race at a valuation between two shown in the table, as $3,500, which is between $4,000 and $3,000, rate him as if he ran at the lower figure, $3,000.

If a horse ran in a maiden special weight event without claiming conditions, rate him as if the race had been a claimer of the highest valuation where he ever has run in the money. If he never has run in the money in a claimer, rate his performance in the maiden special weight event as if it had been a $2,000 claimer.

That is the rating method. In the period of check analyzed at the beginning of this article I had one horse—Brodea, in the sixth Bowie on November 16th—that won at a mutuel of $64.50 for $2. Another winner dug up by these figures paid $27.90 for $2—John's Star in the sixth Pimlico on November 7th. The average price on winners was $5.13 to $1, equivalent to a mutuel of $12.26.

In the sixth Aqueduct on September 14th, Histrionic was ignored by nearly all the selectors because he had not won lately or even run close up. Nevertheless his record in his last six starts was such that he outrated the field in my figures and was a play because he was not on top in the selectors' consensus of the sheet I use. He won at a mutuel of $18.90. His next start, in the sixth Aqueduct on September 21st, he was on top in the consensus on account of his previous win, but was beaten by Trysak, which outrated him in my figures.

In the fifth Saratoga, on August 26th, Get Off was my figure horse. Ignored by the selectors because he had not won or run close by lately he nevertheless won and paid a mutuel of $11.70. His next start, in the seventh Saratoga on August 31st, Get Off was made odds on by selector opinion favoring him because he had won in his last attempt, and he did beat Up the Creek, rating better in my figures. Then, in the fifth Belmont on September 24th, Up the Creek, still rating best in my figures, paid a mutuel of $16.10 in beating Get Off. The latter was at a short price because favored by the selectors as coming up off a previous win.

This rating method tosses deliberately into the ashcan nearly all of the most cherished notions of amateur and professional handicappers. It relies strictly on basic horse-quality as evidenced by racing performance, and on nothing else. It ignores the matter of distance of races; an animal which has raced only in sprints can be figured for a route-race off his last six sprint performances. It ignores the matter of track conditions; an animal which has run only "on the dry" can be figured off his last six performances for a race in the mud. It ignores the matter of times of workout gallops; a horse which rates best is still a play even though he has been outworked in the morning by everything else in the field. It ignores the matter of post-position; the rating horse is a play whether he is to start first, third, eighth or twelfth off the rail. The figures ignore the matter of jockeys; the horse rating best is not to be rejected just because he will not be ridden by a fashionable boy. The figures absolutely ignore the matter of weight; presumptively the horse would not have been entered if grossly over-burdened. They ignore a handicapper's entire bag of tricks except plain ordinary horse-quality as manifested in actual racing over a substantial period. And that is just why they work, because it is horse-quality that wins races.

A player who applies every possible test to a horse in an effort to confine his wagers to sure things definitely is on the wrong track. He probably will get a higher percentage of winners than these figures will show. But his average price on winners will be too low because the selectors and the educated part of the racing public will have applied the same tests, reached the same conclusions and horses, and ruined the prices. The proviso of this rating method of mine that the best horse be played only against a consensus practically insures against getting on short-priced entrants, and there is enough intrinsic handicapping merit in the figures themselves to yield a percentage of winners adequate to show a profit at average prices experienced.

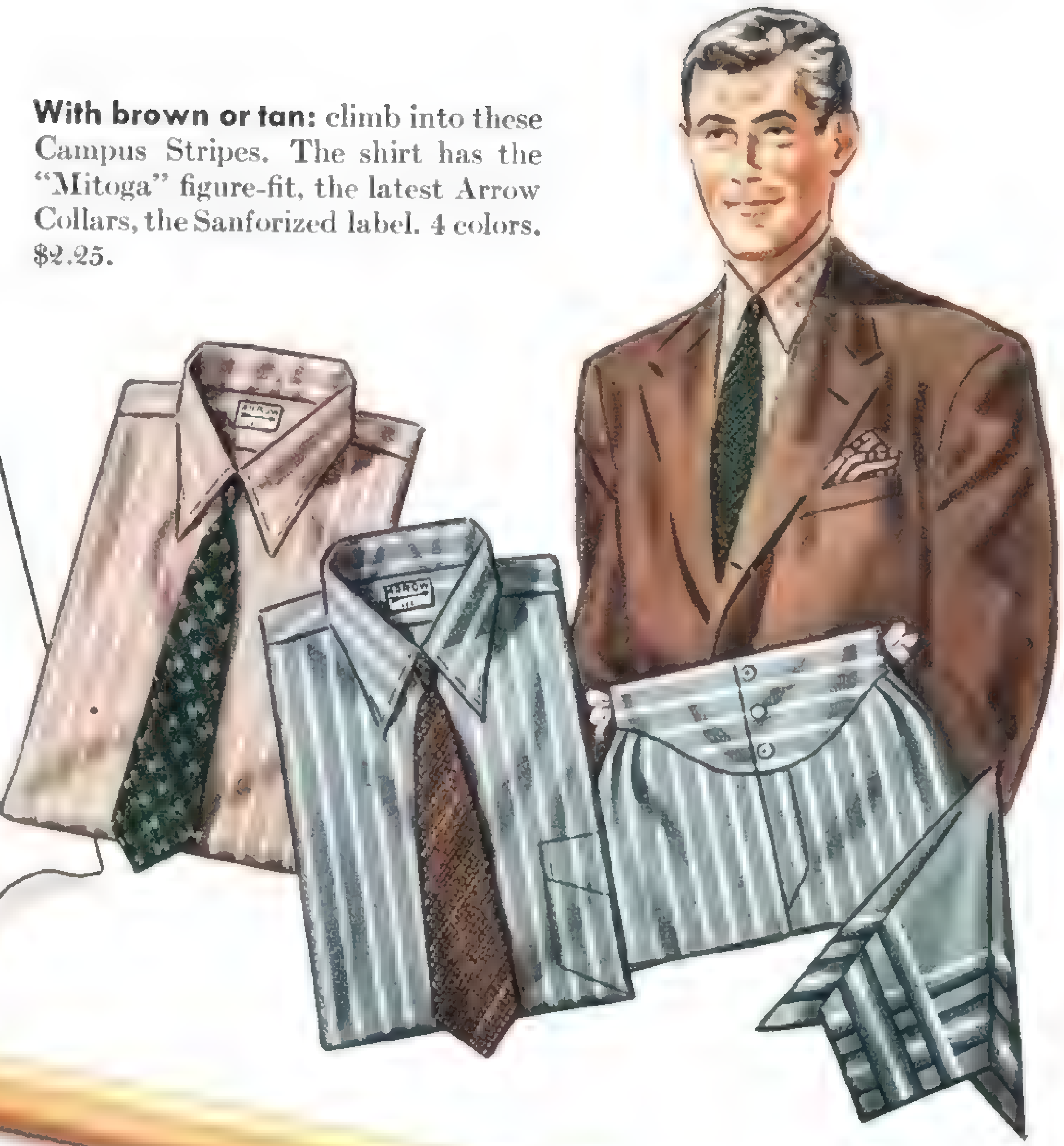
Like any method of figuring fields of horses this figure method of mine will sometimes lead a player into losing streaks. I experienced one run of seventeen bets lost in a line. That would have ruined any operation based on short-priced horses, but it did not prevent this method's showing in excess of thirty per cent profit from flat play—same amount on each horse—to win only. ##

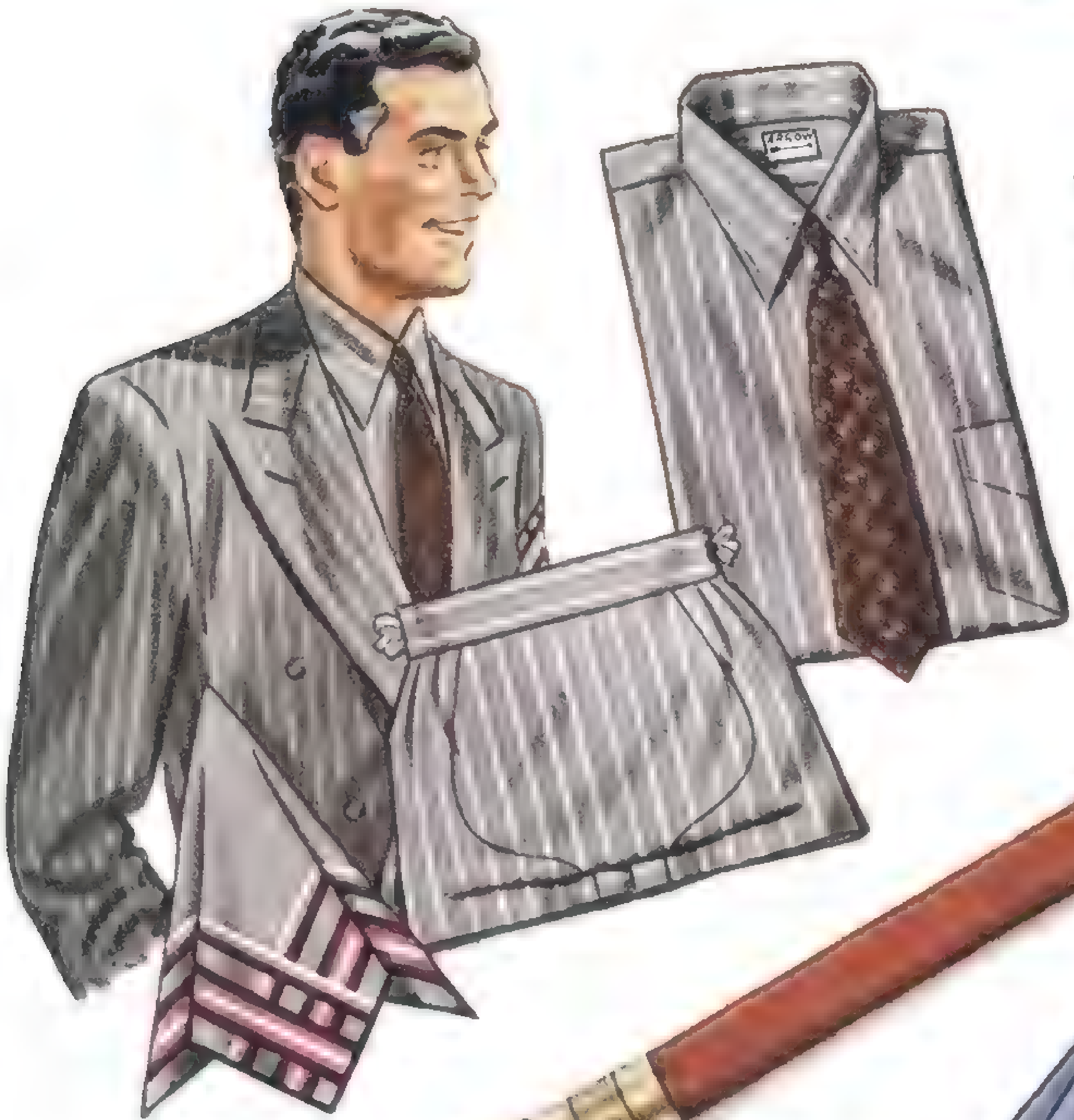
Arrow
selects for this month
Campus Stripes

● THIS SHIRT is a "young man's fancy" . . . the pattern was designed particularly (but by no means exclusively) for *homo collegiensis*, or college man. Neither the colors nor the stripings are bashful; they are, however, extremely good-looking. *Campus Stripes* are tailored to Arrow perfection.

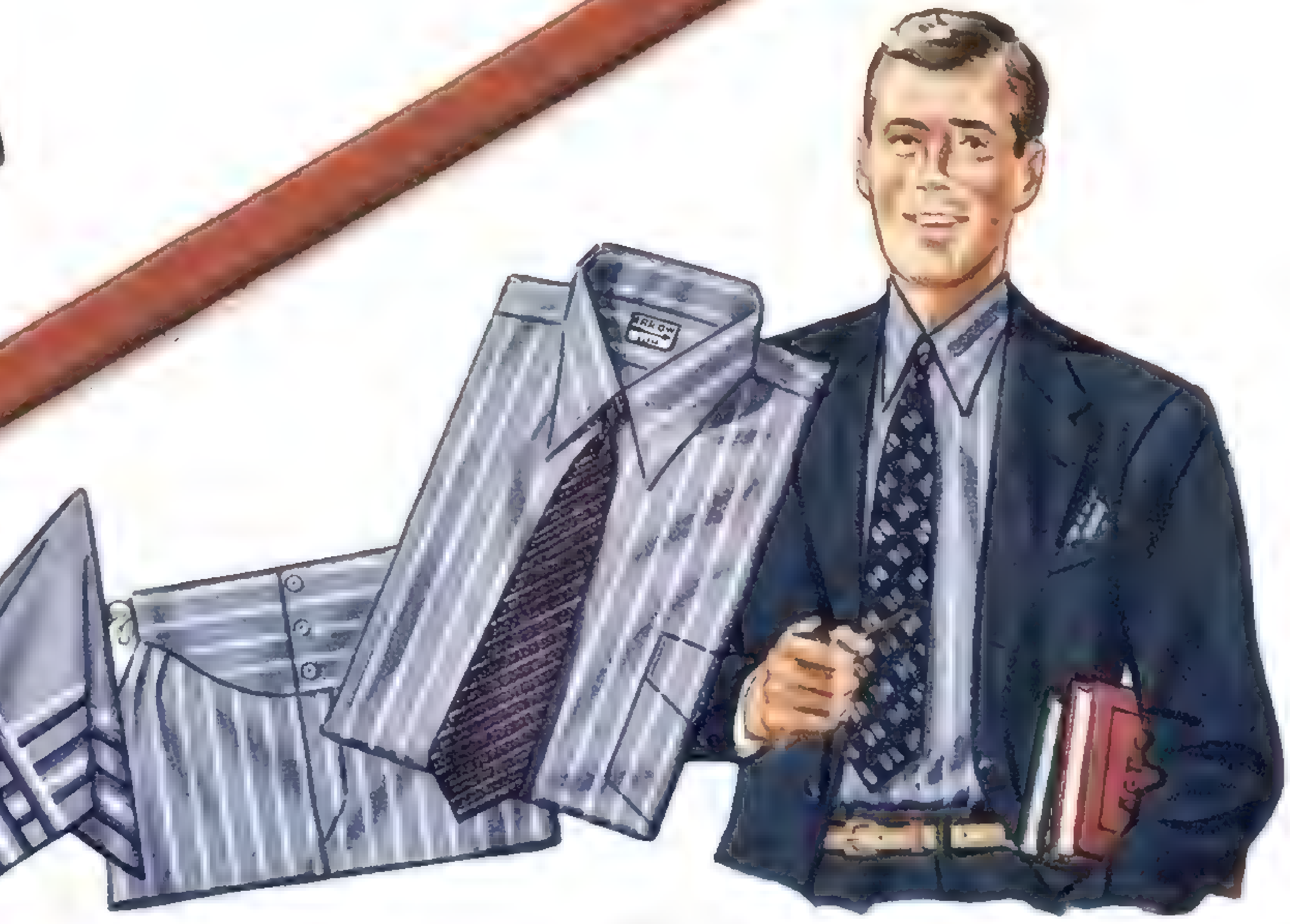
Arrow has designed ties, handkerchiefs, and even underwear to go with the *Campus Stripes* shirt. See them at your Arrow dealer's now.

With brown or tan: climb into these Campus Stripes. The shirt has the "Mitoga" figure-fit, the latest Arrow Collars, the Sanforized label. 4 colors. $2.25.





With gray: wear this Campus Stripes set-up. The Arrow Tie comes in two different patterns, is wrinkle-resistant, perfect-knotting. $1.00.



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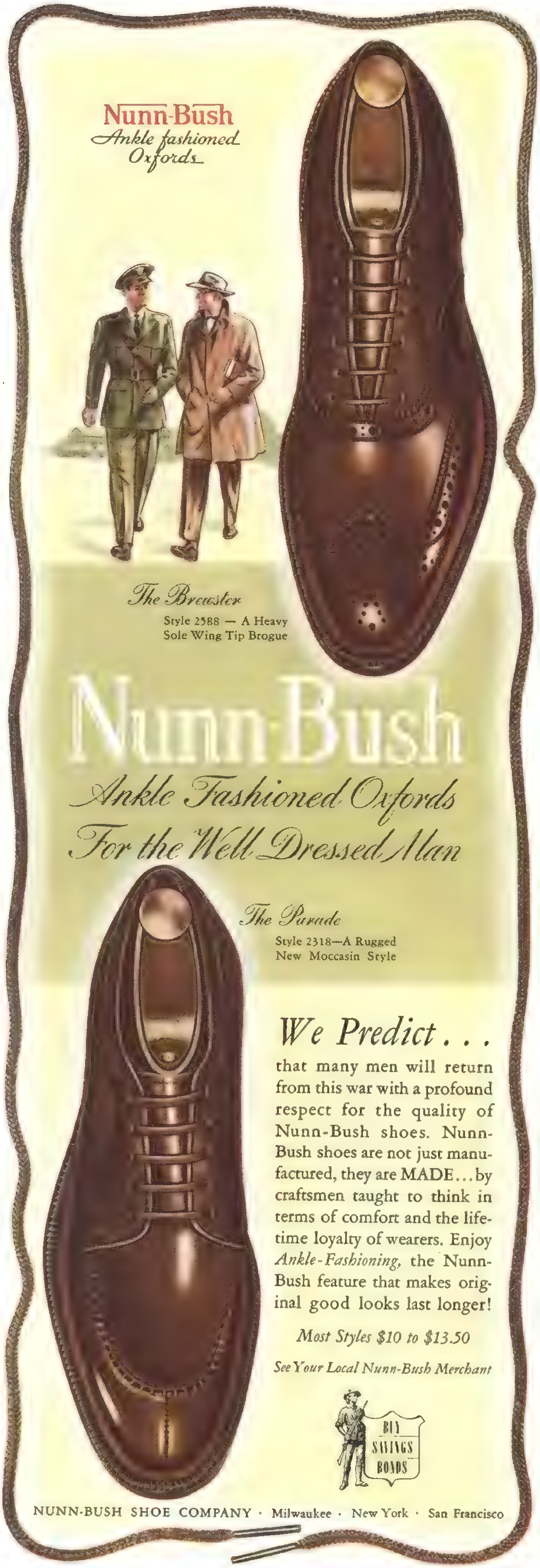

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Decca Records, Inc., 50 West 57th St., New York City	
Peter and the Wolf; Decca Symphony, Alexander Smallens, conductor; Frank Luther, Narrator. Album 130	*Lily of Laguna; Wait till the Sun Shines, Nellie;* Bing Crosby & Mary Martin. Decca 18278
George Gershwin Music; Paul Whiteman and Concert Orchestra. Album 31	*Johnny Doughboy Found a Rose in Ireland; There Are Rivers to Cross;* Kenny Baker. Decca 18274
Brahms; Hungarian Dances; Harry Horlick and Decca Concert Orchestra. Album 89	*The Marine's Hymn; Coast Guard Forever;* Fred Waring. Decca 18268
Chopin Waltzes; Piano Solos by Robert Goldsand. Album 185	*Mary's a Grand Old Name; The Waltz of Memory;* Bing Crosby. Decca 18360
The Melody Shop, 190 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.	
Bolero (Ravel); Boston Symphony, Arthur Fiedler conducting. Victor M552	*You Made Me Love You;* Harry James. Columbia 36296
Finlandia (Sibelius); Leopold Stokowski conducting. Victor 7412	*We'll Meet Again;* Ink Spots. Decca 3656
Clair de Lune (Debussy); Andre Kostelanetz conducting. Columbia 7361M	*Blues in the Night;* Cab Calloway. Okeh 6422
Dance of the Hours from "La Gioconda" (Ponchielli); conducted by Arthur Fiedler. Victor 11833	*Begin the Beguine;* Artie Shaw. Bluebird 7746
	Johnny Doughboy Found a Rose in Ireland; Kenny Baker. Decca 18274
Gourlie Music Co., Tampa, Florida	
Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso (Saint-Saens); Jascha Heifetz; London Philharmonic conducted by John Barbirolli. Victor 14115	*Shout, Brother, Shout;* Ink Spots. Decca 4194
Finlandia (Sibelius); Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor 17701	*The Army Air Corps;* Fred Waring. Decca 18269
Ave Maria (Schubert); Marian Anderson. Victor 14210	*Always in My Heart;* Glenn Miller. B-11438
Indian Love Call from "Rose Marie" (Friml); Jeanette McDonald & Nelson Eddy. Victor 4323	*Skylark;* Harry James. Columbia 36533
E. Foster Hammonds & Co., 829 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa.	
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 (Liszt); Leopold Stokowski conducting the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor 14422	*Sleepy Lagoon;* Vaughn Monroe. Bluebird 11462
Danse Macabre (Saint-Saens); Stokowski conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 14162	*Grieg Piano Concerto;* Freddy Martin. Bluebird 11430
	What Is This Thing Called Love; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 27782
Sears, Roebuck & Co., 6339 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.	
Tales From the Vienna Woods (Strauss); Leopold Stokowski conducting the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor 15425	*Jersey Bounce;* Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 4288
Toccata and Fugue in D Minor (Bach); Leopold Stokowski conducting the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor 15425	*My Little Cousin;* Benny Goodman. Okeh 6606
	Johnny Doughboy Found a Rose in Ireland; Sammy Kaye. Victor 27870
	Cash For Your Trash; "Fats" Waller. Bluebird 11425

Leadership

In Chicago *for* 1942

For the first 6 months of 1942 The Chicago Daily News published 327,274 MORE lines of Display Advertising than the next ranking newspaper. This leadership over and above all other Chicago papers—morning, evening or Sunday—may be verified by the following report:

TOTAL DISPLAY ADVERTISING—ALL CHICAGO NEWSPAPERS FIRST 6 MONTHS 1942

EVENING	TOTAL AGATE LINES
DAILY NEWS	**4,083,954**
Times	2,745,721
Herald-American	2,729,338
MORNING	
Tribune	3,756,680
Sun	1,536,119
SUNDAY	
Tribune	2,254,802
Herald-American	1,490,902
Sun	956,262
Times	428,925

For comparative purposes the above figures for other newspapers do not include the linage of alcoholic beverage advertising, which The Daily News does not accept. Source: Media Records, Inc.

Merchants, manufacturers, distributors—advertisers large and small—will wisely follow the trend in Chicago and choose The Chicago Daily News as their preferred newspaper and medium of expression. The Daily News is Chicago's HOME Newspaper with a circulation that goes into the home, stays in the home, is read in the home. If you don't get into the home with what you have to say, you will never get in with what you have to sell.

The Chicago Daily News

Chicago's HOME *Newspaper*

DAILY NEWS PLAZA: *400 West Madison Street,* CHICAGO • NEW YORK OFFICE: *9 Rockefeller Plaza*
DETROIT OFFICE: *7-218 General Motors Building* • SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: *Hobart Building*

For Distinguished Service

HONOURS OF
The 16th LANCERS
(Queen's Own)
Beaumont — Salamanca — Vittoria — Waterloo — Maharajpore—South Africa, 1899-1902—Marne, 1914—Ypres, 1914-15—Somme, 1918.

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DEWAR'S "White Label"
Grand Prize . . . Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, 1904 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.

FULL-COLOR REPRINTS SUITABLE FOR FRAMING
Six 9 x 12 full color prints of officers, Edition No. 4, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25c. Schenley Import Corp., New York City, Dept. E. (Officer illustrated to be included in Edition No. 5, soon to be published.)

White Label 8 years old

Victoria Vat
12 years old
also known as Ne Plus Ultra

AWARDED 50 MEDALS
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EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
"White Label"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
EIGHT YEARS OLD
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12 YEARS OLD
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DEWAR'S
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Blended Scotch Whisky
TWELVE YEARS OLD
Specially Selected and Blended by
JOHN DEWAR & SONS Ltd
PERTH

TO win honours for distinguished service, rely on the master stroke of social strategy. Enlist the aid of Dewar's "White Label" . . . veteran campaigner with more than 60 citations of its own for distinguished service. Make the order of the day . . . and night . . . Dewar's "White Label" and soda.

-COMMAND DEWAR'S AND...BE "AT EASE"

Dewar's
"White Label"
and "Victoria Vat"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Both 86.8 Proof. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY.
Copyright 1942, Schenley Import Corp., New York
Schenley IMPORT

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 91

Boston College, liked his own tackle, Gilbert Bouley, **Glenn Pressnell,** Nebraska, said Daley. **Frank Kimbrough,** Baylor, liked Daniels, Texas Aggies. **Lon Stiner,** Orgeon State, put in a word for Tom Davis of Duke, and Joe Day of his own team. **Clark Shaughnessy,** Maryland, rated Buck Fawcett, fullback on his old team at Stanford, as did **Amos Alonzo Stagg,** College of the Pacific, and **Stub Allison,** California. **Wallace Butts,** Georgia, explaining that he was not including Georgia players on his list, named Jenkins of Vanderbilt.

QUESTION III

What is your guess as to who will be the outstanding sophomore grid star of the year?

The Top Ten

Dick Hoerner, Iowa, halfback.
Dave Alston, Penn State, fullback.
Horace Gillom, Ohio State, end.
Charlie Trippi, Georgia, halfback.
Mickey McCardle, Southern California, halfback.
Elroy Hirsch, Wisconsin, halfback.
Wallace Hopp, Nebraska, fullback.
Bob Wiese, Michigan, fullback.
Jim Pettit, Stanford, halfback.
Corwin Clatt, Notre Dame, halfback.

Other Favorites

East

Forest Hall, Duquesne, halfback; Werner Hasselman, Columbia, tackle; Jerome McCarthy, Pennsylvania, quarterback; Paul Flick, Maryland, center; Charlie Dobbs, Navy, tackle; Bill Luongo, Pennsylvania, fullback; Winslow Work, Maine, halfback; John DiGangi, Holy Cross, tackle; Bob Mangene, Boston College, halfback; Don Kasprazak, Columbia, halfback; Bill Lilienthal, Villanova, tackle; Win Wright, Cornell, halfback; Gordon Studer, Navy, halfback.

South

Clyde Fuson, Tennessee, fullback; Ray Jones, Texas, halfback; Richard De Shazo, Virginia Military Institute, halfback; Duane Colthorp, Texas, guard; Leete Jackson, Texas Tech., halfback; John "Bo" Coppedge, Virginia Military Institute, tackle; Jackie Field, Texas, fullback; Eddie Prokop, Georgia Tech., halfback; John North, Vanderbilt, end; Johnny August, Alabama, halfback; John Tessier, Tulane, guard; Jesse Tunstill, Kentucky, halfback; Ed Fischer, Tulane, halfback; Bob Frazier, Florida, halfback, Paul Sutton, North Carolina State, fullback.

Midwest

Lee Tevis, Washington University, halfback; Gene Fekete, Ohio State, fullback; Paul Limint, Notre Dame, end; Harry Franck, Northwestern, halfback; Hugh McKinnis, Indiana, fullback; Mike Vargon, Kansas State, end; Bob Hausauer, North Dakota, halfback; Leo Thorup, Creighton, tackle; Clyde LeForce, Tulsa, halfback; Henry Stram, Purdue, quarterback.

Far West

Art Honegger, California, halfback; Jackie Fellows, Fresno State, halfback; Fred Provo, Washington, halfback; Barney Berger, Montana State, quarterback; Jim Riggenbach, Colorado State, blocking back; Carl Stearns, Colorado, fullback; Cannon Parkinson, Utah State, quarterback; Johnny Dodds, California, guard; Roger Loving, Wyoming, tailback.

This is a venture into the higher realm of speculative thought. The freshmen stars who seem due to advance onward and upward as squad regulars this autumn won't get the intensive training highly promising colts have received in previous summers from coaches eager to hasten education of young talent. Farm and factory labor demands this summer are too acute to warrant beating the gun on football practice in secret sessions. Sophomores in some conferences will have to compete against precocious freshmen for fame.

"Dick Hoerner, Iowa's promising young back," according to **Jim Van Heel,** Mason City, Iowa, *Globe-Gazette*, is "better than Jay Berwanger, former Chicago star. Both came out of Dubuque High school." Of Horace Gillom, Ohio State end, **Harry M. Krumlauf,** Logan, Ohio, *Daily News*, wrote: "Johnny Jones, Ohio State's No. 1 fan, tells me that Horace Gillom, soph end from Massillon, is 'the best football player as a freshman that I've ever seen.'" **Arthur Markey,** WJAR, Providence, Rhode Island, reported that: "Dave Alston, Penn State's Negro fullback, is the best since Jim Thorpe." "Elroy Hirsch of Wisconsin," wrote **Henry J. McCormick,** Madison, Wisconsin, *Wisconsin State Journal*, "is just as brilliant a sophomore halfback prospect as was Billy Hillenbrand of Indiana last fall." **Kenneth Jones,** Peoria, Illinois, *Journal-Transcript*, revealed that: "Undoubtedly one of the ruggedest, strongest, most Tarzan-like football players to develop in this area in years is Corwin Clatt, who will be a sophomore member of the Notre Dame squad this fall. Clatt was punting 50 to 60 yards with the Notre Dame freshmen last fall. He may be quite a sophomore star if he fits into Coach Frank Leahy's system snugly enough."

"Wally Hopp, Nebraska fullback," writes **Fred Ware,** *Omaha World Herald*, "has the same barrel build as his brother Harry, who played his last game as a Husker in the Rose Bowl against Stanford. He's faster than Harry, and even shiftier. Wally's line bucking was plumb remarkable last spring. He can punt well and is an accurate passer. He comes from an athletic family. Johnny (Cotney) of the St. Louis Cards is another brother who played football at Hastings College. Still another brother, Ruff, also stood out at Hastings."

"One Pacific Coast sophomore who can't miss if his team develops at all well," wrote **Bill Leiser,** *San Francisco Chronicle*, "is Stanford's Jim Pettit, 178-pound, six-foot left halfback from Portland. He runs the 100 in 10 flat, and has considerable swerve and nifty plus a liking for running over opposition when that's what the order calls for. And he catches passes like an outfielder. He does all of his chores well, including defense, blocking and tackling—all of which adds up to a perfect T-formation left halfback."

"Charlie Trippi, a Pittston, Pennsylvania, boy who weighs 195 pounds, and stands five feet 11 inches, will play tailback at Georgia this year," wrote **Zipp Newman,** *Birmingham News*. "He is more elusive than Sinkwich, faster, and was considered the best freshman back in school. Some think he will overshadow Sinkwich before the season is over. He is a real triple threat, even though his style of punting is slightly unorthodox."

Robert Lee Wiese, 195-pound fullback from Jamestown, North Dakota, was voted the outstanding player in Michigan's spring practice, and is slated to replace All-American Bob Westfall in the Wolverine backfield. In high school Wiese was rated one of the best athletes in North Dakota history, being named captain of the all-state football team twice, and captain of the all-state basketball team once. He won nine letters in high school in football, basketball and track, and promises to become one of the best all-around athletes in Michigan's history.

Coach Jeff Cravath of Southern California is planning to place Mickey McCardle, sophomore from Los Angeles Manual Arts High School, at left half on the Trojans this fall where his expert passing and clever running should help the team go places.

QUESTION IV

In view of gas rationing and transportation difficulties, would you favor a plan transferring as many of the big college football games as possible to the large cities, thus bringing the players to the crowds, instead of the crowds to the players?

The public	**Yes 86.53%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 68.96%**
Sports editors	**Yes 65.43%**
Football coaches	**Yes 67.06%**
Fort Sheridan	**Yes 76.07%**
Ellington Field	**Yes 85.58%**

It's nice that there was a goodly majority in favor of transfer of major college games to the larger cities because that's what hasbeen happening since the poll was taken.

Lynn Callaway, Moline, Illinois, *Dispatch*, opposed the suggestion on the grounds that:

Moving the games during the war would tend to admit that college football is simply big business and no longer a sport. The war should be the salvation of college football, which was well on its way to ruination because of its commercial emphasis. When it is over the schools will have a chance to make a fresh start on a better basis.

Laurie Apitz, University of Louisville, said:

Although there may be something in this morale talk justifying big league baseball, college football, etc., the vast majority of our college boys playing football are from small schools, and the benefits to them are just as real as those in the larger schools. Football, as sponsored in most American colleges, is not a financially self-supporting institution, and is maintained only for the benefit of the boys playing, and for the benefit of the student body, and close friends and alumni of the institution. As such, the games should not be transferred to cities.

QUESTION V

Do you believe that many football teams are ruined by the build-up given to some star back?

The public	**Yes 53.19%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 54.72%**
Sports editors	**Yes 53.69%**
Football coaches	**Yes 57.39%**
Fort Sheridan	**Yes 71.74%**
Ellington Field	**No 50.52%**

Here's the closest result in Esquire's all-football sports poll. Coaches are in better position than any other group polled to judge the effect of over-ballyhoo on immature youngsters.

Earl Blaik, West Point, was among the minority voting no. He stated: "If the coach is on his toes, no team should be ruined by the build-up of any player. If the team is ruined it shows lack of discipline." **Bernie Oakes,** Wyoming, said: "The build-up given my player, 'Whizzer' White of Colorado in 1937 did not harm, but rather helped the morale of the squad."

Al Wesson, Director of Publicity, University of Southern California, wrote:

I have found that football players are not the type to be jealous of publicity given to a star in their organization. As a publicity man I have obtained information from players on which one should get "star" billing and often have played up one man to the exclusion of the rest because his teammates said he rated it.

Cy Peterman, *Philadelphia Enquirer*, attacked the whole star system in the words:

Wouldn't it be a good idea for somebody to open a campaign against the All-America nonsense? I also think the quickest way to ruin a sophomore or kill his chances is by voting him "most likely to succeed." This is what one year completely wrecked the Ohio State squad, while possibly starting Francis X. (Gates of Mercy) Schmidt on his way out. If the sophomore doesn't swell up and burst of his own importance, his opponents surely will take care to fix his chances before the season is over. I cite horrible examples in DeCorrevont of Northwestern, Reagan (soph year) at Penn, Saggau at Notre Dame, and Don Scott, Ohio State. I don't think it is fair to the kids.

Francis Schmidt, Idaho, gave testimony corroborating this when he wrote: "The build-up made a spoiled child out of Don Scott of Ohio State."

QUESTION VI

Does publicity more than actual performance make an All-American?

The public	**Yes 50.98%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 68.51%**
Sports editors	**Yes 74.52%**
Football coaches	**Yes 85.53%**
Fort Sheridan	**Yes 64.01%**
Ellington Field	**Yes 72.73%**

Here is your expert de-bunking of the All-American idea. Nevertheless you will continue to fall for it, and so will we. What dopes!

A. T. S. "Pooley" Hubert, Virginia Military Institute, voted yes, adding: "I do not believe a man can be all-America without ability, but I do believe that other men with equal ability and not equal publicity will not make it." **Jim Reid,** WPRF, Raleigh, North Carolina, said: "Performance without publicity won't win All-American honors, but publicity without at least some merit won't do the job, either. Take Bill Dudley of Virginia last year. His publicity was not turned out in the reams that some of the others got, but he deserved and received national recognition." **Jim Reed,** WIBW, Topeka, Kansas, reported that: "Darold Jenkins, Missouri's All-American center in 1941, admitted that he played his best football in 1940. He had the publicity in '41."

Continued on page 142

If you're
G. B. T. S.*
* GOING BACK TO SCHOOL

We can't all be in the AEF—and if you're GBTS make sure your wardrobe's OK for the USA. Pack your luggage with wearables timely in WPB styling and long on service—i.e., Manhattan shirts, ties, pajamas, etc. You can count on Manhattan quality and correctness.

Put your IQ to work, and RSVP at the best men's shops in town—PDQ!

Manhattan
SHIRTS

TIES • PAJAMAS • SPORTSWEAR • HANDKERCHIEFS

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 91-141

The comment of **Tom Lieb,** Florida, was that:

The All-America selection too often has been a popularity contest only. Players are glorified by publicity and made All-Americans on the efforts of their teammates. There should be at least three teams and these should be divided into the sections of the country.

QUESTION VII

Do you believe that football is over-officiated?

The public	**No 81.13%**
Sportscasters	**No 89.47%**
Sports editors	**No 84.37%**
Football coaches	**No 82.35%**
Fort Sheridan	**No 74.03%**
Ellington Field	**No 70.27%**

The gridiron judiciary gets a strong vote of confidence.

It may be that the public, polled out of season, is in better mood to judge calmly. When the public is in the stands its quality of mercy toward football officials is strained and it frequently comments, "Pfooey, that person gives off odors in his decisions against our clean-cut, law-abiding paragons of young manhood."

"Too many officials bear in mind that they want to work for you again, and try to even up mistakes," said **H. H. Turpin,** Louisiana State Normal, Natchitoches, Louisiana, who voted yes. **Sec Taylor,** *Des Moines Register,* who is a veteran official, said: "Officials work games about the way the coaches want them worked."

QUESTION VIII

Do you believe that the service teams this fall in general will be superior to their college opponents?

The public	**No 54.90%**
Sportscasters	**No 68.42%**
Sports editors	**No 64.19%**
Football coaches	**No 52.40%**
Fort Sheridan	**No 60.78%**
Ellington Field	**No 56.25%**

From this vote it looks like there should be great games between the service and the campus clubs this autumn. Only by a shade does the vote of the coaches express opinion that the college teams will be superior to the service teams.

Frank Murray, Virginia, said "yes in personnel; no in development," continuing:

It is very difficult to take boys rather set in their ideas and change them to your ideas in three months—at least enough to get results. Coaches have always found seniors the hardest squad members to reach from an instruction viewpoint, even where the system and technique are the same year after year.

Fred Digby, *New Orleans Item,* thought:

The service teams will number older and more mature players, likewise more experienced players than college teams. I really think they should play amongst themselves and not against colleges.

Tait Cummins, *Cedar Rapids Gazette,* believed:

People are going to be surprised—possibly pleased—this fall to discover that the needs of the armed forces for men, right when they are needed, won't be subordinated to the wishes of any coach handling service teams. Sports are primarily window dressing to draw men, insofar as the thinking of most leaders of the armed forces is concerned. The service teams will be good at times, weaker when key players are needed by the service and removed from the lineup.

QUESTION IX

Should the football squads of the university teams be limited in number in their games with smaller colleges?

The public	**Yes 68.51%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 59.64%**
Sports editors	**Yes 59.75%**
Football coaches	**No 54.25%**
Fort Sheridan	**Yes 77.59%**
Ellington Field	**Yes 59.82%**

The coaches don't have the idea that when a big school team plays against boys of smaller institutions it's a case of the great big strong bully picking on a puny little chap.

Julius Godman, Detroit Institute of Technology, sided with the *status quo,* arguing:

When two schools have first teams of equal ability, the team with superior reserves has an advantage. However, this situation does not exist when teams from large universities play those from smaller colleges. There is usually a great difference in abilities of their respective first teams, and the game turns out to be one-sided. The large universities do not use their first team a great deal but put in their second, third, and sometimes fourth teams. This results in a smaller score than if they were limited to, say, twenty-two men. They would then have to use their two best teams and the score would be more one-sided than if they were permitted to use more men. Coaches substitute freely in these games to give their men an opportunity to play. As they work down the list, the teams on the field become more evenly matched.

QUESTION X

Would a football game without any partisan angle provide you entertainment?

The public	**Yes 68.09%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 75.06%**
Sports editors	**Yes 85.62%**
Football coaches	**Yes 88.09%**
Fort Sheridan	**Yes 65.31%**
Ellington Field	**Yes 79.65%**

Note how the cognoscenti generally can think of football as an instructive spirited exercise in matter and mind, while those less conversant with football's fine technicalities find it more difficult to enjoy a game without having a personal interest in the result.

Early in the show, partisanship is pretty apt to enter in, as suggested by **Don J. Evans,** Lawrence, Kansas, *Journal-World,* who declared: "I believe any person interested in football would be a partisan fan a very few minutes after he or she had started to watch two teams play, even though there had been no previous interest." #

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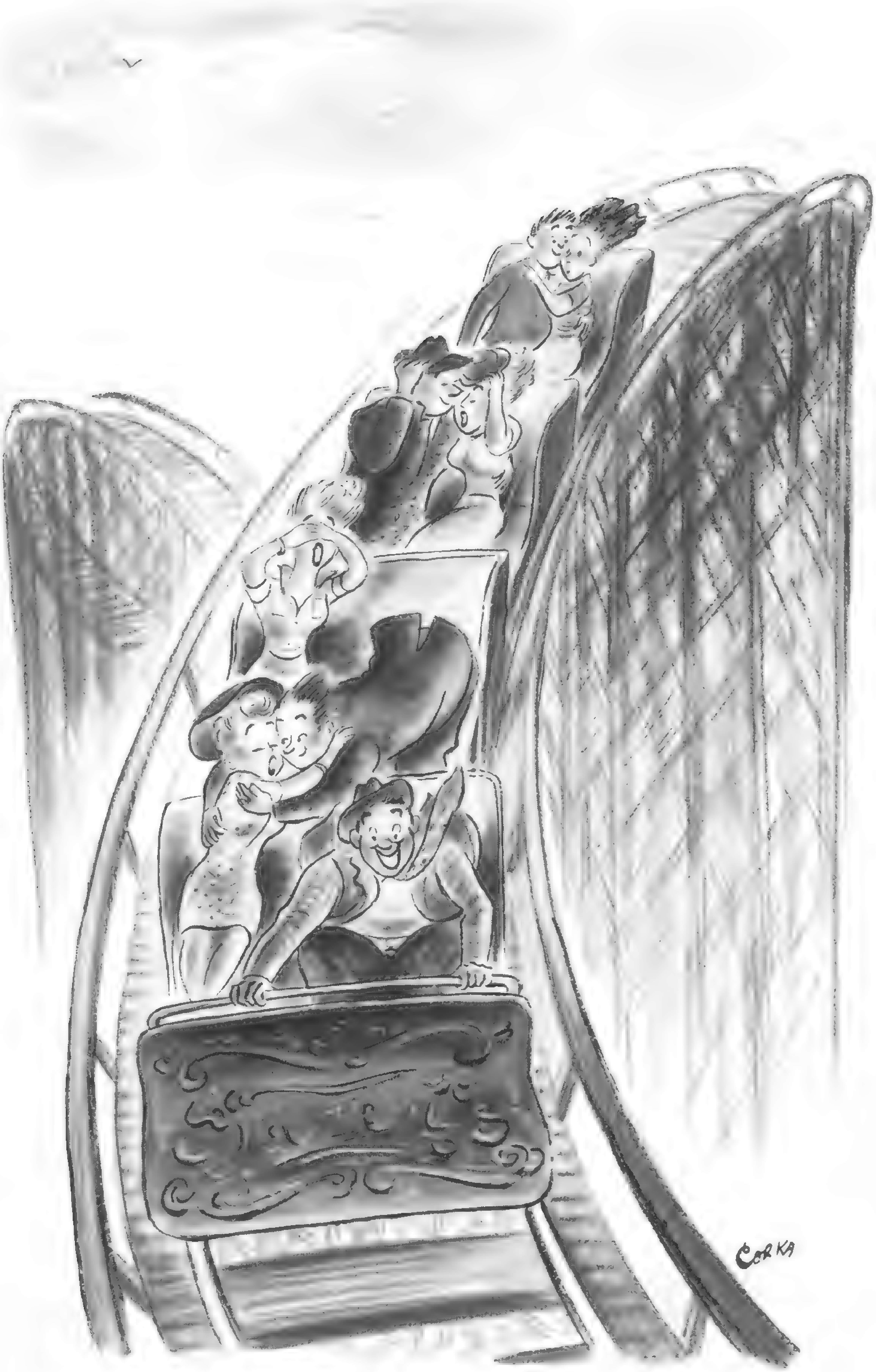
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How to Play King Rummy

Continued from page 69

To arrive at a hand for melding, the player to the left of the dealer takes either the exposed card, or the unexposed top card of the stock. Play goes on around to the left. Melding must take place before the draw, as in Java Rummy. When one player goes down, the others are not penalized for any meldable combinations in their hands. There is no playing on cards melded by the player who has gone down, however. Each player is then scored with the value of the cards left in his hand, and not combinable into possible melds.

Now for the profit side of the ledger. There are three negative goals to shoot at, that give minus scores:

A *straight* of 10 cards (including jokers and deuces), irrespective of suit, scores minus 25. The only 5 straights are 3-Q, 4-K, 5-A, A-10, 2-J.

A *flush* of 10 cards, all in the same suit, similarly scores minus 25.

A *straight flush*, including wild cards, scores minus 50. When a hand has two or three wild cards, it is almost always wisest to play for a negative score.

A player wins immediately, whenever his score reaches minus 100. Otherwise, low score wins. When a player's score reaches plus 100, he is at once eliminated, as in Java Rummy. Since the end game may turn into a long stalemate or seesaw between two astute players, it is usual, when only two are left, to play 10 more or any stipulated number of additional hands, and then let the lowest score win. The winner's final score is arrived at by subtracting his score from the score of each player who has been eliminated.

In actual play, experienced players, unless their hands are hopeless for a straight or a flush, play for a negative score. When one player has reached a total score of minus 50, however, he becomes a menace; and all the others try to go down as quickly as possible, to prevent a blitzwin.

King Rummy

King Rummy, sometimes called Four Handed Rummy, is the most fascinating of all the Rummy games, for many reasons.

Instead of being a game of indefinite length, only four hands altogether are played. The object of each of these hands is different. And the fourth hand is sometimes as difficult to win as the top of Mount Everest.

The game is played with two full decks of 108 cards, including four jokers. Only the jokers are wild. Two, three, or more may play; four or five being the ideal number. When more compete, additional decks, with their complements of two jokers each, may be added.

After the usual Rummy preliminaries, ten cards are dealt to each player, and the next card is faced up beside the stock.

The successive objects of the four hands are as follows:

1st Hand, 1 group of 3 or more of the same denomination, and 1 sequence of 4 or more in the same suit; with one discard permitted, but not obligatory.

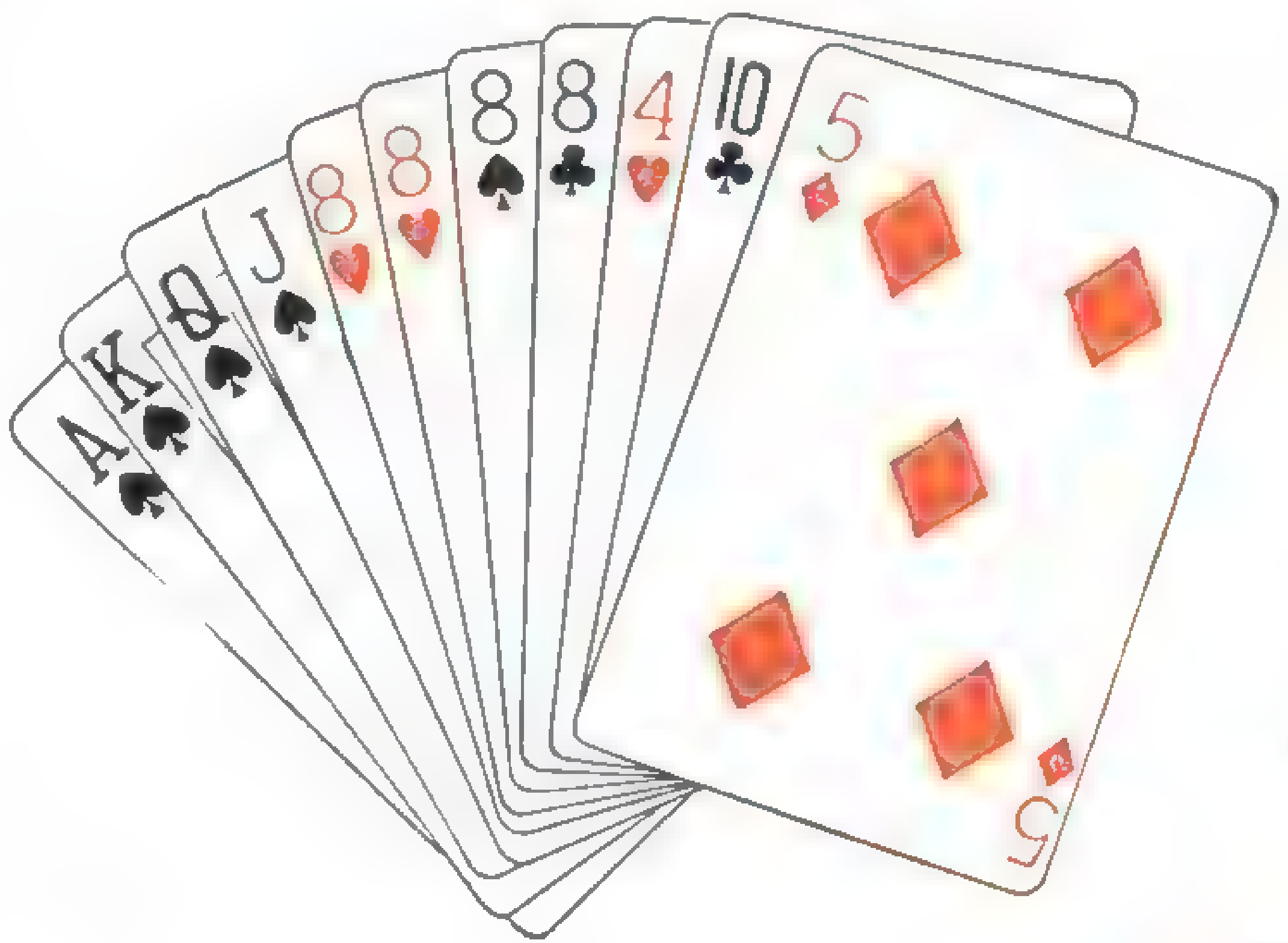
2nd Hand, 3 groups of 3 or more each, and one discard as above. 6 of a kind may be split into 2 groups of 3 each, of course, if desired.

3rd Hand, 2 sequences of 4 or more each, and 1 discard as above.

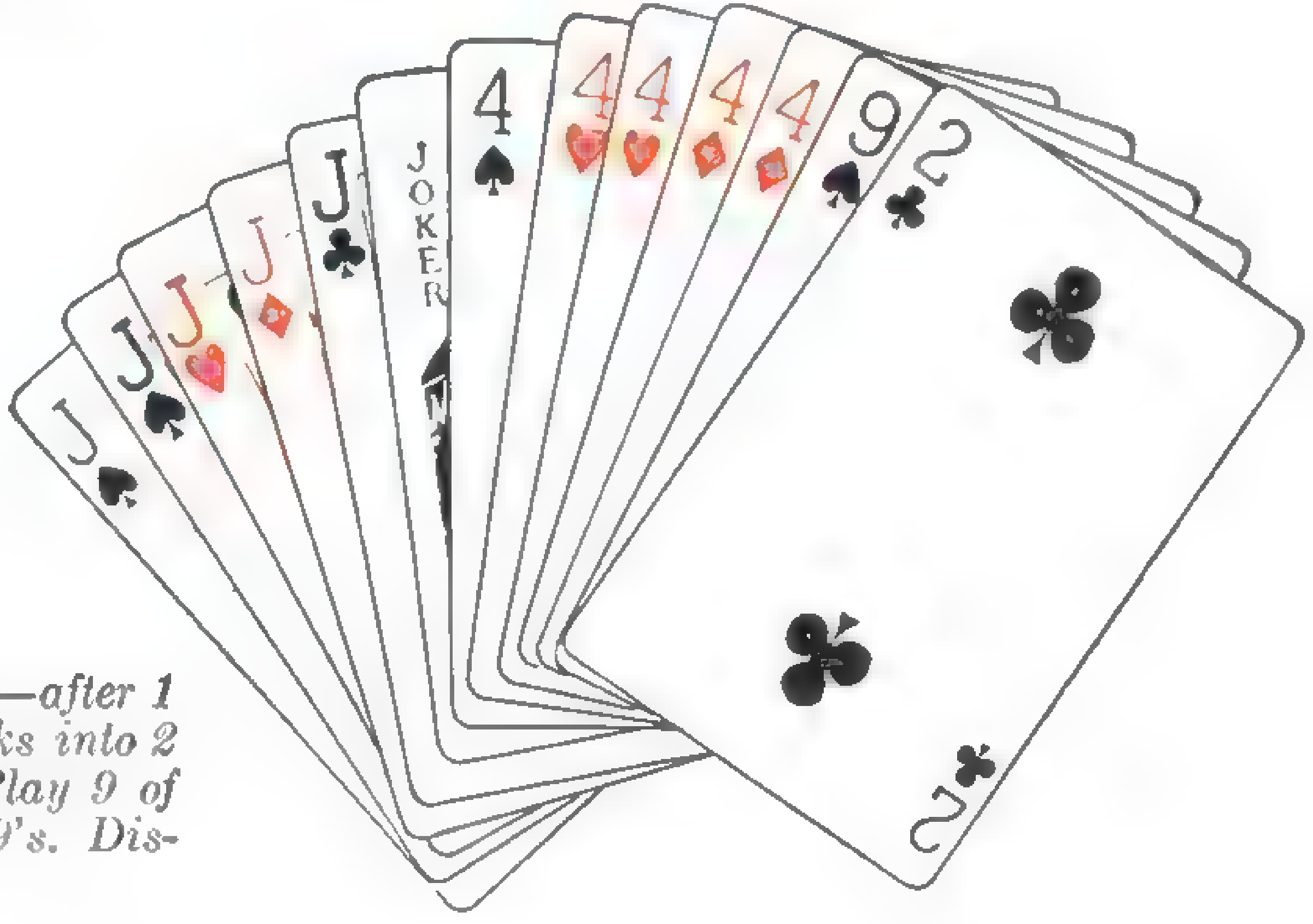
4th Hand, 2 groups of 3 or more each, and 1 sequence of 4 or more, and *no discard.*

In the fourth hand alone, only one player can possibly go down;

King Rummy



1st Hand:
1 sequence, 1 group. Play 10 of clubs and 4 of hearts on melded 10's and 4's. Discard 5 of diamonds.



2nd Hand:
3 groups of 3 each, —after 1 buy. Split the 6 Jacks into 2 groups of 3 each. Play 9 of spades on melded 9's. Discard 2 of clubs.

for any hand is over, the moment a player gets rid of his last card, by melding or discard; and, in the 4th Hand, the complete hand must be melded.

In the first three hands, you need not go down with more cards than are the requirements of that particular hand: 7 in the 1st Hand, 9 in the 2nd, and 8 in the 3rd. Once a player has melded, *but not before*, his remaining cards may be played on combinations of other players already down—by lengthening the sequences at either end, or by adding to the groups. A joker may be played for any card. Moreover, when a joker is played down, the other players, in rotation left to right, have the right of taking up the joker into their hands and replacing it with the card it represents—whether they have already melded, or not. In the 4th Hand, of course, a player may not play on cards already melded, since the hand ends when the first player goes down.

To arrive at a hand for melding, the player to the left of the dealer either takes the exposed card, or the unexposed top card of the stock. Play rotates to the left. Melding may take place after the draw, but must be before the discard. When one player goes out, by melding all of his hand—with the permitted discard in the first three hands—or by playing his last card on other melds or by discarding at any time, the remaining players are penalized for every card remaining in their hands, whether these might have been melded, or not. There is often wisdom in not melding as soon as a meldable hand is arrived at; since, if you can go out completely at the time you go down, you may catch other players with a hand full of cards. This delay should not be carried too far beyond the danger point, of course.

Cards score as follows: joker, 25; Ace, 15; face cards, 10 each; pip cards, their pip value.

Total low score, at the end of the 4th Hand, wins. Each player, at each hand, is scored with the value of all cards left in his hand.

There is one other fascinating privilege in the game: that of Buying. If the player whose turn it is elects not to take the exposed card, the other players, in rotation, left to right, have the right to "buy" this exposed card—that is, to add it to their hand, plus one additional card from the top of the stock. No discard is allowed, when buying. The same right applies thereafter to each card on top of the exposed pile, in rotation as before. Buying a card thus adds two cards to your hand, which must be got rid of somehow—or scored against the player at the end. Buying is usually most hectic and vigorous in the 2nd Hand; and, in the 4th Hand, there is little buying, except to fill out the inside of a straight.

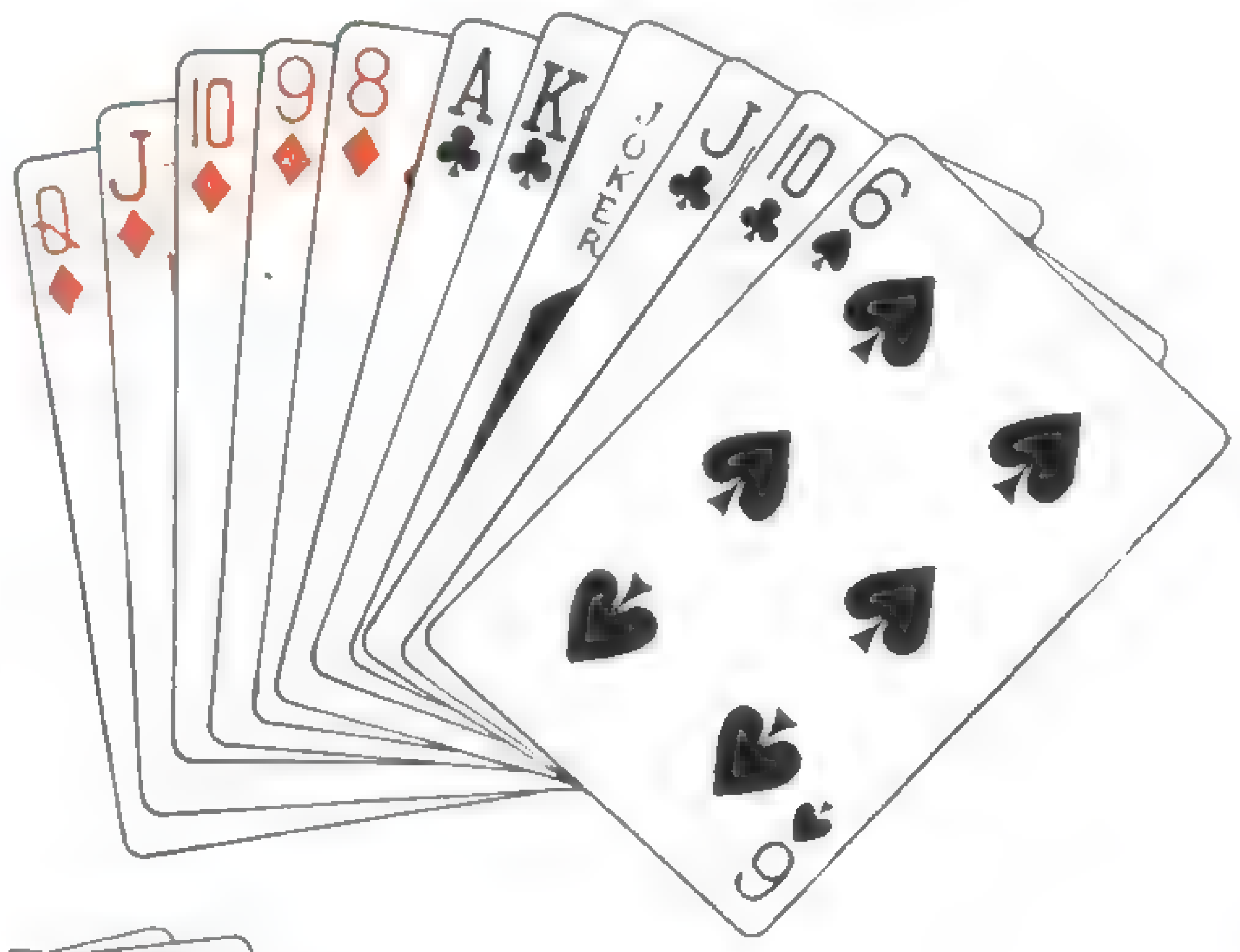
In arriving at the final score, the winner defeats each opponent by the difference between his lower score and the opponent's higher score.

An Ace can be played at either end of a sequence; above a King or below a 2. But not at both ends.

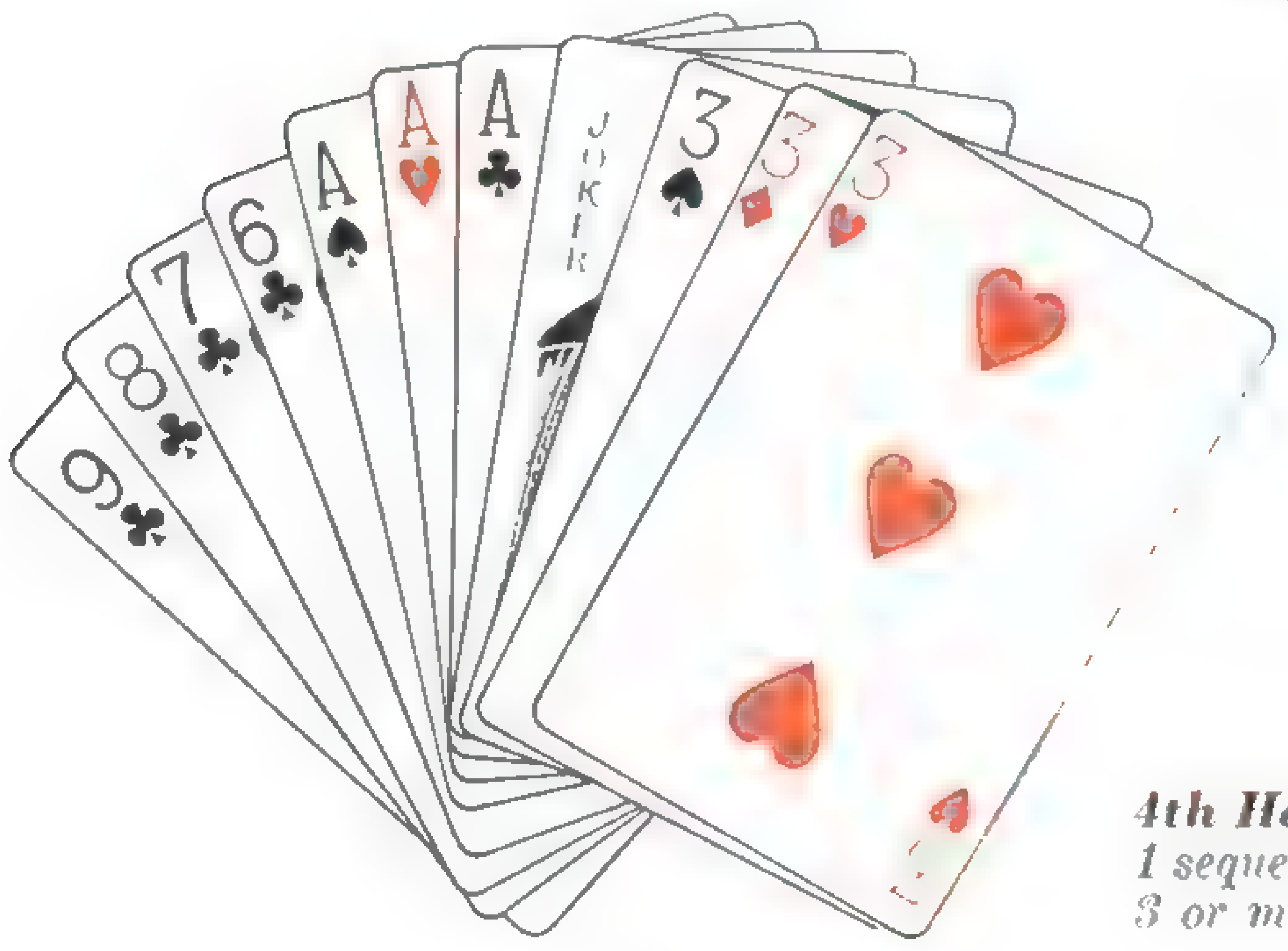
The varied objectives to shoot for; the definite limit of only 4 hands to complete the game; the dangerous advantages of buying; the chance of securing a played joker by bartering; and, most of all, the difficulty of arriving at the perfect 4th Hand—these combine to make this the king of all Rummy games.

If you want a harder game, play King Rummy "tight"—that is, each hand like the 4th, with discards forbidden, and only one player permitted to go down each time. But this is for experts only; and, as usually played, the game is for everyone. ⧺

King Rummy, continued



3rd Hand: 2 sequences, of 4 or more each. Discard 6 of spades.



4th Hand: 1 sequence of 4, two groups of 3 or more each. No discard.

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The "Death-and-Glory Boys"

Continued from page 21

have a perverse habit of coming to rest in dangerously awkward positions. Many RMS experts have been blown to bits because they had to move a mine in order to get at its vitals.

If a mine fails to explode in the usual twenty-two seconds, it is impossible to guess when its mechanism may suddenly start to operate. Take the case of Lieutenant Stanley E. Jenner, R.N.V.R., who is walking evidence of the fact that time mechanisms do not always explode a mine on schedule.

Jenner was rushed off to deal with a land mine which had crashed its way through two upper stories of a Birmingham flour warehouse and was lying on the sixth floor.

"I didn't like the situation at all," he told me. "Moving it was obviously out of the question and working on it there meant that I had no chance of escape if it should show signs of going off.

"Well, I started to work and in about an hour, as I was going after a second detonator, the mechanism began ticking—the Nazi rattlesnake's usual twenty-two-second warning. I fell downstairs in a hurry, expecting every next step would find me on my way to Kingdom Come in a cloud of flour. Nothing had happened by the time I had reached the second floor, so I waited a bit, then went back upstairs and found the ticking had stopped. I started after the detonator again and about thirty minutes later heard the mechanism go into action once more. Again I moved out in a hurry. This time, when nothing happened, I kept on going—back to where my assistant was.

"Is Sandy still giving golf lessons?"

"Nope, he makes more money looking for lost balls in the rough."

"I sat down, smoked a cigarette, and we talked things over. My assistant urged me to leave it there and let nature take its course, but that was out of the question. Flour is too valuable in England, so I went back for a third try. Fifteen minutes later, the ticking started again, but I stuck on the job. It stopped again and in two hours the mine was as innocent as a baby. I still don't know why some mines don't go off after the ticking starts."

The "Death-and-Glory Boys" are not ashamed to run, especially when it might mean living to deactivate again. In fact, they're rather proud of their sprinting abilities. Whenever possible, before tackling a mine, the men clear a pathway for escape, tearing down fences and knocking out walls that might stand between them and safety.

At times, however, even this precaution is impossible. Lieutenant John Miller tackled a mine that was lying on the upper floor of a warehouse in London's East End. The only means of escape was a 200-foot high dive into the Thames River below—and Miller wasn't any great shakes as a diver or swimmer. While he was moving the mine into operating position, the clock started. Miller ran for the window, considered the 200-foot dive, and decided he'd rather face the mine; which he finally rendered harmless by the usual patient process of taking it apart piece by piece.

As though the hazards of chance were not enough, the Germans have made small, but fiendishly clever alterations in their mines, carefully secreting snares to decoy the unwary to their death. As the casualty toll among the experts skyrocketed, the survivors suspected this trick, but could only take their chances to avoid the pitfalls and outwit the Nazis.

To Lieutenant Rouson, R.N.V.R., goes credit for uncovering one of the most ingenious German snares. Rouson was methodically dismantling a mine which was in an uncomfortable but workable position and, through a microphone, telling a stenographer a mile away precisely what steps he was taking. This communications system eventually was put in effect to relieve the expert of the necessity of walking back to his assistant every so often to report on his operations and more effectively preserve information to be circulated among the R.M.S. for guidance and prevent another from repeating a fatal move.

He had already removed one detonator and the primer and was fishing for the second detonator. Finally, he took hold of the device and pulled. Normally, it should have come out easily. This time it stuck. He yanked and felt it give, which confirmed his suspicions that something was wrong. Stretching out on his stomach, Rouson thrust inquisitive fingers inside the mine and decided the detonator had been fitted into its niche just a little more snugly than

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usual. He fingered around tentatively, then began to pull with his right hand and push from behind with two fingers of his left. Suddenly, the detonator came out and a clamp closed on his two fingers.

He realized instantly that this was another German trap—that two copper spring flanges had been placed there so that when the detonator was removed they would clamp together, establish an electrical circuit, and explode the mine. Now, only the thickness of a finger prevented that contact and separated him from disintegration.

With his free hand, Rouson began to search his pockets for matches. The stenographer jotted down his muttered curses as he learned that the matches were in a left hand pocket, upon which he was lying. It required some acrobatic maneuvering, accompanied by a lot of choice recorded imprecations, before he finally got the match-box out of the outside pocket. Rouson carefully inserted it between the jaws of the clamp and withdrew his fingers—uncertain, of course, that this would do the trick. But the matchbox did keep the jaws apart and after retiring briefly to relative safety for a breathing spell, Rouson returned to his task and emasculated the mine.

What the American soldier likes is a girl who writes him frequently and doesn't divulge military secrets. In other words Miss America should be constantly employed sealing her letters and her lips.

Before long the Germans were testing British wits and courage by reversing the process. They inserted powerful springs under the detonators so that when the "keep ring" was removed the detonators would pop out and simultaneously set off the explosive mechanism. This also caused heavy casualties before the cause was determined.

One of the strictest rules of the RMS states that only one man may work on a mine. The wisdom of this was demonstrated by what happened one day to Lieutenants Taylor and Rouson. Each had finished a job, phoned in to the Admiralty for instructions and been told to deal with a mine at Birmingham, which was nearby. For some reason, they decided to aid one another in dismantling the mine, rather than abide strictly by the rules.

The mine was on a staircase and when its mechanism began to tick, Rouson ran downstairs and across the front yard. Taylor had previously cleared a path for himself by removing portions of fences in the rear, so he jumped from a window and scooted across back yards. When the mine exploded, both men were buried under wreckage almost a hundred yards from the house in opposite directions. Rescue workers saved their lives, but both were badly injured. In fact, Rouson was incapacitated for further duty, while Taylor lived to be blasted into eternity by another mine.

Even when mines are believed "dead," some of them are not. After the expert finally considers a mine safe, he arranges transportation of the mine to Portsmouth for further examination and study at the Mining and Torpedo School. No effort is made to remove the explosive charge, because elimination of the firing mechanisms presumably has rendered that harmless—unless the Germans have secreted another detonator and primer.

Early in the game, one mine which had been rendered "safe" in the field was jolted across country in a truck and went off just as it reached the Mining and Torpedo School, causing considerable loss of life and property.

Later, another was brought in to a laboratory for further examination and study. The mine looked harmless enough, resting there on a cradle in the center of the room and surrounded by engineers and trainees. One of the experts was carefully removing the mine's entrails bit by bit. Suddenly, he came to an abrupt halt, and turned a few shades paler. Brushing cold sweat from his brow with one hand, he gestured with the other.

His onlookers peered into the mine's circular aperture and saw still another Nazi snare, buried deep and overlooked in the field. The mine was still alive and menacing enough to blow up the laboratory and exterminate everybody there.

Sometimes a deactivating job goes easily and can be completed in thirty to forty-five minutes, after actual dismantling is started. Other mines require four or five hours of nerve-racking effort, chiefly when little things go wrong and make an operator feel uneasy.

In one mine that fell on Coventry, Jenner told me, gadgets were not where he expected to find them; the color of the wires had been changed; things stuck; the whole internal setup seemed to have been changed—and there he was all alone with it in a vast area of gutted buildings. His assistant was out of sight, so every now and then Jenner would walk back and report progress to him. Three hours of patient study and careful removal passed. Suddenly, the

Continued on page 148

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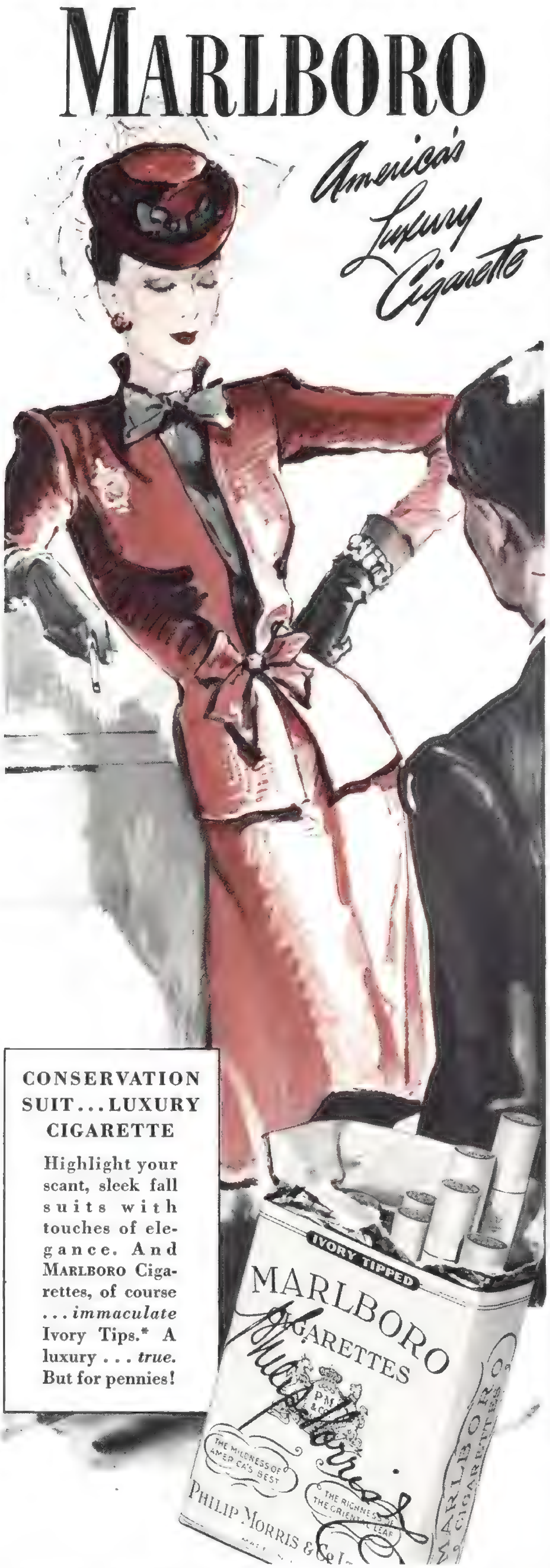

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The "Death-and-Glory Boys"

Continued from pages 21-147

clock started ticking and Jenner raced toward an underground shelter which he had selected in advance. When the explosion came, Jenner was completely buried. They dug him out unharmed, but it was some time before his eyes, ears and lungs could be cleared of dust and his chest pained for a long while as a result of the blast's impact.

Unlike mines, bombs are rather uniform in make-up. They have only one detonator—generally in the nose—which can be removed in fifteen minutes, and the RMS experts admit they are "not half as tricky as mines." Most dud bombs are handled by the Bomb Disposal—or Suicide—Squad of the Army's Royal Engineers, but those falling on Admiralty property—dockyards or naval bases—are rendered harmless by the RMS.

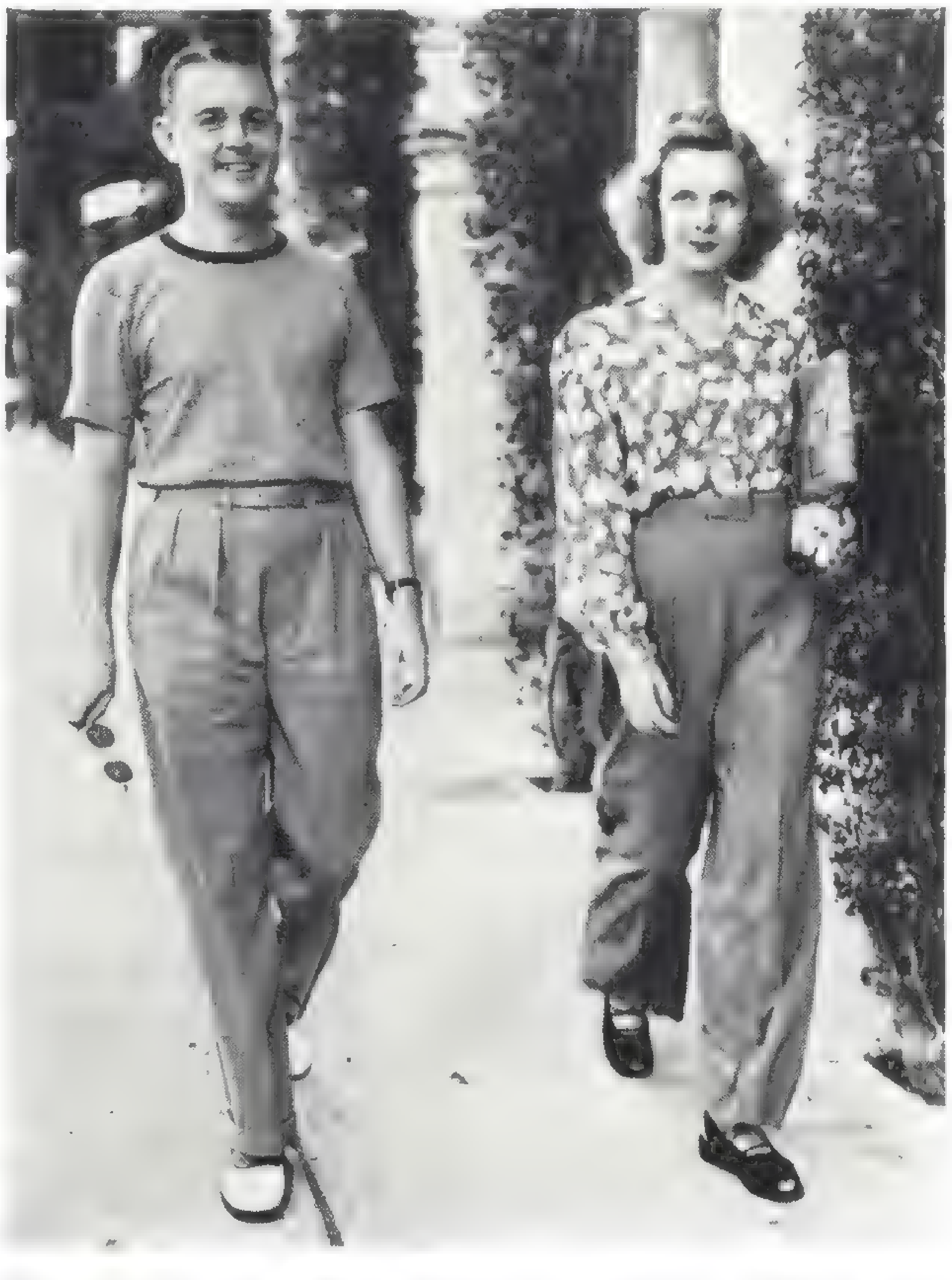
Most of the men confess they don't like bombs—perhaps because two or three days of hard, dirty labor usually is involved in digging the big ones out of the ground—but they feel no contempt for them. They still shiver when they remember the exploit of Lieutenant J. M. S. Patton, of the Royal Canadian Engineers. In clearing the debris after a raid on a British community, Patton ran across an unexploded "Satan," a thirteen-foot giant weighing two tons. Blissfully ignorant of the technique of handling these potential dealers of death, he fastened a cable to the missile, tied it to a truck, dragged it to a field and maneuvered it into an old shell crater. That feat got Patton attached to the "Suicide Squad" and he has since been taught the facts of bombs.

The recent "lullablitz" over Britain gave the "Death-and-Glory Boys" an opportunity to augment their forces, which are now prepared for all eventualities. Meantime, they have not been idle. Nazi hit-and-run raiders enable those on duty at the Admiralty in London to keep their hands in training. Lieutenant Jenner has been in the United States helping to train our Naval officers for deactivating duty. Others are at sea, combating magnetic mines, as well as a new German menace—the acoustic mine. In this case, it is the sound vibrations of a ship's propeller, picked up through a listening apparatus and magnified, which sets the mine off. These and other surprise weapons of Hitler's serve to keep the boys on their toes.

The new recruits are eager to match their skill and ingenuity against that of the Germans in the next big blitz. The appalling casualty rate of their predecessors hasn't dampened their enthusiasm in the least.

"Why do you do this sort of thing?" I asked Jenner a short time ago.

"You can't just leave those mines lying around, you know," he replied. "Somebody has to do the job—and, well, you might say, it's a stimulating sort of job to do." ⌗



Mr. and Mrs. John Jay Hopkins photographed at Palm Beach. He has on a blue and yellow lisle shirt, tan flannel slacks and saddle-strap shoes. Her floral print shirt contrasts with the slacks.

An Ocean of Melancholy

Continued from page 71

to me, you guys," he said.

"We won't talk to you later," said Smoot. "In the meanwhile, where the devil did you git to?"

"Where did *I* git to?" Corky Smith sputtered. "Where did I git to? Three days I been standin' on that intersection directin' traffic without somebody comin' to relieve me, and he asts where did I git to!"

"What intersection?" Smoot demanded.

"Don't be so innocent," said Corky. "When the compny pulled out o' here in their trucks that fat little sergeant-major assigns me to stand at that intersection and direct the traffic until I am relieved. He says he will send one of you guys to relieve me. For three days I stand at that intersection and nobody shows up. So now I am desertin' my post. I would rather be sittin' down in Leavenworth than standin' up on some intersection."

"The sergeant-major never tole us you was assigned to direct no traffic," said Smoot. "We thought you had went over the hill."

"Well, all I can say is that it's comin' to be a fine army when they have sergeant-majors in it that leaves people standin' on intersections for three days," Corky ranted.

"Mess call has already gone," Hyler reminded them. "I think we'd better eat and talk afterwards. And I—I hope you'll pardon me for seeming to make a point of it, but it occurs to me that a certain sergeant-major who shall be nameless has got exactly four punch in the noses waiting for him."

"Punches in the nose," Smoot corrected him. "Four punches in the nose." ⌗

Later Than Midnight

Continued from page 28

his brief visits to the newspaper offices, finding quiet satisfaction even in the noises peculiar to the place. Schaefer, the night editor, greeted him as usual.

"Evening, Mr. Cromwell. What's new?"

As usual, Mr. Cromwell said, "Nothing much." Tonight he added, "Raining rather hard."

"Good for the crops," said Schaefer.

The young man's eyeshade, a torn green strip, was pushed impudently high on his forehead.

Mr. Cromwell, banteringly, said, "And what do you know about crops?"

"Rain's good for corn," Schaefer said, smiling up from his desk.

Mr. Cromwell understood that in a very remote way he was having his leg pulled. Corn was not only a grain; it was also a whiskey.

Who can remember the good old days when the star radio comedian was allowed to tell as many jokes as the other members of the cast?

"Yes," he said. "Yes. For it, but not in it, eh?"

Then they both laughed, and Mr. Cromwell felt a warm glow of affability. He tossed his folded copy on the desk.

"Anything special on the wire?" he asked, lingering.

"Nothing to speak of," Schaefer said. "Double murder in Cleveland. Fire wiped out some Kansas town—I forget the name. Several husbands have left several wives and vice versa. Another one-cent tax on cigarettes, latest low prank of the legislators."

"Ah," said Mr. Cromwell. "Dull, eh?"

"Dull," Schaefer agreed.

"Well—I'll see you tomorrow."

"Good-night," said Schaefer.

Down the steps, into the rain, adjusting his cap, Mr. Cromwell walked along the shadowy street, letting his thoughts roam casually. It was his custom to follow the main avenue for a block beyond the newspaper office, then cut through the alley that led to Hill Street and so, circuitously, to the parsonage. In this fashion he extended his walk a trifle and achieved a measure of variety. The rears of many stores flanked the alley, and Mr. Cromwell, on his nightly journeys, had become accustomed to seeing them unlighted. It was with surprise that he noticed a glow in one small window.

Instinctively, he stopped. Then he took a few steps slowly and peered over the ledge into the window. He muffled an exclamation just as it rose to escape him. And quickly he flattened his body against the wet wall.

What the Rev. Mr. Cromwell had seen with startling, almost photographic clarity were these: one dim unshaded electric light bulb dangling at the end of a wire; beneath the light, a bare wooden table; on the table, a revolver and a hat; and on the floor, a man, kneeling before a safe.

All at once Mr. Cromwell was acutely conscious of his aloneness. He turned his head with a quick motion, bird-like; the black reaches of the alley might have been a cave that had never known sunlight or man's presence.

Mr. Cromwell was not a brave man, in the sense of a reckless one. Yet at that instant at the window he was suddenly not afraid. He reminded himself that he had a moral duty to perform on earth,

Continued on page 150

DOBBS

"CAMPUS SCOOP"

The new "O. D." color

THE BIG HAT NEWS AMONG COLLEGE MEN

A DOBBS EXCLUSIVE

HERE'S a new "headline" in university wear! This new college style "scoops-up" in the rear like the Homburg. And it turns down in front like the snap brim. A clever cross between both styles giving a touch of originality most men prefer . . . It's the Dobbs! $7.50

DOBBS BUCKET

The new leisure hat for campus wear and sport $3.50

IN CORDUROY $4

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BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY—86.8 PROOF
The Oldest name in Scotch

SOMERSET IMPORTERS, Ltd., NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO

Later Than Midnight

Continued from pages 28-149

and then, he felt rather as if he were watching a theater scene; there was unreality about the whole situation. So when he put out his hand, threw open the rear door of the store, and stepped abruptly into the room, he was moved by springs that went far back into his unconscious. It seemed the proper thing to do—and he did it. In the left pocket of his raincoat his fingers closed about the bowl of his briar pipe. He pushed the stem forward and the coat bulged.

"Throw up your hands!" he said. This was incredible melodrama and his voice struck oddly upon his ears. But the tone, he recognized, was appropriately severe.

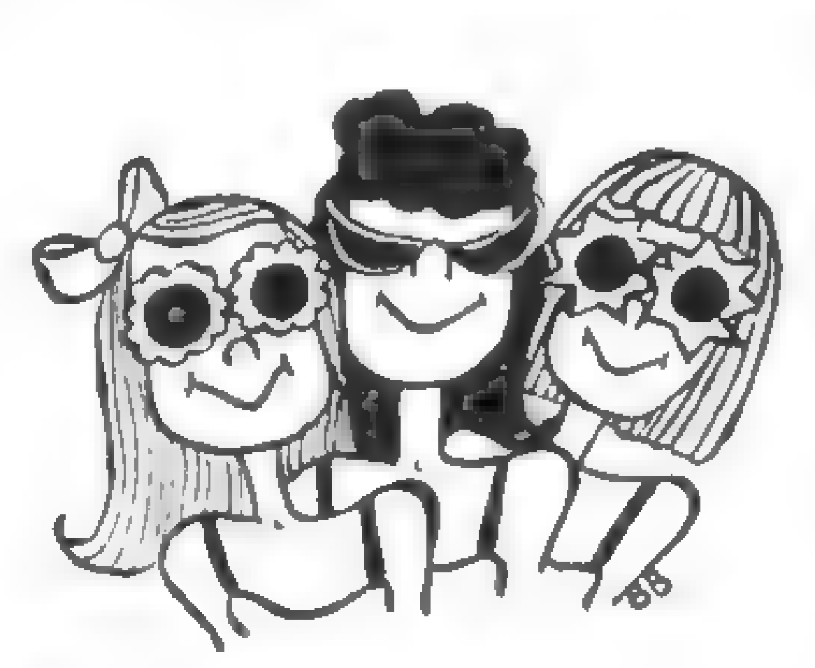
The man at the safe had turned at the sound of the door. His face was gray and loose in the watery light. He lunged, a jerking, uncertain movement, toward the table, toward his revolver.

"If you take one more step," said the Rev. Mr. Cromwell, "I'll—I'll plug you!"

Cringing distress lined the man's face. He did not speak. He was, Mr. Cromwell saw, a little man, and a young one. His clothes hung very badly on him. His mouth drooped unpleasantly. For a long minute they stood facing each other. Then Mr. Cromwell, left hand firm on the pipe in his pocket, walked unhesitantly across the room and lifted the revolver from the table. He held it in his right hand, menacingly.

"So," he said. The next step was, of course, to march this flat-faced, untidy youth to police headquarters and turn him over to the authorities. But—suppose he refused to go? He seemed cowed enough now; but if he struck out, let us say, or bolted? Would Mr. Cromwell shoot him? Well, Mr. Cromwell confessed to himself, hardly.

It was one thing to trick a man by assuming a hard exterior; and altogether another to shoot him in cold blood. Besides, Mr. Cromwell did not know how to use the revolver. Might there not be a—a catch on it? A safety catch? Or something of that sort?



We've heard nothing official but from glancing around at the beaches we assume that manufacturers won't be permitted to make more than two dozen different models of sunglasses for the duration.

He was struck by a chill of helplessness. But his inward confusion seemed not apparent to the young man standing before him. And it was the young man who broke the silence.

He said, "Who are you?"

"Who?" Mr. Cromwell said bitingly. "An honest citizen. And I might add—I am shocked and dismayed by what I see here."

"Ah?" The young man, peering forward, lifted one pale eyelid so slowly, so slightly, that the action escaped Mr. Cromwell. "Then what are you going to do with me?"

"This is a case for the police, of course."

"Of course," said the young man. A sob died muffled in his throat.

"Come," said Mr. Cromwell. "Take up your hat. Don't waste your time. You can't work on my sympathy, you know."

"Your sympathy—" Bitterness flooded the young man's tone. "No. You're right enough. You've got me just where I belong. I'm not a fool," he said. "I know the meaning of law." His voice grated, then rose sharply. "But am I to let my baby starve?" These last words were screamed in a very high pitch.

Mr. Cromwell, completely unnerved for an instant, stepped back a pace. "Eh?" he said.

The young man snarled. Then with a swift gesture of uplifted arms he laughed wildly. "You!" he said. "Have *you* ever seen a child starve?"

Mr. Cromwell gripped the revolver tightly. "I don't know what you mean," he said.

"Sure you don't. So I'll say it plain. My baby is starving. And my wife is hungry too and sits staring at the kid because she can't find work. And I can't find work. Nobody wants me. That's the picture. Pretty, isn't it?"

For the life of him Mr. Cromwell could not think of anything to say.

The young man shrugged; and all his fury melted away. "I'm ready," he whispered. "Have me jailed."

This was most awkward. Mr. Cromwell cleared his throat noisily to cover an indecision he feared must be visible.

"Now," he said, "I suppose you want me to let you go scot-free on a promise that you'll—"

The young man broke in. "I didn't say that. I'm not asking any favors."

True, Mr. Cromwell reminded himself. The young man had not asked any favors from him. If his story *were* true—If his child were really starving, poor little tyke—. Certainly you could not in justice blame a man for stealing to feed a hungry infant, creature of a man's own flesh and blood. Was it reasonable to deny that any man who called himself a man could do other than fight for the means to food? Fight, and, if need be, steal. The Rev. Mr. Cromwell's hold relaxed slightly on the black revolver. And he murmured to himself a phrase encountered in his reading: "Sometimes an uncompromising application of the law is the paramount injustice."

The young man spoke again. "There's no use delaying," he said. "I'm at your mercy." His expression was utterly woebegone.

Mr. Cromwell came to a decision quickly. "There is," he said, "a higher court to rule upon you, young man." His voice was deeply solemn. "It cannot be my place to sit in the seat of judgment. Go. Go at once." He sighed heavily.

The young man turned, caught up his hat. Then he inclined his head, indicating the revolver. "Can I have—"

"I'll keep the revolver. Go, before I change my mind."

And in an instant the young man was gone and the door had swung closed behind him. Only then did Mr. Cromwell realize that he should have given the fellow a little money. Regret welled up in him, and he leaned against the table under the stark light bulb. Then he knew he was very tired. He must go home.

But as he came upright again, the gun clutched unconsciously in hand, he saw that the safe door still stood open. He pushed the door closed: immediately it sprung ajar. The dial must be turned to secure it. So Mr. Cromwell bent forward and spun the dial with insensitive fingers. That did the trick. He gathered his strength to lift himself erect.

Behind him the alley door was flung open, destroying the silence with its brutal crash. Mr. Cromwell was shocked into ludicrous paralysis by the intrusion upon his nerves. He stood as if frozen.

Then the spell snapped and he swung round and the revolver exploded in his hand. The noise, multiplying itself against the walls, was deafening. The Rev. Mr. Cromwell saw nothing clearly. He only knew that his finger had somehow pressed the trigger—and he knew further that his face was struck a staggering blow.

He sprawled. Knocked flat. All breath gone from his lungs.

Someone was shouting: "Shoot at me, will you!"

And Mr. Cromwell recognized that he was being kicked.

He rolled over. His eyes focussed badly. But he could still distinguish a policeman's uniform. The man towered above him.

"You need not kick me," said Mr. Cromwell, accusingly, gasping.

"Get up, rat!" the policeman said.

Mr. Cromwell, with difficulty, arose. He saw that the policeman had a revolver in each hand, and, as Mr. Cromwell had none, one of them must be that of the pale young man.

"You gave me quite a fright," Mr. Cromwell said.

Even before the policeman laughed—a rough, uncivil laugh—Mr. Cromwell perceived the inadequacy of the statement.

It occurred to him that he was being seen at a grave disadvantage. His cap was tilted rakishly low on one eye and strands of hair hung about his ears. His raincoat had been torn open, revealing the absence of a collar, and his shirt-front was smudged from contact with the dirty floor.

He must look a sight, he told himself. He was suddenly filled with burning resentment at the combination of chance that had thrown him in this undignified, this wretched, position. He must explain in detail.

But the policeman spoke first.

"I ought to shoot you, you rat."

Mr. Cromwell was disturbed by the officer's repeated and offensive use of "rat." Surely the man could not be thinking—

"I ought to break your ugly head," the policeman continued, much too loudly, glaring. His face was the color of ancient chopped beef.

"Look here, my man," blurted Mr. Cromwell. But that was as far as he got.

The officer was bellowing again. "Shut up! Stand over there! And as sure as I'm born—if you move one finger I'll let you have it, so help me. Can you understand that, you old donkey?"

"You needn't shout. There is no call for you to be offensive."

"So I'm offensive!"

"You are. Very."

The policeman's mouth hung open with astonishment. "*You* crack a safe, *you* try to kill me—and I'm offensive!"

"Come, come," said Mr. Cromwell. "Surely you don't believe I shot at you deliberately."

"Oh, no!" The sarcasm dripped. "Maybe you were just huntin' ducks!"

"I tell you it was an accident."

"Sure. And if I hadn't smacked you to the floor there might have been another accident, eh? Only with better aim. Where's your permit for this gun?"

"Permit?"

"Permit."

"I haven't any, of course. It's not my gun."

"No? Whose is it?"

"It belonged to the young man who was robbing this store."

The patrolman blew out his lips to utter the richest sarcasm at his command. "To the *young man* who was robbing this store! And

Continued on page 152

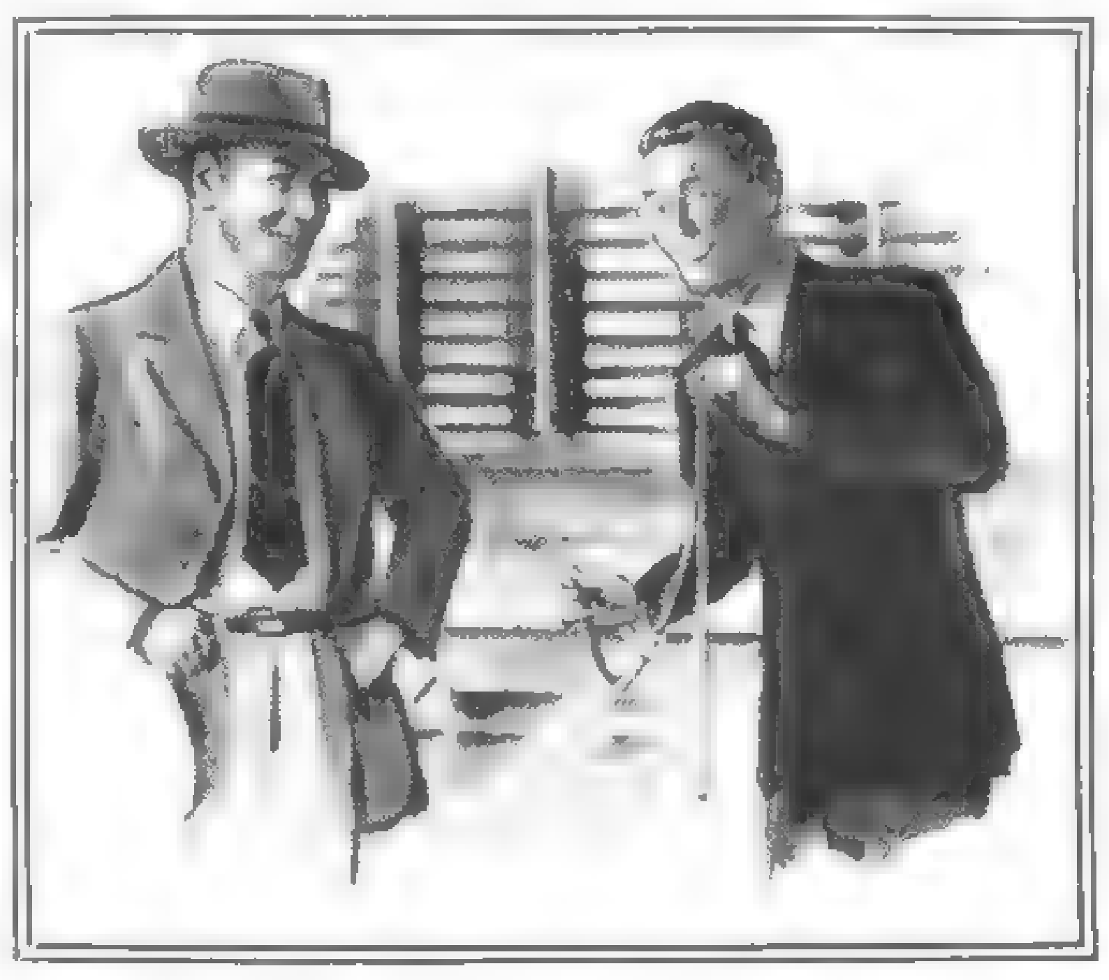
Definition

A late-evening edition of a newspaper is one that has caught all the items you heard in the before-breakfast news broadcast.

CARE PUTS WEAR IN UNDERWEAR

CARE IN BUYING

It's worth your while to find a dealer who can sell you "Jockey." Regardless of changes that the war may bring about, Jockey will always have the patented *Y-front construction, the source of support and comfort. Jockey REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

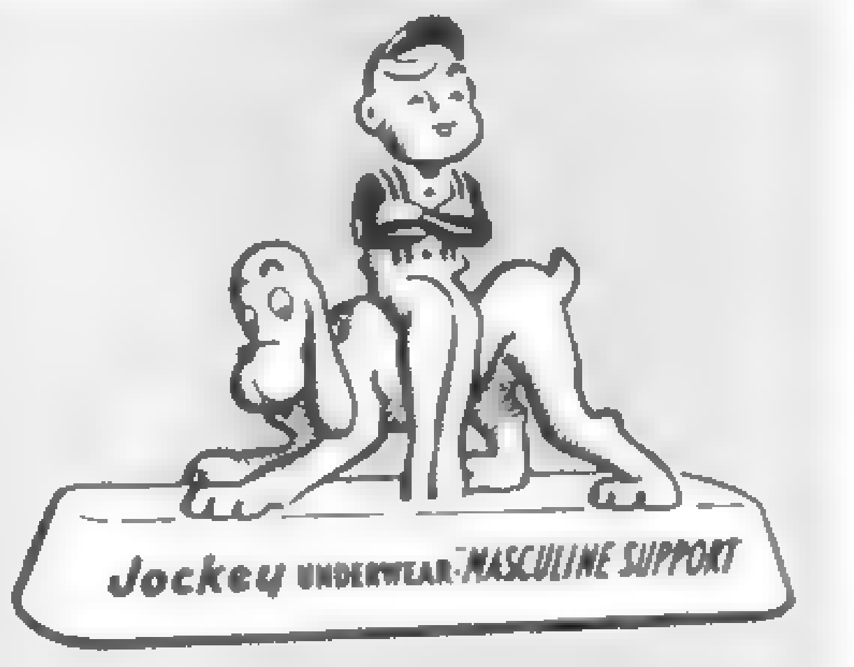


CARE IN FITTING

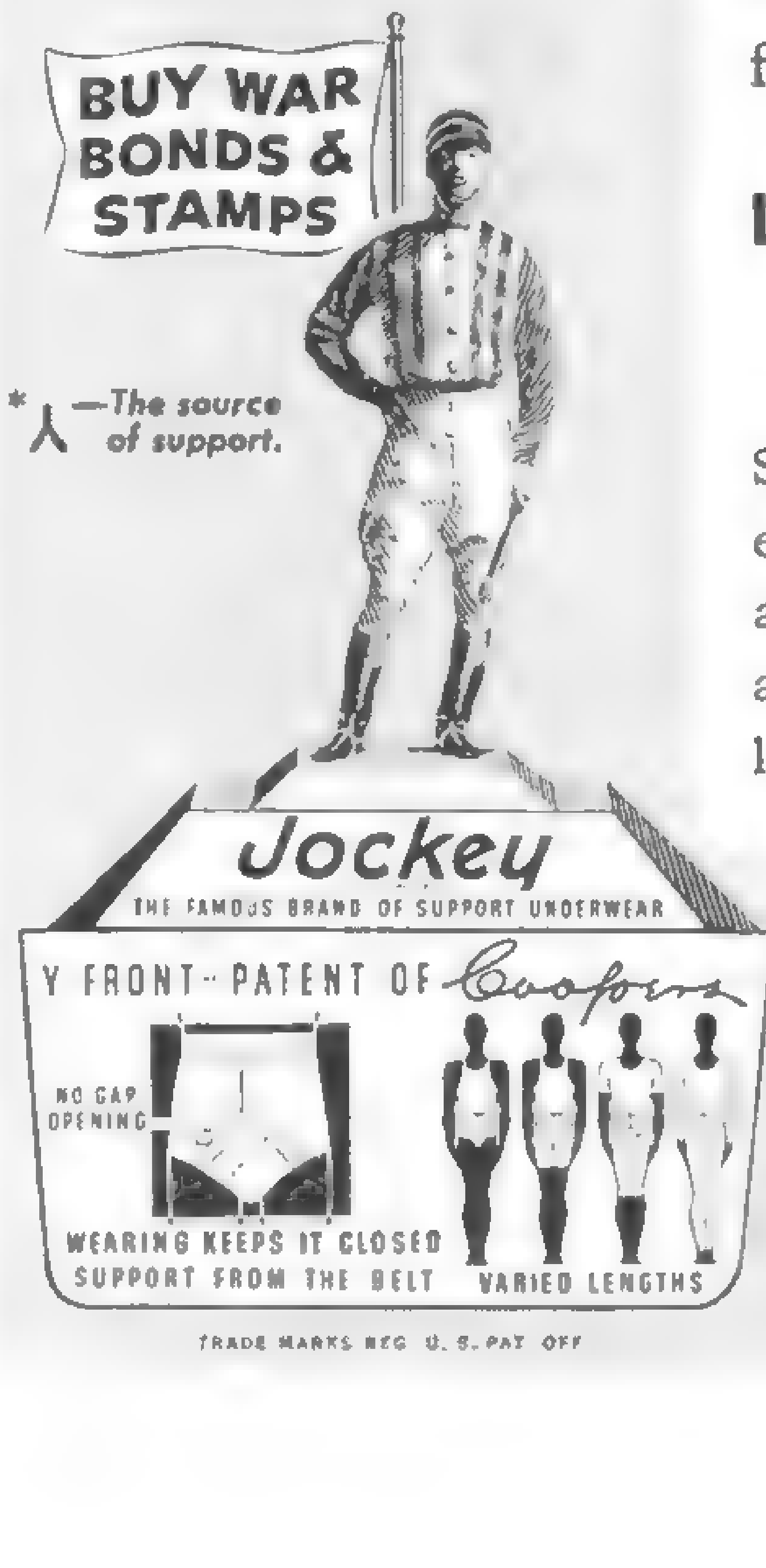
Because of necessary changes in waistband construction you should be remeasured with a hip tape. Well fitted underwear is not only the most comfortable, but important these days—it lasts longer. Jockey REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CARE IN WASHING

Jockey Underwear needs just gentle sudsing and thorough rinsing. It dries overnight and needs no ironing. Eliminate acid perspiration which rots fabric, by frequent laundering (preferably nightly). It means much longer wear. Jockey REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



NO. 5 IN A SERIES OF SYMBOLIC STATUETTES



There is only one brand of underwear that has the patented *Y-front, no-gap opening, that provides mild, masculine support—it's Jockey by Coopers. Men everywhere like Jockey because its sleek fitting, knitted fabric absorbs and evaporates perspiration and lets their skin breathe. In addition it provides freedom from creep, bind or squirm.

Look for the name Jockey on the label

Shop where you see the amusing dog statuettes and be sure that the words "Jockey" and "Coopers" are on the label. In cotton and cotton-and-wool mixtures—varied leg lengths—contoured shirts to match.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; In Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; In British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; In New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S I

"Ivy League" CORDUROYS by LA PLAYA

"IVY LEAGUE" SUITMAKER CORDUROY JACKET. Styled like sportswear, made like clothing. $11.50

"IVY LEAGUE" CORDUROY SHIRT. Lo-Hi Collar may be worn open or with tie. $5.00

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by LA PLAYA

La Playa "IVY LEAGUE" Corduroys are soft, free-draping corduroys. And from a color standpoint, they've taken the wraps off the bewhiskered idea that corduroy must be drab. They're loaded with eye-filling color — styled for the university man who believes that long-wearing casual clothes need not be dull!

"IVY LEAGUE" CROTCH-FREE CORDUROY SLACK—made for *sitting* comfort as well as for action. $7.50

Also available:

"IVY LEAGUE" CAMPUS COAT—the popular leisure jacket. $8.95

"IVY LEAGUE" IN-BETWEENER (longer than finger-tip, shorter than knee-length)—plaid-lined or Zelan-Poplin lined reversible, both fly-front. $13.50

SHIRTS BY Marlboro LA PLAYA SPORTSWEAR

LA PLAYA SPORTSWEAR *is made by*

MARLBORO SHIRT CO., INC.

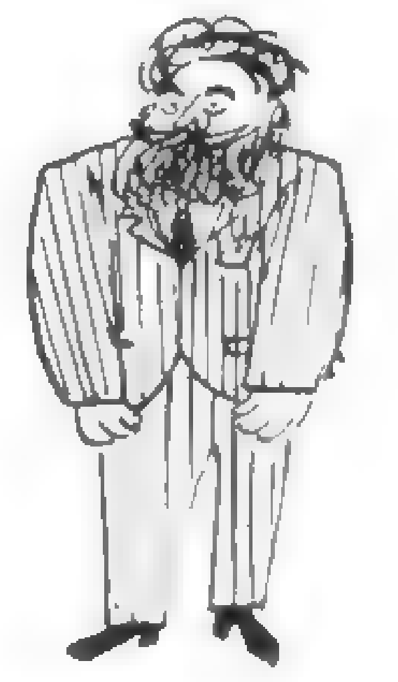
LOMBARD & PACA STREETS • BALTIMORE, MD.

Later Than Midnight

Continued from pages 28-149-151

you was in here waiting for the rain to stop?"

"On the contrary, I was walking down the alley and saw the young man through the window." Mr. Cromwell pointed to the window. "I entered this room and took his revolver away from him. He was not a hardened criminal. He was seeking money, he said, to buy food for his hungry child. I was, I'll grant you, unwisely—sorry for him. I let him go."



With the razor blade scarcity Man Mountain Dean will soon be considered a shining example of what the well-dressed man will grow.

The patrolman smiled, nodding.

"Then," said Mr. Cromwell, "you burst in and startled me. I really don't know how the revolver happened to go off."

The patrolman continued to smile. "Go on," he said. "Don't stop."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said, keep on dreaming, Cokey."

Mr. Cromwell drew himself up to his fullest height. "I sharply resent your attitude. I shall take up this whole case with your superiors."

"Sure you will. At headquarters. Do you know what charges are lined up against you? Breaking and entering; attempted burglary; attempt to murder an officer of the law; resisting arrest; carrying a weapon without a permit. Is that enough? Or did you park the getaway car next to a fireplug?"

This—Mr. Cromwell began to see it now—*was* serious. So many little points adding up to an important whole. His strange garb. Fingerprints on the safe? The gun; the unfortunate explosion of the gun. Of course no one would believe that a clergyman would sneak through the town at night robbing stores. He need only identify himself and everything would be straightened out. . . . But would it? Was it really as simple as that? What, for instance, would the papers print? How many people would be maliciously pleased to spread gossip? Wouldn't he be honor bound to resign and go away, if only to protect the spotless name of his parish?

"Let's go," said the patrolman.

"One minute," Mr. Cromwell said. Panic had a grip on him. His words flowed out breathlessly, jerkily. "Listen: For special reasons, altogether unrelated to the law, I cannot have it known that I was here tonight. I am guilty only of indiscretion. I *know* that if I tell you who I am you'll believe what I've said—"

"Relax, mugg," said the patrolman. He waved the barrel of a revolver toward the door. "This ain't a public meeting. You've talked too much already. I don't care who you are, see? Tell the sergeant you busted in on a safe-cracker with a starving baby. Tell *him* you let the safe-cracker walk off. That makes you an accomplice after the fact, see? Or maybe you got a starving baby yourself?"

The futility of further effort struck Mr. Cromwell like a blow and left him weak. All resistance had died in him. His throat closed for an instant and he coughed, expelled breath heavily. Unthinkingly, he reached into the left pocket of his raincoat, seeking his handkerchief to shield his mouth. His fingers touched the bowl of the pipe.

The pipe! His reason screamed a protest—no! It could not work. Too obvious, too obvious. But—and his mind cleared as though fog had been blown from it—what was there to lose? Risky, certainly, but—

"Very good," he heard himself saying. "Let's go." He turned resignedly toward the door. and stopped dead.

"The safe," he said.

"What?"

"The safe isn't locked. You have to spin the dial. I'll—"

"You stand where you are," the patrolman commanded. "I'll take care of the safe."

Mr. Cromwell nodded as if too weary to speak. He put out his right hand and braced himself on the door jamb. His eyelids quivered, drooped.

The patrolman stared. "Are you going to be sick?"

"I'm all right."

Then the patrolman crossed the room to the safe; he slipped one revolver in his pocket, keeping the second in his right hand. He dropped to a knee at the door of the safe. His eyes were still on Mr. Cromwell. Quickly, he laid the second revolver on the floor, took a handkerchief from his hip pocket, spread it like a napkin over his hand, and deftly spun the dial. He tried the handle of the safe. The door did not budge.

"*Don't* pick up that revolver," said Mr. Cromwell.

Amazed, the patrolman lifted his head. He saw the bulge in Mr. Cromwell's raincoat. "What have you got there?" he said. "Pointing your finger at me, sweetheart?"

The Rev. Mr. Cromwell permitted a note of triumph—almost of swagger—to enter his voice. "Perhaps," he said. "But possibly not. There's one way for you to find out."

The officer did not move.

"It surprises me," Mr. Cromwell went on rapidly, "that you should be such a bungler. Haven't your superiors instructed you that you should always—ah—frisk a crook before you lay down your revolver? No? Well, a pity!" As harshly as he was able, he snarled: "Now hand me that revolver! Take it up by the barrel. I need hardly warn you that you haven't a ghost's chance of using it."

And he thrust the pipe belligerently forward under his coat.

The policeman, still kneeling, hesitated, put out his hand slowly, picked up the revolver by the barrel. Mr. Cromwell—hand steady as a rock—took it from him.

"Stand up!"

The man stood up, and Mr. Cromwell, releasing his pipe with a friendly squeeze, reached into the patrolman's pocket for the other revolver. The patrolman watched with wide eyes—and interfered not at all.

"You needn't be alarmed," Mr. Cromwell said softly. He backed away a pace or two. "I'm going to leave you now. At the end of ten minutes you may go and telephone your headquarters. It would be unfortunate for you to misjudge your time. Have you a wife?"

The patrolman nodded.

"Good fellow," said Mr. Cromwell. "Marriage is an honorable estate, I always say. Accept my congratulations. Don't make the little woman a widow, eh?"

The patrolman continued to stare.

"Good-night," said Mr. Cromwell. He backed to the door, opened it, backed out into the alley. The door swung shut.

Into an ashcan at the step he dropped both revolvers. He walked a little way on his toes, then began to trot, then frankly ran. He ran head down, with rain coursing over his face and his feet slapping into puddles that threw water as high as his knees. His lungs tightened but he ignored them. Up one street, down another, across lawns, under black tunnels of trees—with headlong lack of direction he ran until he could run no more.

To himself he cried, "Stop!" He slumped to a curbstone and his breathing was like the tearing of cloth. No light burned in any house. After a while Mr. Cromwell got up and walked home. He let himself in with his key and went directly to his bedroom. He rolled his wet clothes in a bundle, dropping them in a corner. And he put on his lavender gown and went downstairs again, to his study.

He was breathing easily now. For a minute he looked at himself in the oval mirror. With delicate fingers he patted into place a loose strand of hair. His lips turned up in a quizzical smile. He lifted the receiver of his telephone.

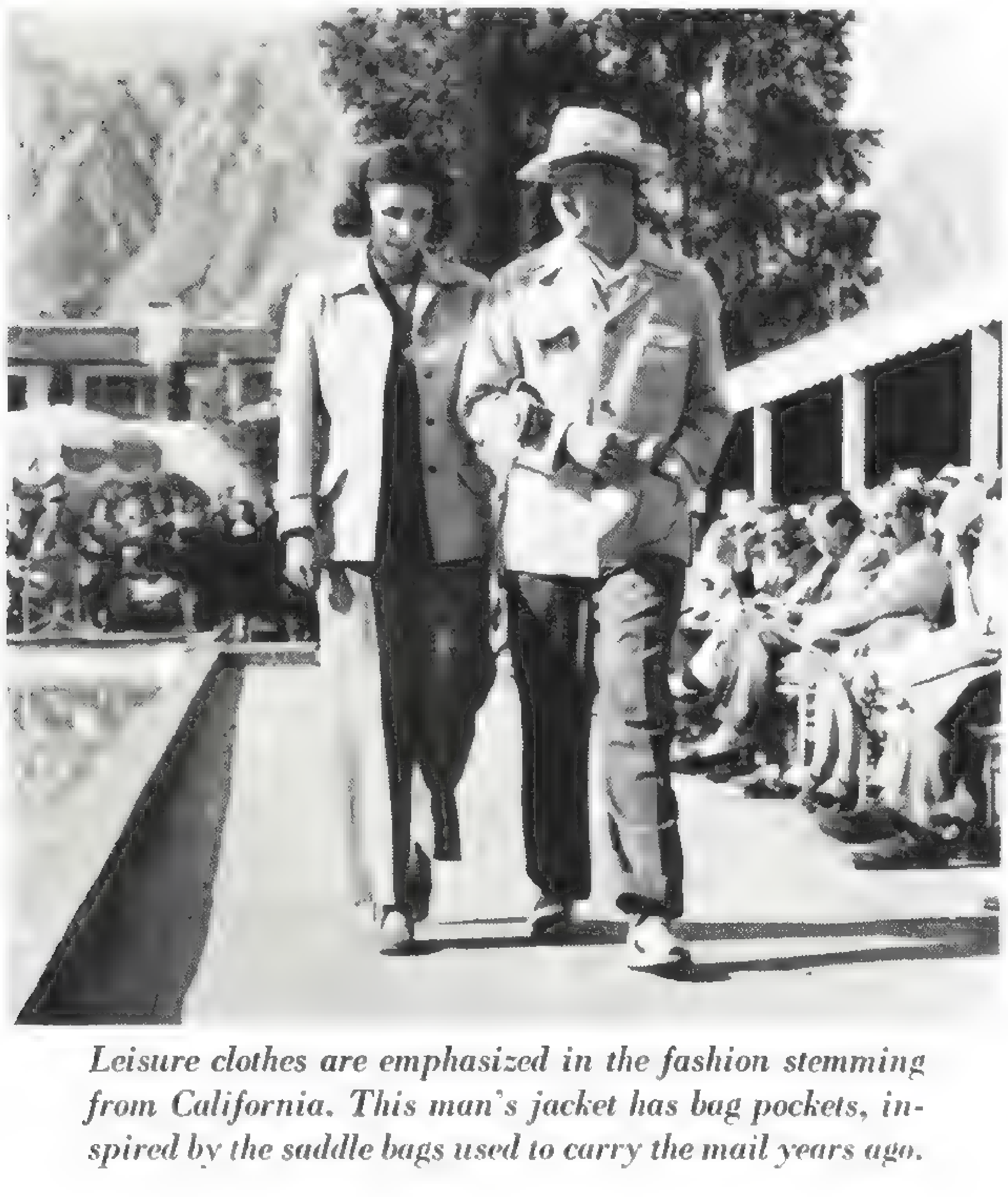
"Give me 2770, please," he said. "Hello . . . Night desk? Ah—Mr. Schaefer? This is Mark Cromwell speaking. Yes. That's right. My boy, I have a news tip for you—

"*I said*, I have a tip for you. Check with police headquarters on a—a shooting fray in an alleyway off Main Street. Not long ago. It's—ah—hot, I think you say. And Mr. Schaefer . . . Please don't mention my name in any connection—we clergymen are like doctors, if you follow me. Mustn't reveal the sources of our information. Yes; yes. Thank you kindly for understanding.

"No trouble at all, I assure you. Good-night."

The Rev. Mr. Cromwell put the receiver quietly back on the hook. And as he turned his eye was caught by the scribbled sermon notes lying on his desk pad. "Nothing is Secret which shall not be made Manifest". . . . He frowned. With a bold stroke of his pencil he scratched out the title. Later—in the morning—he'd think of something else.

Then he strolled solemnly to his kitchen for a glass of cold milk. #



Leisure clothes are emphasized in the fashion stemming from California. This man's jacket has bag pockets, inspired by the saddle bags used to carry the mail years ago.

LUSTY AS A COMANCHE WAR WHOOP *Smart* AS A COLLEGE YELL!

Down in Yoakum, Texas, where flint-eyed Rangers fought the fierce Comanche, skilled saddle maker craftsmen make Texas Ranger and Saddle Craft belts. These sons of the old west tool and handcraft into top grain leather the lusty vigor of the Lone Star State. Each authentic design is a fascinating mosaic of frontier tradition. These fine belts have a swaggerish look that adds smartness to campus attire. Their bench-made quality sets them apart from ordinary belts like a high-spirited Palomino outshines a milk wagon nag.

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The "Joe Burleson"—who carried the gage of battle to marauding "Centaurs of the Texas Plains." A Texas Ranger Belt, full grain cowhide. Tooled Texas scroll leaf design with panel border, ¾" wide. Antique **$1.00**

The "Palomino"—A Saddle Craft belt. Genuine Russia calf on full grain cowhide, doubled and stitched. Tooled "Mexicali Rose" design. ⅞" wide, tapered to ⅝". Saddle Tan or Antique. With leather covered buckle, **$1.50.** With Sterling Silver buckle set as illustrated, **$3.50**

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by TexTan

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The "Branding Iron"—A Saddle Craft, authentic western billfold. Genuine steerhide. Tooled branding scene. Hand-laced ends. Zipper pocket for big bills. Open pocket for small bills. Four roomy card pockets. Air brushed by hand for burnished mahogany effect. **$3.50.**

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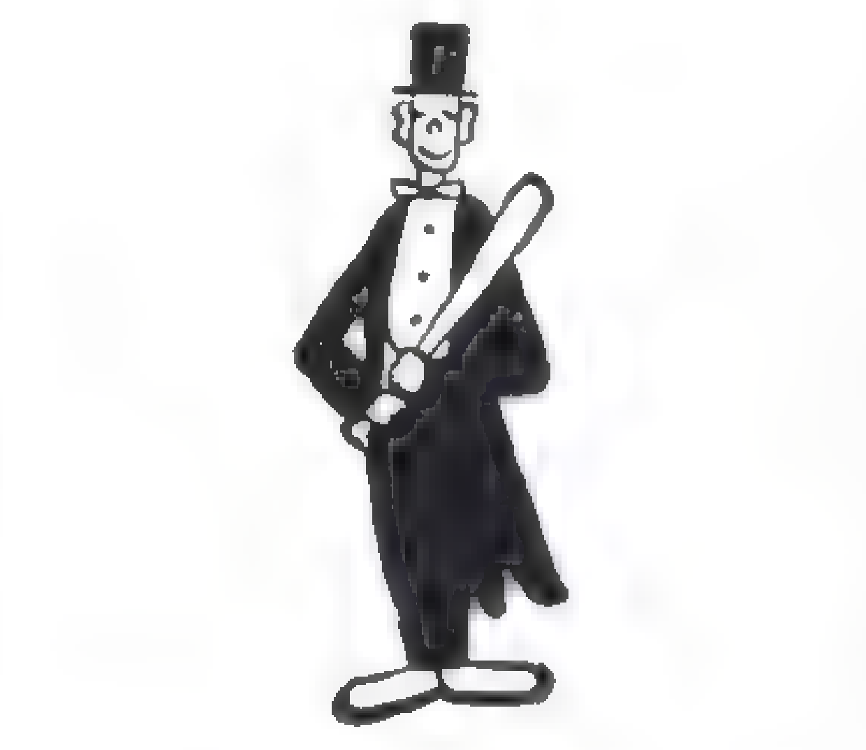
Accessories for Men Since 1877

Detour on the Burma Road

Continued from page 22

attention to the fires. Already there were twelve in the clearing. Two were built to burn trash: one was used to shape tools, and three had potfuls of jungle greens boiling. All these I could persuade them to douse. The other six fires, however, had been lighted to household gods. They were burning incense and toy money. To knock out these would be slapping Heaven in the face. Nonetheless they had to be smothered. When I ordered it done, the people raised such a clamor that I had to call up my drivers with guns.

An hour later as we creaked out of the bamboo range and began the rough and precarious climb towards the Burma, looking back we could see telltale feathers of smoke from the relighted fires floating over the jungle roof.



No, Genevieve, players who participate in night baseball games don't have to wear evening clothes.

By noon we could see Dragon's Well. Sturdy walls of baked clay called *tufei* clung to the hillside like coiled yellow lizards. Without glasses we could spot two tall and shattered white towers, famous ruins of a mandarin yamen. Behind these towers should be the Dutch mission.

It was mid-afternoon when we steered through the gate and bumbled up the cobblestone street. People waved from the open bazaars. Melons and fruits were piled in panniers and stout bullock carts.

"Step on it, Canada," I said.

Jack nodded and pushed gas. He savvied as well as I did the danger of relaxing in town. The danger was double at this particular time, for a ceremony of some kind was impending. Strings of firecrackers hung for sale at all booths and monstrous kites flecked the city with shadows. If our men ever mixed with this local whoopee, a posse of Texas cowpokes couldn't corral them.

We passed between two horned dragons at the upper end of the street and turned left through the ancient towered yamen. Somewhere in this long-rotted splendor should be morphine and cool baths and clean linen.

We stopped. There was nothing that looked like a Mission. Right and left bloomed neglected gardens of flowers. Straight ahead, a wide heap of black ruins. Rocks and rubbish bespattered the landscape between fragments of a wall. A burnt screen, showing traces of bright peacock tail, sprawled against a warped instrument table. The table lay on its back and from one of its legs, a blood-stained nurse cap dangled.

A pack of stray kids, wearing long shirts and no pants, were probing among the scummy sumps with splinters from a bamboo fence. One lucky scamp hooked something and cackled. The others rushed up. He proudly displayed a dripping Dutch doll.

I tried to ask where was the Mission. They jabbered so fast in their foothill dialect I couldn't make any sense out of it. In the midst of the palaver, they suddenly jumped off the truck and retired. I heard a man's voice, low and cooing. A bespectacled face peered into the cab. It was a cheerful face, youngish, monkey-shaped, especially about the mouth. The head bulged Einsteinly above the ears and the hair on the dome was waxed down. No hat—most irregular in these sultry parts. The eyes were hidden by slate-colored sunglasses. A perfume like musk hit me in the nose. I suspected it came from the hair.

The face smiled. Big teeth; two of gold.

"Young gentlemen in fifty per cent costume have perhaps disturb peace with unseemly conduct." This was Shanghai copybook English.

He was dressed in white tennis togs. On the breast of his zip blazed a huge college pin and his belt-job was a brass beer-barrel. He was small, almost pigmy with legs put on crooked. His knee-joints argued which direction to take. Behind him stood a coolie between shafts of a red and yellow ricksha, a vehicle seldom seen in the foothills.

"Distinguished captain of baggage have information to seek?"

"You said it brother," I replied. "I don't savvy these kids' lingo."

He bowed briskly and gave me a visiting card, as big as a blotter. On this card was an ad, in four languages—English, French, Chinese, and Jap. The announcement ran:

INFORMATION PLEASE

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All kinds news, facts, travel reports, road dangers and radio bulletins.

Best Spy Job in Yunnan

First class messenger for ransom payments. Very discreet.

Dishonorable dirty work ten dollars extra.

Thank You,
John Lui Hui

I handed the card to Jack. His face screwed up. "The Ming has slipped his cable most likely," he said. "Whoever heard of a spy broadcasting his business?"

John Lui Hui put on a wise

grin. “As my distinguished boss, Sino-American Studio many times have remark: ‘It pays to advertise!’”

“A film star!” snapped Jack disgustedly.

“Is that so?” I asked our visitor.

“Most agreeably so,” said John Hui. “I have done magnificent part in two number one first-class B-pictures. Once I have done stand-in for Megalo, the Dwarf Maniac. Observers agree I am colossal.”

What with the gas and general transportation shortage we nominate another old-time song which, revived, should easily make the Hit Parade. We refer, of course, to "There's No Place Like Home."

“Modest,” sniffed Jack, “like all Hollywood.”

Hui took no offense. “Have been fortunate to meet Americans on location,” he said, “who completely cure me of unnecessary modesty. Now have learned to toot horn for John Hui.”

“Okay, John,” I said, “you're hired. Lead us to the Dutch Sisters' Mission.”

“This . . .” He solemnly bowed toward the ruins where the urchins had fished out the doll.

John Hui then told us the story.

A raiding party of Japs on motorcycles had dived down on the little village one Sunday night in search of a fleeing prisoner. They had a notion the Sisters had cavelled the guy, so they ransacked the place. The search got them nothing; so they blew it up, with all the staff and patients inside. Several children with trachoma were being treated that day, which accounted for the doll in the puddle.

Then he told us about a certain temple, beyond the town walls, that had been converted into a Red Cross shelter. They had pallets of straw, with one blanket to each, and plenty of sterilized water. No soap, no iodine, no morphine. Local women and girls made up the small staff while the village sawbones lopped off gangrened legs without benefit of ether.

We dropped our poor fellows at this pitiful shift; buried two more and checked over the cavvy. We were all set to pull out when we heard thunder in the direction of the jungle behind us.

“Poor devils,” said Jack.

“We warned 'em,” I said.

John Hui, shinning into his ricksha to canter back to the Well, perked his ears towards the distant explosions. After a moment he said: “Most sorry to announce bombing of White Tiger tower.”

“Sure,” said Jack, “we got ears.”

“Also new village so unfortunate as to be in wrong place.”

“What the hell can we do about it?” said Jack desperately.

“Could send back few trucks with first aid,” Hui suggested, “and convey unhappy ones here to Red Cross.”

“We can't break the train,” I said. “We loaded the stuff at Lashio just in the order it left the rails. Take truck Number 5; she's stowed with engine blocks. But the tools for seating those engine blocks got dumped into No. 40.”

Hui bowed with a big congenial smile. “Understand everything,” he said. “Now would extend useful tip. If unkind Heaven permit obstacle on Burma Road, have information available on extra special detour. Would feel honored to explain for small fee.”

“Thanks, pal,” I said. “I'll remember.”

“Many wish for thumbs up happy landings.”

“Same to you, Johnny.” I shook hands with him and gave Jack the sign to marble. We could still reach Vahtsu by dark.

About half an hour out, when we stopped for a flat, I discovered our Lolo had vanished. He was the best man we had for sniffing an ambush, so Jack began quizzing the crew.

One giggling young giant admitted he had seen Mosu ogling a girl. She was a wench from the hills, employed by a lame Hindu in town who peddled hot water for baths. The girl fetched water from the well for the Hindu to heat over charcoal. A fine-looking woman, our informant winked. He didn't blame Mosu for deserting.

I was sore about Mosu's philandering, but Canada shrugged it off. The Lolo was his problem child. There was nothing to do but leave the rogue at the Well and trust to luck he would join the train later. He could lope twenty miles without rest.

While the cavvy stood stalled in the sun, a man scooted past on a new armored cycle. He wore a uniform like that of a messenger boy and a white helmet with Chinese symbols. He was going like the devil's own whippet.

We pumped the flat tire, rechecked all the tarps, and went grunting uphill to the Burma. The men raised a cheer as we topped the last rise, for the detour had been plenty unpleasant. After coiling the cavvy around mountain peaks for three or four miles, Jack said:

“Hey, Texas, did you hear an explosion?”

I hadn't heard anything.

“Maybe I've got bombs in the

Continued on page 156

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Detour on the Burma Road

Continued from pages 22-155

belfry," he said, brushing off the suspicion as he put his mind on the curves. At this point the road cuddled against a sheer rock and looked down, miles down, on a swamp. It was either hug wall or go over. We made it, as we had made it a hundred times, with barely two inches to spare. Then suddenly Jack blurted: "Look!" and put his two hundred pounds on the brakes. Just a flea-jump ahead, a bridge was out! Staring into the gap where the bridge had been, staring blankly with dumb drooping mouth, stood the cyclist beside his machine. I was close enough now to translate the lettering on his white hat: *Lui Hui Messenger Service.*

Jack and I tumbled out to have a look at the bridge. It was worse than a gambling raid. The outside cable and half the deck hung down in the naked chasm.

"Nice business," said Jack. "A day's work. It's pounds to shillings, Texas," he said, "a Shogun bomber did that."

It didn't look that way to me. The hole in the bank where the cable was anchored looked to me like a blast—sabotage. Anyway, our suspenders were busted. Whether yellow buzzards or striped Quislings had done the job, we had to sit there, defenseless, exposed to the sky, while somebody chugged back to the maintenance gang. I couldn't help recalling what Mrs. Chiang had said to us at the start: the lives of four hundred million Chinese could depend on this cavvy. Then my eye fell on John Hui's messenger and his fancy pop-pop machine.

"Jack," I said, "we've got to borrow that thing to rush the news back to the gang."

"I'm with you," Jack said "The campus kid shouldn't mind. He uses this road . . ."

"What's the matter?" I said.

"Wait a minute now. Didn't he say if we got stuck to come back and he'd find us a road? . . . Tools! Tools! You rock wallopers!" he routed the crew and set them digging at the side of the cliff. We had to cove out a place to swing round.

Another hour put us back in the village. I sent two fellows to smoke out Mosu. Jack hazed the train through to a wild plum brake to hide it from prowling Togies. I set out to find Johnny Hui. I found him in a god-shop buying cones of incense. The place smelled like a burnt fruitcake.

"Hello Johnny," I said. "If the Joss likes that stuff, I'm ready to order a bushel."

"Most sorry," he said, bowing. "Cannot bribe gods. Would be pleased to supply earthly service."

"It's the bridge," I said. "She's blown out."

"The bridge?" He looked sad. "Most disturbing. Beg permission to sympathize. But have heard hunters speak of wise gray fox who make sure his den have two exits."

"Okay," I said. "Maybe the wise gray fox will tell the dumb white ox all about it."

"Fat chicken no doubt would provoke fox bark."

"Shoot," I said, forking over a silver Mex.

He uncapped a nifty fountain pen inlaid with ivory fraternity letters and sketched a map on a visiting card. I glanced at the shopkeeper, a gravel-blind old jaybird with a skull cap and string whiskers, but he seemed busy enough shellacking a Buddah. Hui traced my road back to the White Tiger tower, then a left turn along the refugee's path. About three li, he said, if we kept our eyes sharp, we should discover an ancient salt porters' lane which broke off to connect with the Burma. It was dim, but negotiable, and would put us back on the Road twenty li beyond the bridge that was out.

I asked him if we could make it to Vahtsu by nightfall.

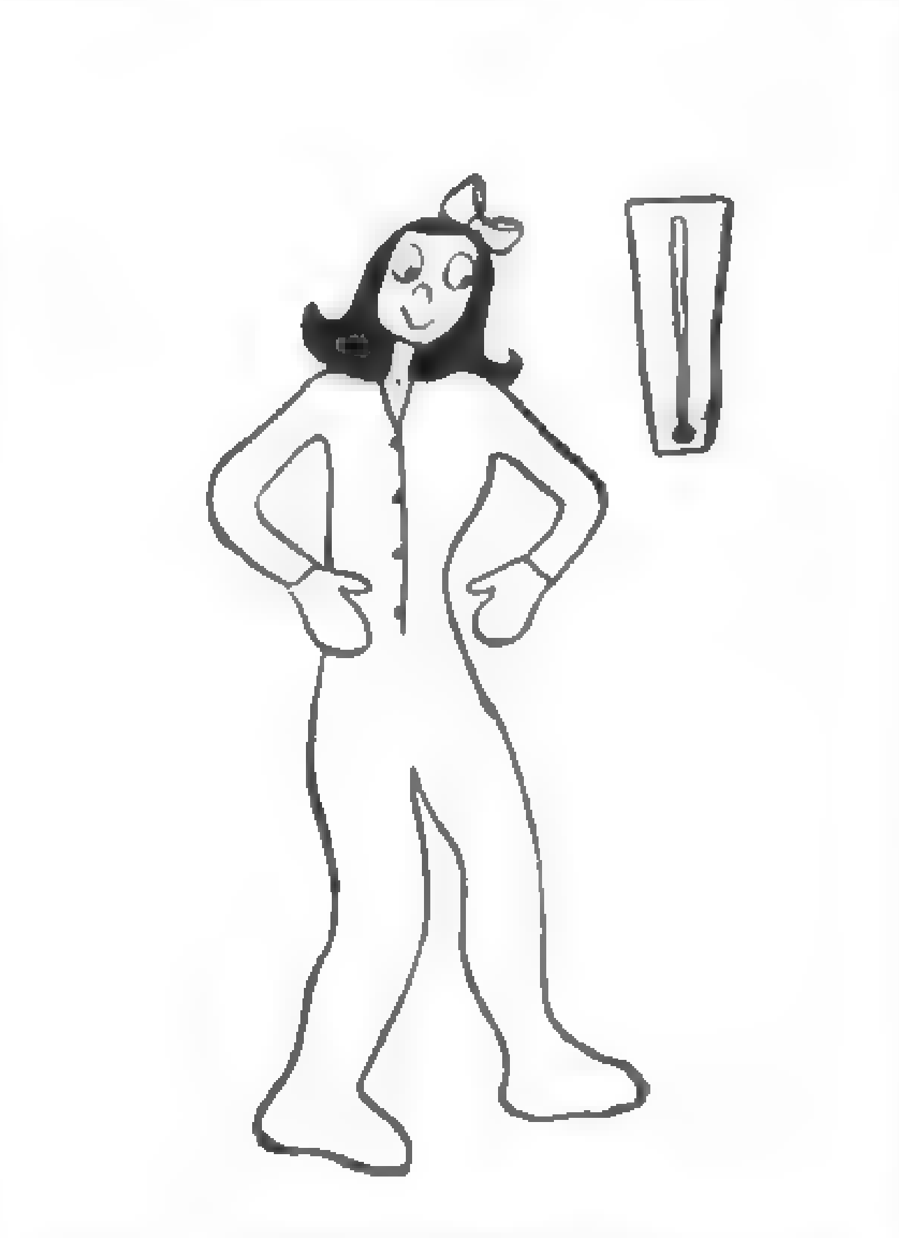
"If Heaven care to smile on noble effort," he said.

I joined Jack at the head of the cavvy. Soon the drivers who had been ordered to bag Mosu reported he had skipped the village. With him had gone the buxom maid who worked for the crippled Hindu.

Jack was burned up when he learned we had to backtrack to the tower. He put his feelings into the gas-feed. We galloped down through the foothills at such a crazy speed that the coffin van overturned and smashed up. Jack wanted to leave it, but the crew threatened to sull, so we salvaged the remains and moved on.

We passed the bombed tower at White Tiger ravine. It lay like a hamstrung giraffe. The pole bridge was pure kindling, but we hacked down some bamboos and hitched them with loops of rattan. Jack tested its strength with our heaviest load and signaled the train to get going. Then suddenly we were in the midst of the village.

The Shoguns had done their work well. The little huts that had symbolized a new life for the pil-



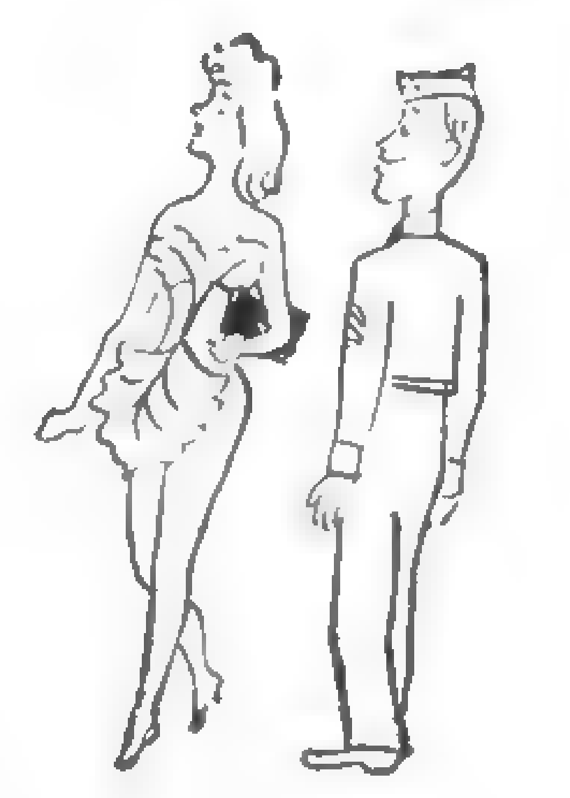
Dim Dolly thinks it must be even colder here than it was in Russia last winter, what with all these commodities frozen for the duration.

grims had been flattened by terrific concussions. The near-mother lay where we had seen her last; her belly ripped open; near death.

"Ou mi tau fah! Ou mi tau fah!" (All highest Buddha!) she moaned. The cute little kid who had the pet cricket was groping, blind, crying softly, in the endless green stuff which had torn the skin off her small fingers.

We slashed up the blankets of sleeping bags to check bleeding and make tourniquets. For surgery we used hunting knives. We broke open a case of whiskey, which an exporter at Lashio was sending to a diplomat in Chungking, to use as a germicide. One coolie had to be tied to a tree because his attitude towards this germicide was not strictly professional.

I washed the little girl's blacked-out face and bound up her mangled fingers. She kept murmuring: *"Fei gai! Fei gai! Fei gai!"* a Chinese air raid warning. Every baby in Yunnan knows that one. She fumbled my face with her bandaged hand and babbled endlessly about a kind gentleman who would save her from the flying dwarfs.



With the new wartime styles, the average gal is wearing less than ever. Proving once more that in this war, there's no such thing as the impossible.

Altogether, by plugging up bleeding wounds and by generous doses of hot tinned soup, we saved seventeen lives. But it knocked out our schedule. The clearing was thick with shadows. We now faced the prospect of a jungle night trek over a road none of our crew had ever traveled.

You can't sit on bayonets, said a certain guy in Berlin. Well, you can't sit on munitions trains, either. Jack and I had to think fast. Should we cart the injured folk in the trucks? I figured the jolting would kill them. While we were arguing a sentry whistled. Like a bat sliding out from the yellow-green shade, Mosu appeared. He was panting hoarsely. He poured out a slag of insoluble pidgin. But I was able to hook up the main wires.

Mosu had gone off the deep end, he confessed, when he met the big gal with the buckets. They agreed to lope off to Lololand and be married among their own people. The girl packed some rice cakes and Mosu stole some green tea to break up the tedious week-long journey.

After trudging some eight or ten li, he explained, they sat on a big ficus log to eat and drink and get better acquainted. Then they discovered they were broke, which didn't bode so well for the grand wedding fête. So they played around and returned to the village. There they learned a Jap motorcycle patrol had visited Dragon's Well. Everyone in the village had frozen up with hate—everyone except John Lui Hui. He alone had passed some friendly words with the dog-faced little troop captain. Hui then had retreated to his radio room and started his short wave humming.

The patrol had departed in furious haste, not even pausing to loot. They did not use the Burma, however. They had followed a narrow old bullock trail along a shelf on the side of the mountain. The instant the village folk mentioned this trail, Mosu remembered something: A fork of it branched up to Vahtsu!

When Jack heard this, he was fit to burst. He would twist that Hui spy into pretzels. He grabbed our best truck and backed it around, but I climbed in and jerked out the ignition.

"Don't blow your fuse, old chap," I said. "Madam Chiang didn't authorize rough stuff."

"Authorize hell! Put back that key! That double-crossing matinee idol sent that patrol to Vahtsu to ambush us. With machine guns concealed in those shelters we'd got cut up for apple sauce. And the yellow-livered Shoguns that fight little kids would cop the biggest loot we ever loaded."

"Mosu is getting his wind again," I reminded him. "Let's see what we can shake out of him now."

Jack finally agreed reluctantly. I had a bucket of soup served to Mosu. While he sat cross-legged by a charcoal stove, gulping, sweating and smacking his lips, I hopefully put the pump to him in pidgin.

To most of my questions he merely made soupy gullups, indicating he had nothing to say; but when I asked him why the villagers allowed Hui to deal with the enemy, he said it was because of the Well.

"The Well?" I said. "How fashion?"

"Too much fire-belly. White Pants palaver out one-piece devil."

Which was one way of saying the main well had become poisoned, but John Hui came along and (with chlorine, probably) scared the devil out of the hole. If anything happened to Mr. Hui, the devil might return.

Jack whistled. "It gets complicated," he said. "Still, we can't leave a Jap spy rattling around free and loose."

Mosu finished his soup and waved his dha knife in air. He was volunteering to go after the spy. I was about to tell him to crawl into a coffin and snatch a snooze when I heard a faint faraway roaring. The blind tot on the blanket

Continued on page 158

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THE SUPPORT OF A NATION

Detour on the Burma Road

Continued from pages 22-155-157

began to shriek horribly: "*Fei gai! Fei gai!*"

I picked her up and ducked into the thick fern bush. Everyone who could move took cover.

The planes crossed the hard clean patch of sky above the jungle clearing without even dipping a wing, a swift V-shaped flock, in the direction of Vahtsu.

Our ears were so full of this death overhead that we missed the sound of a motorcycle. Then Mosu yelled something in dialect, and Jack Timber whooped: "White Pants Johnny!"

Hui flopped his cycle, and walked toward us as we came out of hiding.

"So sorry to intrude," he apologized, "but have got report of last week cloudburst which wash out old salt road. Would suggest putting wounded on merciful trucks and go back to village at once. Can announce relief gang now at work on wrecked bridge. So nice to rest in friendly town and make fresh start with cool morning."

"Well, of all Satan's stinkbugs," Jack Timber railed, "this guy is the cutest. He sends a patrol to ambush us and when we muff the appointment, he fogs all the way to White Tiger to tell us the detour is blocked. Then he invites us to trot back to the high road to make sure the meatchoppers have fun. The guy's afraid the Shoguns will demand money back if he can't deliver the bodies. C'mere you!" He caught Hui by the arm and sharply twisted the bland smile into a pained grimace.

"Easy, Jack," I warned. "We're not Nazis, you know."

"Mosu, a rope!" he said.

Mosu ran to the supply truck and fetched a coil of grass rope. Jack trussed his spy like a roast goose. He hoisted him into the second cab and ordered the driver to watch him. I laid the blind girl on the seat of our truck, and went over to talk with the captive.

"Hui," I said, "was that on the level . . . about the washout ahead?"

He looked surprised, almost hurt. "If any have doubt of information," he said with an attempt at dignity, which is difficult with hands and feet tied. "Respectfully beg investigation. If information untrue, will pledge guilty author to bend over for positive kick."

"You may bend over for positive axe," I replied. "My horoscope says you're a spy."

"Best first-class spy in Yunnan," he retorted. "For details please remove card from person."

"Yes, I saw it at the Well," I said. "But what I want to know is, did you spill to the Japs that we were on our way to Vahtsu?"

"Most happy to report successful sale. Observe motorcycle as part of fine fee."

Jack Timber heard this. "So," he said tersely, "that's where he got his nice velocipede!"

"Listen, Hui," I went on. "You knew those monkeys would lie in wait in the shelters at Vahtsu."

"Say-y," Jack cut in. "I hear cannon."

The slow rolling echoes of explosions came from far-off. We could tell it was air bombing.

"Sounds like they're bombing Vahtsu," I remarked.

John Lui Hui attempted to bow. "Can assure captain his ears do not lie," he commented with a wise owlish look.

Jack Timber went haywire. He grabbed poor Hui and shook him until his black hair cracked its dressing and splayed like a porcupine. "You knock-kneed rattlesnake!" he roared. "You had it all sawed and stacked. You kept in touch with the Buzzards by radio. You informed them the exact minute we pulled out of your burg so they could figure when to catch us at Vahtsu. If we hadn't been stopped by that busted bridge . . ."

Then he stopped suddenly, paralyzed, a kind of daffy glaze on his face, his mouth open like a stuck throttle. It hit me, too, the same crazy fact. If the Buzzards were bombing Vahtsu, they were making bushido hash of their own patrol bedded down for the ambush!

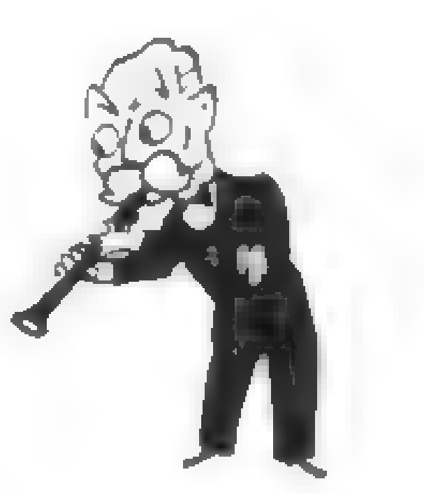
"Great day in the mornin'!" Jack gulped quickly.

"Yeh," I said. "The Jap patrol goes to Vahtsu. The Jap bombing squadron flies hundreds of miles just to blast their own monkeys. We muddle back to the village to patch up the remains and carry them to the Red Cross at the Well. Meanwhile the busted bridge is being repaired so we can light out early tomorrow."

I took a look at John Lui Hui. He was bland and blank as a penguin. I began to untie the grass rope.

Our coolies were loading their hurt countrymen into the grass-bed truck. The noise of the bombing at Vahtsu grew louder.

John Hui was smiling serenely. #



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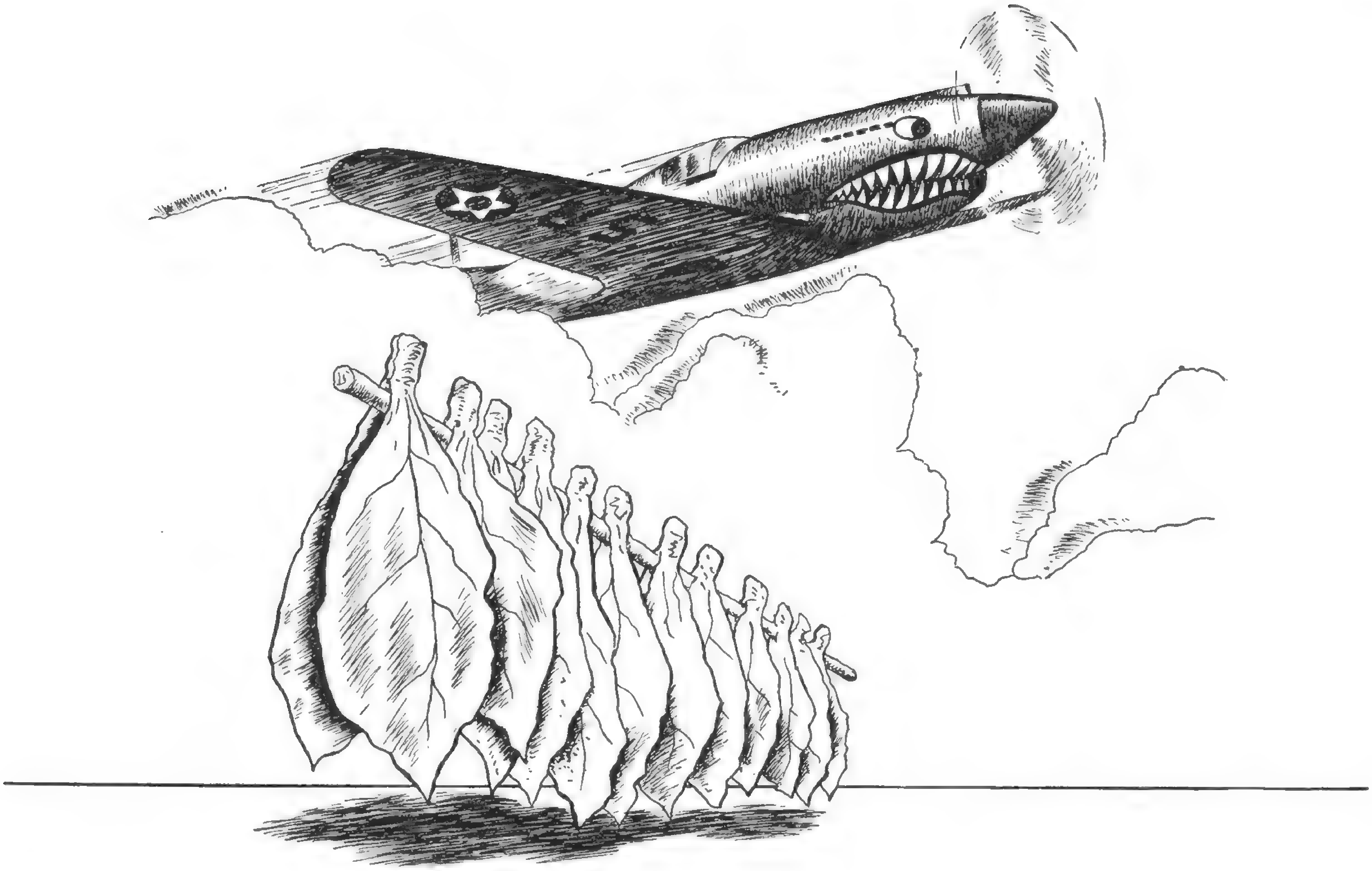

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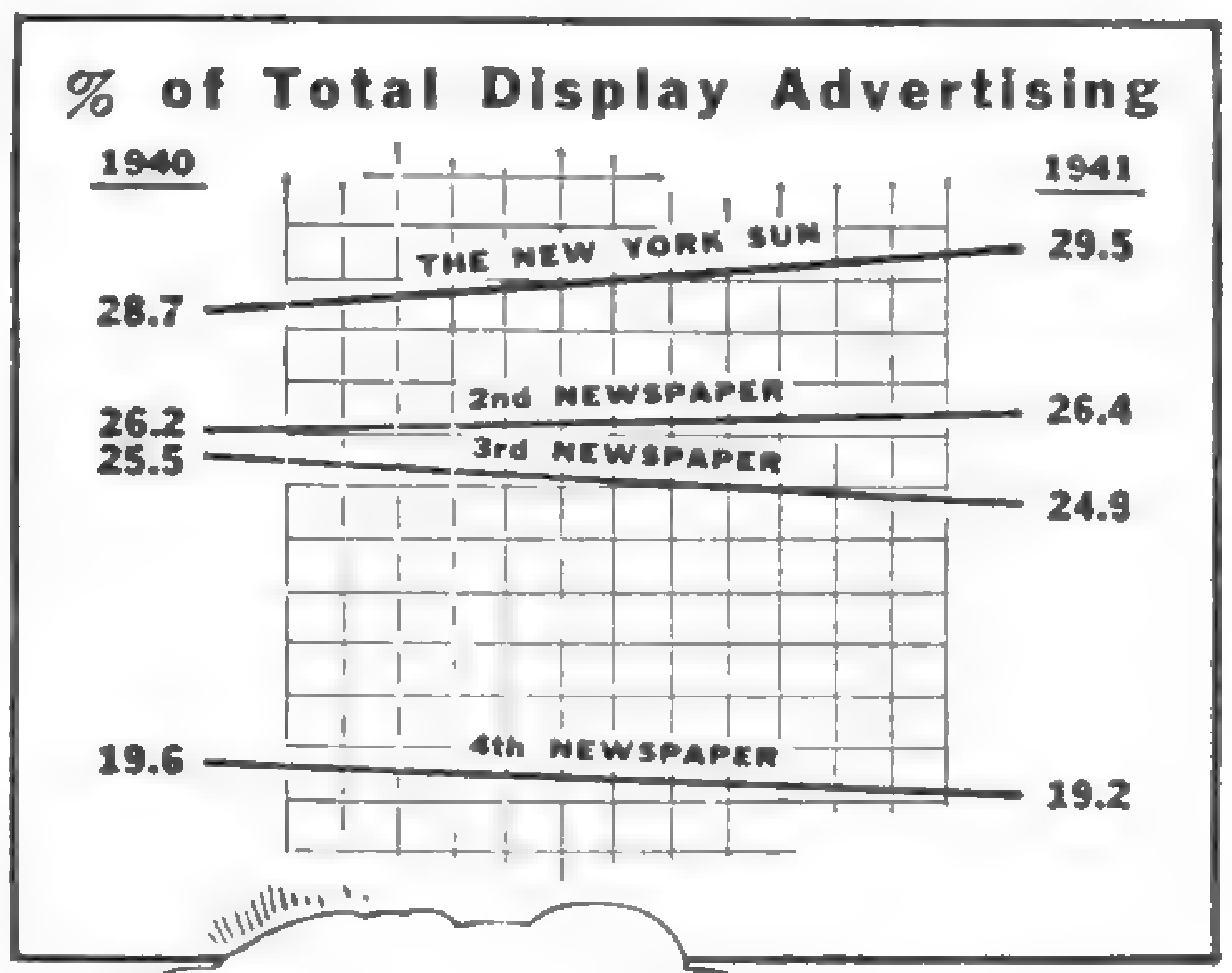

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Gasoline Hoarding Hazards

The death penalty has been invoked on people trying to beat the 7 p.m. curfew

by **PAUL W. KEARNEY**

▪ARTICLE▪

DURING the period of the 7 o'clock gas curfew last summer a motorist, stranded with an empty tank, finally succeeded in flagging down a passing driver who agreed to give him some gas. By means of a fine hose they siphoned off a can full of fuel and poured it into the empty tank. Since the can, found by the roadside, held only a quart, the Good Samaritan insisted that the other fellow take two more cans full, since he had plenty. So three cans were filled and transferred to the stalled car.

The grateful motorist thereupon offered a cigarette to his benefactor. A match was struck; cigarets lighted: then—Z-O-O-M! The hot match fell into the drippings of gasoline marking their path between the two cars with the leaky can. Since the caps were still off both fuel tanks, the resulting flash ignited the vapor in *both tanks* and both cars were instantly destroyed in front of their eyes!

With the return of the 7 p.m. curfew on filling stations, all kinds of containers from gallon bottles to five-gallon cans are pressed into service for storing surplus fuel in the garage or the cellar, and many motorists carry an extra gallon in the car.

Such foresight is commendable, but involves two serious catches. First, most standard fire insurance policies are voided if gasoline is stored around the home or garage without permission. The reason comprises the second catch: few laymen realize how dangerous gasoline is to handle.

Gasoline's most treacherous aspect is the *vapor* it gives off so freely when exposed to air. Stored in make-shift containers which frequently develop leaks, it is no trick for a single gallon of this fuel to produce enough vapor completely to fill a room 21x10x10 feet. Then you need only a spark from a nail in your shoe or from a faulty light fixture to touch off an explosion which has the equivalent force of six pounds of high-grade dynamite. With a five-gallon can, of course, you can do much better!

Being heavier than air, this vapor naturally seeks the lowest level. When gasoline is stored in a basement garage or a cellar below grade, it is next to impossible to rid the premises of the vapor by ordinary ventilation methods, hence the explosion hazard lingers on, frequently unbetrayed by any telltale odor. That's what happened to the Baltimore physician who opened his garage door with a lighted cigar in his mouth: and was blown across the street when the accumulated vapor went off.

For this reason storage, even in limited quantities, is never approved unless "safety cans" are used. The great difficulty with old containers, even if air-tight at the cap, is the frequent presence of moisture which ultimately produces a rust hole.

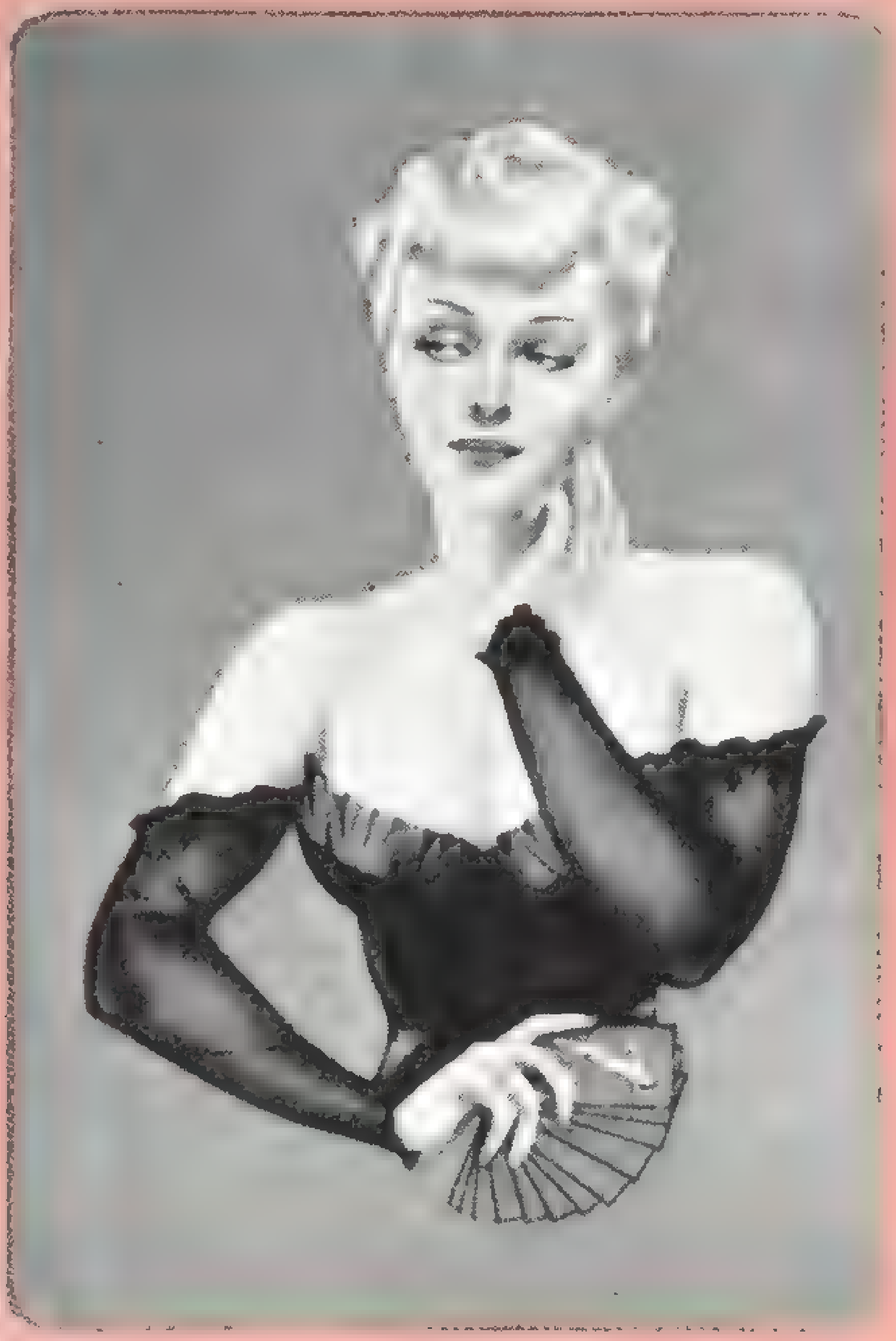
Transferring gasoline from container to fuel tank is an even more serious problem. Some spillage invariably occurs, even when a funnel is used—and there's your free vapor running around loose. One unfortunate motorist splashed a pint or so on his clothes, then lit a cigarette. The stuff that had spilled on his trousers ignited and burned him to death. In another case an entire gallon can was tipped over accidentally, a passer-by unwittingly dropped a match in the invisible vapor stream—and four cars were destroyed. A third man lost not only his car but his garage and most of his house to boot when the head flew off his match and landed squarely in an open-topped can of gasoline. And remember if you lose your car today, even your insurance money won't buy you a new one until after the war is over!

What most laymen forget about gasoline is the danger of this invisible vapor stream carrying a flame back to the source of the vapor even if it doesn't explode forthwith. This is what happened to the stranded motorist and the Good Samaritan. Some spillage on the ground was augmented by vapor rolling out of the open gas tanks of the cars. And when the red-hot match landed in the spillage, that searing blue flame simply flashed in both directions along the vapor streams and into the tanks. It is a matter of record that a tank car in Oklahoma was blown up, with a loss of sixteen lives, by the heat from a bonfire over 200 feet away. So distance is not a safeguard.

For years wise guys around garages have demonstrated how you can actually extinguish a burning cigarette by plunging it into gasoline. But some of them are no longer with us because they didn't know about the vapor factor. And if the vapor is "ripe," it will explode even before the cigarette reaches the liquid.

Many filling stations, co-operating with local fire departments, refuse to sell gasoline unless it is put directly into an automobile tank. We would save a lot of misery and suffering if this practice were to become more widespread. Until it does, it certainly behooves the motorists to remember that gasoline is liquid dynamite. And that ignorance is no excuse in the eyes of the undertaker! ##

know someone in the service?

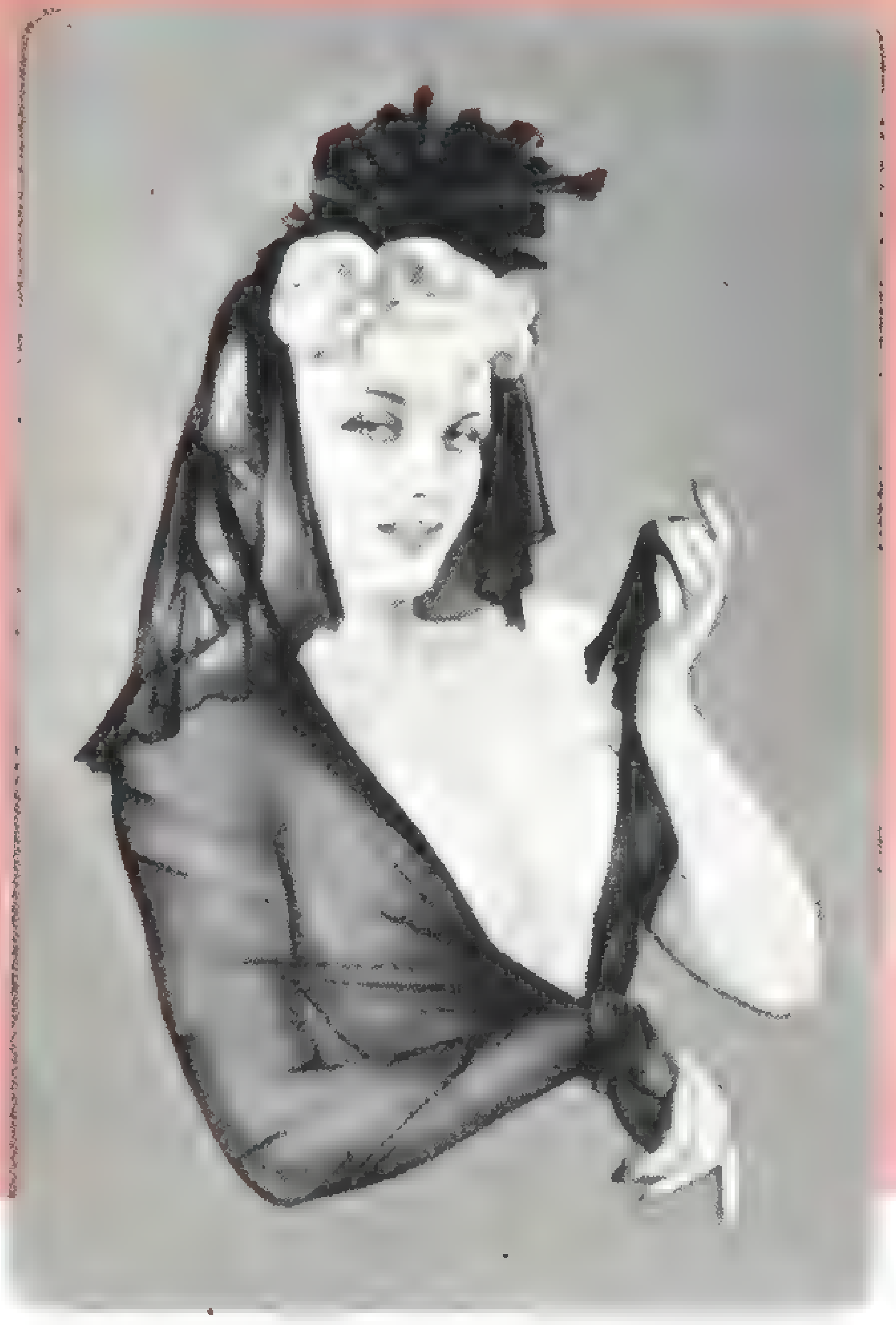


"A" DECK

(in full color)

"B" DECK

(in full color)



That's Foolish Question No. 60542. You know plenty of guys in uniform—probably been meaning to send at least one of them a "keep 'em smiling" present.

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.... A decks @ $1 per deck .... B decks @ $1 per deck

to..
address..
city...state...................
gift card should read:...
from...
address..
city...state...................

They Do It for Meat

Continued from page 84

him. Banco, a harlequin Great Dane, although no match for a lion and trained from the very first to avoid them in his work, sprang from his pedestal and charged the beast, enabling Court to escape.

Today, Court explains that he doesn't use lionesses in any of his mixed groups because they are not worth the risk involved in fights between jealous male rivals. He uses Great Danes because of their bravery and because they are a novelty in a wild animal act.

Gravely injured as a result of this encounter, Court was forced to give up his circus and retired to his villa in Nice on the French Riviera. For three years he lived in ease and luxury, but retirement had no place in the Court make-up. The urge of his calling was too strong. It was during these days of retirement and convalescence that the panther act was born. It was new in animal training.

He bought a few leopards as a hobby. They became the nucleus of an act which by 1936 was the talk of the old Continent. All the important shows in Europe vied with one another in booking the "Court Acts" to headline their bills. His troupes of wild performers played before capacity audiences in all of the great capitals, Paris, London, Berlin, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Vienna and Warsaw. His was the greatest collection of trained wild animals in the world. New fame and a second fortune.

Offers came across the Atlantic from John Ringling North, managing head of the great Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus. They were flatly rejected. The greatest show on earth had no attraction for Court. He was building an even greater show of his own for Europe. It was being assembled at Lille, France, to open Easter. Four of his animal acts were on the road. One was at Blackpool, England. Another Norway. Two others were in Sweden.

Economic Progress

The old-time pitcher who used to win both games of a double-header now has a son who draws twice his salary for turning in one relief job a week.

Then the war! September, 1939. Poland was destroyed. Court knew what lay ahead for all Europe. Death and starvation would stalk over the whole land. His beloved animals would be destroyed. He cabled John Ringling North accepting the offer of months before. Then he hastily assembled all of his animals at Oslo, Norway.

In December, 1939, a modern Noah's Ark crossed the submarine-infested Atlantic with fifty-five wild animals, twelve handlers and more than fifty tons of cages and accessories—the strangest batch of refugees to flee war-torn Europe.

For onto two seasons now, at the age of fifty-nine, when most animal trainers have retired to less dangerous pursuits, this man has held circus-loving America spellbound with his spectacular performances of his three mixed groups of ferocious jungle beasts in the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus.

The acts are presented simultaneously in three big, steel arenas and each presents a different picture. The first, with its mixed group of Bengal tigers and black-maned Abyssinian lions, polar bears and Himalayan bears, reflects the regal splendor and awe-inspiring might of the jungle as it goes through its routine.

In the third cage, there is almost a lighthearted gayety to the performance. The clownish antics of the bears and the swanky harlequin Great Danes flashing against the drab but ominous supporting cast of tawny maned lions seems an illusion that is hard to believe.

The middle cage with Alfred Court, the old master himself, directing, reflects finesse and patience—and understanding—and love—and art. His are the slinking small cats, beautiful, but the most treacherous of the jungle. They are by far the most difficult of all the great cats to train.

Court never accepts a leopard for training unless it is past three years of age. Primarily this is because leopards in captivity are susceptible to distemper up to that age from which they seldom recover. To train a leopard in the Court School represents such an investment in time, money and trouble that it is not worth the risk until they have passed through that stage. With lions eighteen out of twenty can be trained; tigers sixteen to eighteen out of twenty. But leopards! "Ah, Mon Dieu!" exclaims the Frenchman. "Seven out of twenty is a good average!"

Leopards are many times more nervous than the others, Court explains. It is hard to keep their minds on their work. They are extremely flighty and strike like

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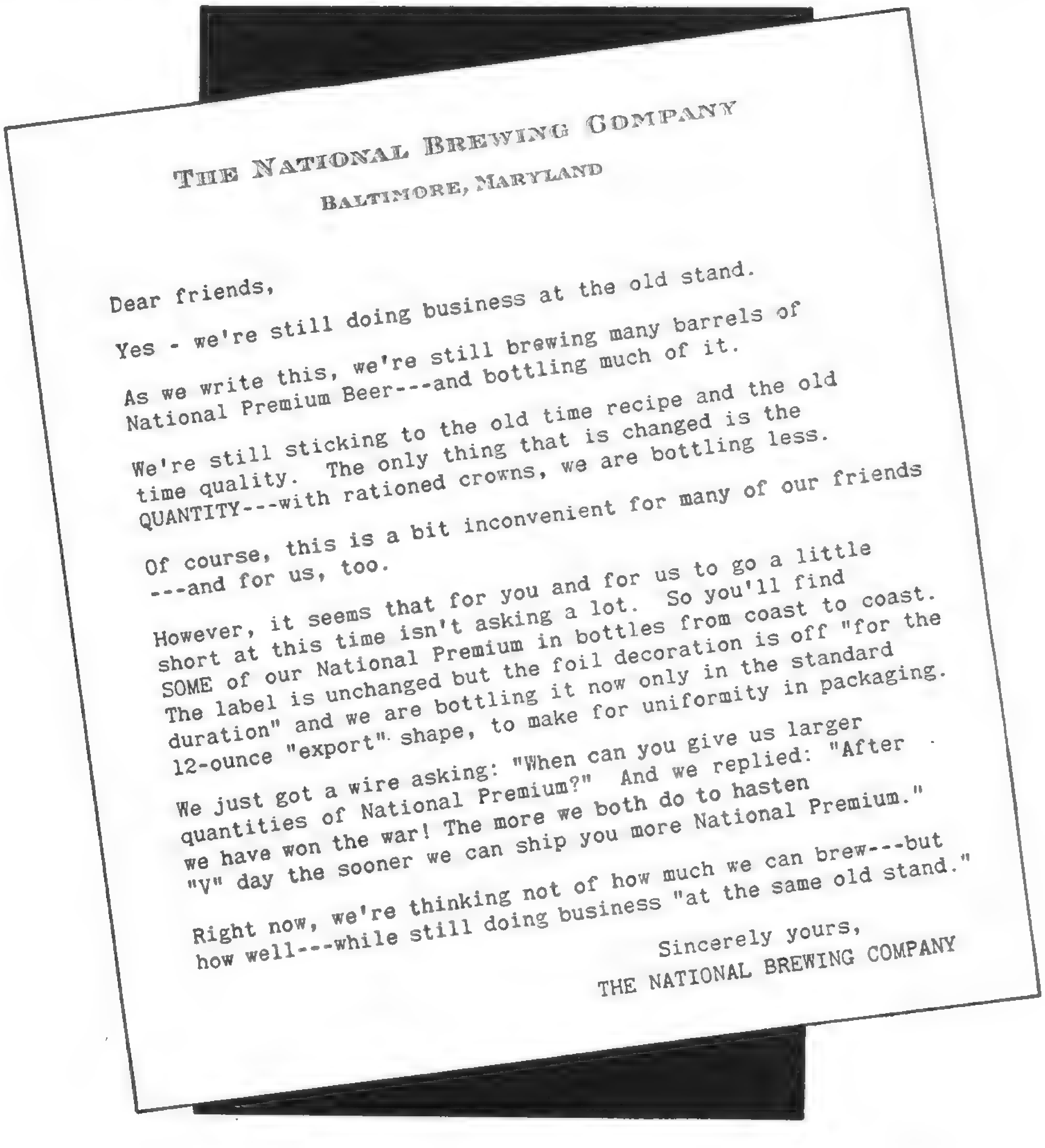

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As we write this, we're still brewing many barrels of National Premium Beer---and bottling much of it.

We're still sticking to the old time recipe and the old time quality. The only thing that is changed is the QUANTITY---with rationed crowns, we are bottling less.

Of course, this is a bit inconvenient for many of our friends ---and for us, too.

However, it seems that for you and for us to go a little short at this time isn't asking a lot. So you'll find SOME of our National Premium in bottles from coast to coast. The label is unchanged but the foil decoration is off "for the duration" and we are bottling it now only in the standard 12-ounce "export" shape, to make for uniformity in packaging.

We just got a wire asking: "When can you give us larger quantities of National Premium?" And we replied: "After we have won the war! The more we both do to hasten "V" day the sooner we can ship you more National Premium."

Right now, we're thinking not of how much we can brew---but how well---while still doing business "at the same old stand."

Sincerely yours,
THE NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY

lightning. They are much swifter than their larger cousins, the lions and tigers, and they always leave the ground in a leap when they attack. They are so innately mean that if a mistake is made and the wrong two are put in the same den at night, one will be dead in the morning. And for some unknown reason, unless it could be a color complex, the black leopard is the most savage of all the panther tribe.

But before his act is over, Court brings out—makes one see—a cuteness and gentleness—almost a harmless playfulness in these jungle killers that isn't even there. It is like a mirage. The savagery is there but you see only gentleness and sweetness. It is his way.

Court moves briskly about his animals, whip cracking expertly as he gives them their cues, deftly parrying their feints and bluffs with his stick, always calm and cool, carrying on an incessant flow of conversation with them—calling them by name as he jibes them—corrects them—cautions them, scolds them—and rewards them.

If one gets mixed up in the routine, maybe misses a cue or forgets and becomes panicky, Court does not press and drive the animal on, showing it up before all of the others. To do that is taking a chance on hopelessly confusing it and possibly disrupting the entire act. Instead, he sends the erring one back to its pedestal and gives the cue again for a fresh start.

A black jaguar slips off his pedestal and wanders about the arena. "Negus!" shouts the Frenchman. "Get back there!" And as always the black one is back sitting on his pedestal just one jump ahead of the cracking whip. The trainer turns his attention elsewhere. The mischievous jaguar boxes the ears of the spotted leopard on the next pedestal. "Negus!" cries the Frenchman, again scolding the culprit with a flick of the whip.

But already the bad boy of the troupe has straightened up on his pedestal with an innocent expression on his black, murderous countenance. "Never mind, Peorius!" Court reassures the other with a soothing pat on the head with his stick. "I won't let him hurt you!"

It is now an established certainty that enemy agents have been landed on our shores from submarines. The sugar shortage has enabled us to watch our waistline but not our entire coastline.

Somehow Negus reminds one of "Dopey" in Walt Disney's *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. Like "Dopey," he seems always on the point of stealing the show yet he has hardly anything to do. Only the see-saw stunt, he being the motivating force (jaguar power) that takes the golden spotted Champion and Nancy for a bouncing. But somehow he always manages to be in the limelight and up to some petty devilment without ever really being caught in time to get punished. No animal in the troupe takes such liberties with his master's patience as Negus does and what is more he has the clever faculty of getting away with it. One wonders why Court doesn't put a dunce cap on him or dress him as a clown.

Negus and his mate, ZuGu, are the only two black jaguars in captivity. And when the black members of the cast are dismissed from the arena, they scoot hell-bent for the exit. That is, all but Negus. He walks off the scene taking his own good time. ZuGu waits at the gate for him. Then the two go through the runway, side by side, to their den.

"Debout! Debout!" cries the Frenchman to make his animals sit up on their haunches to the twirling whip. Taboo, the golden spotted killer of killers, slides off his pedestal and cringes against the iron bars of the arena. "Taboo!" comes the soothing musical voice and the whip reaches out and falls gently on the confused leopard's back. "Ah! Ah! Ah! Don't get nervous! Don't you know where you are?" The leopard which killed the valuable snow leopard, Doutchka, a year ago and would kill any in the lot except one, scrambles back to his pedestal and the stick reaches over and strokes his head.

Another leopard pauses before springing to its place and looks at the master as if debating whether to obey the cue or not. Maybe this is the time to challenge the man's authority over him. This fellow is the den mate of Taboo, the killer. "Allez tout de suite, Champion!" cries the Frenchman with a crack of his whip. And the temperamental actor jumps to his place without further ado. In another minute, Court is walking around the arena with Champion draped around his shoulder like a neckpiece.

And when the tableaus are set and each snarling animal posing to perfection in a flood of accentuating light, a storm of appreciative applause bursts out. Not for the man—nor the courage he has displayed. But for the performance of the animals. The man twirling his whip is forgotten. He has, by the sheer power of his greatness, withdrawn himself from the scene to present his art lacking human domination.

Most American trainers proudly boast of their scars and narrow escapes in battles with their fierce jungle protégés. But not Alfred Court. Not that he hasn't plenty to show for his twenty-five years in the big cage, but to him a scar

Continued on page 164

O. SOGLOW

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They Do It for Meat

Continued from pages 84-163

is a disgrace—something not to be talked of. He considers it a sign of failure in the training if an animal attacks. And yet at first they all attack. And with murderous intent.

Sonja, the golden spotted leopard that sits at the topmost point of the highest pyramid and pumps his paws up and down so cutely and then comes down and rears before Court, front paws resting on the man's chest, head pressed close to be scratched and patted while receiving a piece of meat before being discharged from the arena to its den, is the same vicious beast that wouldn't permit Court within four feet of its cage a few years ago. Then he was nature's darling, fresh from the jungle. Today, he is an example of the Court technique of training wild animals. And the pet of the panther act.

Like all new leopards, when Sonja first came to Court he was left in the exhibition den where he could see the other animals and get used to the new surroundings. During this probationary period, Court quietly wooed his confidence, talking with him in a soft sympathetic voice, always calling the new one by name. It was Sonja this and Sonja that. Pretty soon the name began to register with the animal and it began to take notice when he spoke. Court then tempted it with a piece of raw meat on the end of a stick. Sonja fought the stick savagely, with claws and fangs, chewing it to splinters. Gradually the leopard learned to take the meat and not to fight the stick. Then Court began rubbing its nose and scratching its head with the end of it.

From there on it was more than a month before Sonja finally permitted Court to pet him, substituting his hand for the pole. Even then, he was the only person who could take such a liberty and still retain his hand. Court's stenographer had enviously watched him pet this beautiful leopard through the bars one day and concluded she could do it, too. Death was her portion. Oddly enough, it was her business to write the signs each week warning people to keep away from the cages.

The next step in the education of Sonja was to get him used to the delivery-run or tunnel-like, steel-barred passageway between his exhibition cage and the performing arena. Sometimes new animals will go into the run of their own volition but not very often. Sonja had to be lassoed and dragged in fighting.

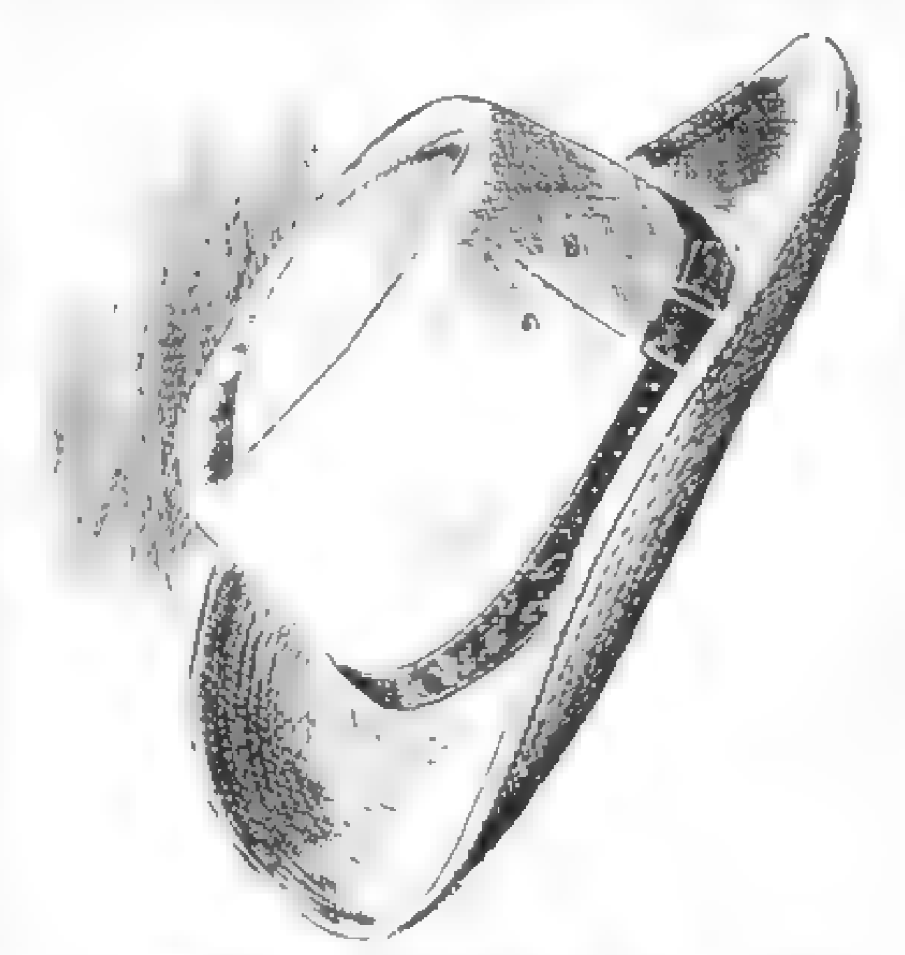
This went on for several days, each time the animal being allowed the run of the delivery chute until it became familiar with it and was no longer afraid to enter.

Sonja was now ready for the big cage. But it took four men two hours to rope and bind the raging leopard against the bars of his den so a collar could be put around his neck. For hours thereafter, he worked frantically, trying to get the wide leather neck piece off. Frustrated in this, he sulked in a corner for two days, glaring his hatred and anger for the soft-spoken man who had perpetrated the offense. (Two leopards in the same cage at night will eat up each other's collars by morning, leaving nothing but the metal buckle.)

At last the door to the big cage was opened. Two ropes had been attached to Sonja's collar, one being passed under the left foreleg to throw the animal off balance when it attacked. Court held one rope and his assistant held the other one at right angles. Sonja was persuaded to enter the big cage.

Like a shot, he slithered across the arena, spread himself like a flying squirrel and leaped savagely for Court's face—fangs flashing; claws slashing. The man countered with a barrage of blows from his stick. The infuriated beast grabbed it in his fangs. The whip lashed out. "Sonja! Sonja! Sonja!" pleaded the man. And the snarling spotted devil was yanked back by the rope in the assistant's hand. The first flurry was over in a flash.

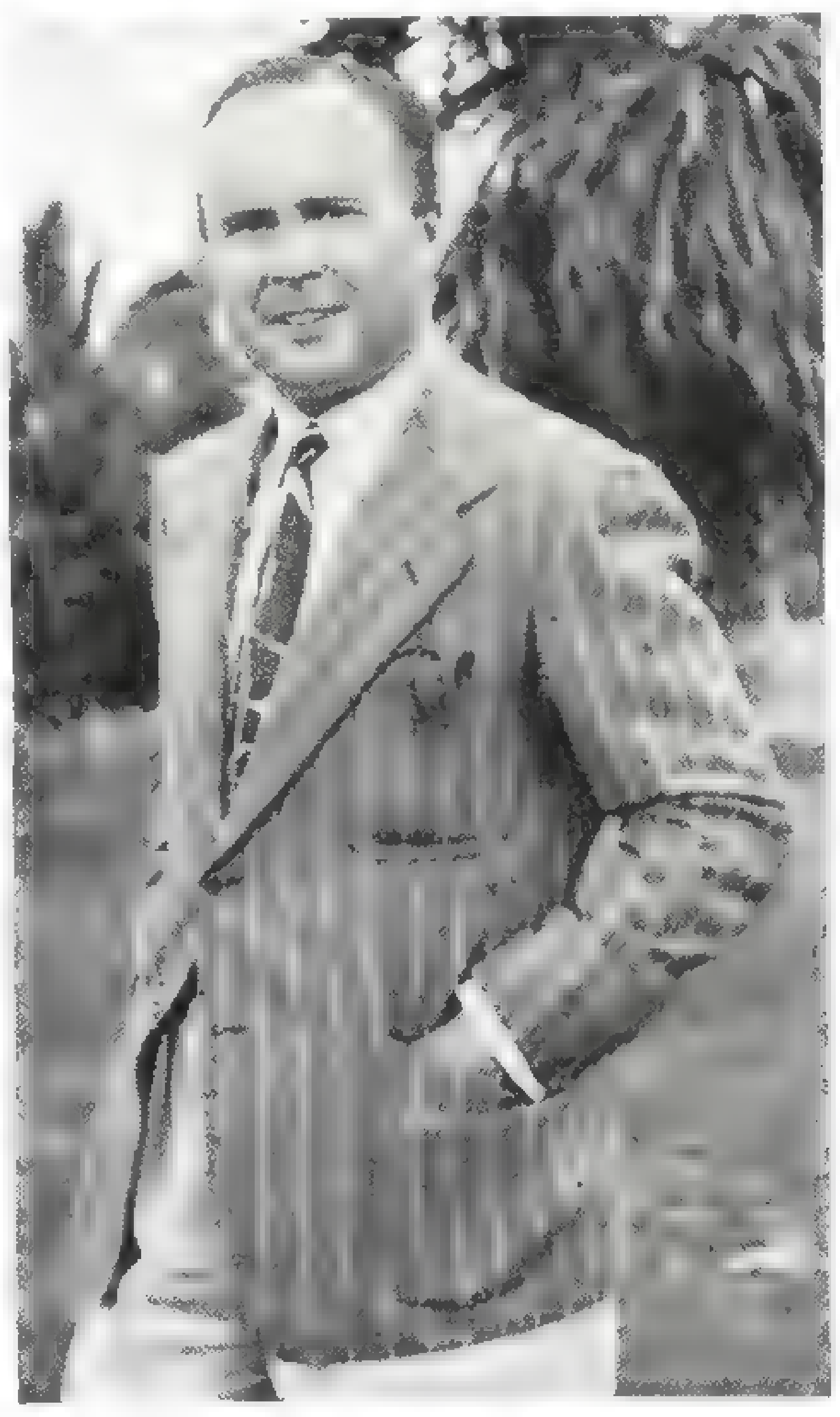
Coolly Court instructed his nervous assistant to give the rope more play, let the animal get closer to him on the next round. Then he kept up a running conversation with the animal trying to pacify it—calm it down. But again and again the savage beast charged and sailed at Court with the fury of forked lightning, striking closer each time. And again and again it met with a blitz of blows and a flow of soft spoken advice and was yanked back without hooking its claws into the man. Finally discouraged after these repeated failures at murder, Sonja turned his insane wrath and vengeance on that stick, taking no notice of the man. It had suddenly dawned on him that it wasn't the man that was hurting him every time he attacked. It was that stick. Once more Court had accomplished the most important phase of his training technique. He had deflected the animal's enmity and hatred from himself to the stick, a tough unbreakable cane about the length



A western fashion for resort wear. This tan cotton hat with leather band is patterned after the model worn by cowboys.

and size of a broom handle, much better able to take it than he.

Soon exhausted and willing to call it quits, Sonja was then driven by cracking whip and prodding stick toward a pedestal—the seat he would occupy every time he entered that iron fenced arena. That pedestal was a safe refuge and always would be from the rain of blows and the cracking whip. For getting up on it, Sonja was rewarded with a "Bravo, Sonja! Bravo!" a hunk of meat and a gentle pat on the head with the end of that very same stick.


Splash designs of foulard ties keep on gaining in popularity.

For many days, nothing more is required of a new leopard after it has learned to take its seat. It merely enters the big cage, either takes its seat willingly or is persuaded to do so and is chained to the iron bars so it cannot get down until the trainer is ready to send it back to its den. From this seat it nurses its pride; watches the other animals go through their paces; becomes familiar with the routine of the big cage; and learns to know its master.

Court wanted to follow this formula in breaking a Kodiak cub (a valuable hunk of bear meat incidentally) to one of his mixed groups of large animals. So the animals were brought out one morning in Madison Square Garden for a rehearsal to give this young bear his first lesson in the big cage. The lions, tiger, polar bears and the Himalayan came out and took their places in good order. But Sam, the black bear, sensed the Kodiak in the box nearby as he came through the runway. Fear struck him! He grew panicky and wanted to run away. Either he would be killed by the lions or he would go over the top and be loose in the Garden. Court instructed his men to chain Sam to the bars. That turned out to be a herculean task. For an hour they struggled with the bear trying to chain and rope him without success. He was too quick with his paws. The lions, tiger and other bears sat patiently on their pedestals. Court looked at the clock—eleven o'clock. "Well!" he said philosophically. "If we can't do it in one hour, we'll do it in two!" The doors of the Garden opened at 12:30 for the matinee.

At a quarter to twelve, the black bear was finally roped so he couldn't get off his pedestal. Already people were at the main entrance. Now the young Kodiak was brought in and coaxed to his pedestal with sugar and a bottle of milk. Sam struggled frantically trying to get free, the bars of the big cage shaking as if it might collapse. The trainer protested to Court at having to go through the routine again. Court retorted, "You aren't doing it for me, you're doing it for the young bear!"

Nor is the new one alone in being made to sit on a pedestal. All jungle performers are kept sitting on their pedestals arranged so that they can see the trainer and he can always keep an eye on them. Thus his life is far more secure than if they are roaming about the arena, especially in the case of the cats. A cat seated on a low pedestal barely large enough to accommodate it is not in a good position to spring for attack. But a stalking bundle of jungle fury milling about on the ground is formidable indeed. And if the cat knows it is in no position to get the allimportant purchase necessary for the attack, its mind is not apt to be concentrated on an attack and is more amenable to the directions of the trainer.

Court insists on the undivided attention of all his performers every minute of the time they are in the arena. Cats are tricky and he knows that when they are not paying attention to him, they are up to some intrigue, either plotting in their feline minds against him or maybe weighing the prospects of slaying one of the bears. The least they can be doing is figuring on knocking the spots off their neighbor on the next pedestal. That is why the Frenchman occasionally cracks the whip under a cat's nose when it is sitting on its pedestal apparently doing nothing.

However, it should be remembered that Alfred Court punishes his animals only for attacking him or for fighting amongst themselves; never for failure to learn a trick quickly or for making a mistake. In this connection, there is one thing that Court stresses and requires of his staff: when an animal attacks or starts a fight, it is punished instantly. Not seconds after, but instantly. Otherwise, he contends, the animal doesn't know what it is being punished for. Court further contends that failure to correct or reward instantly is one of the principal reasons for failure (often disastrous) in training wild animals. When an animal has been punished, the incident is closed. Court will not permit a grudge. He might punish an animal for attacking him in a sudden burst of viciousness and the next minute give it a piece of meat and a friendly pat on the head with his stick for doing something it is told.

Court proves the soundness of his technique in the way he has

Continued on page 166

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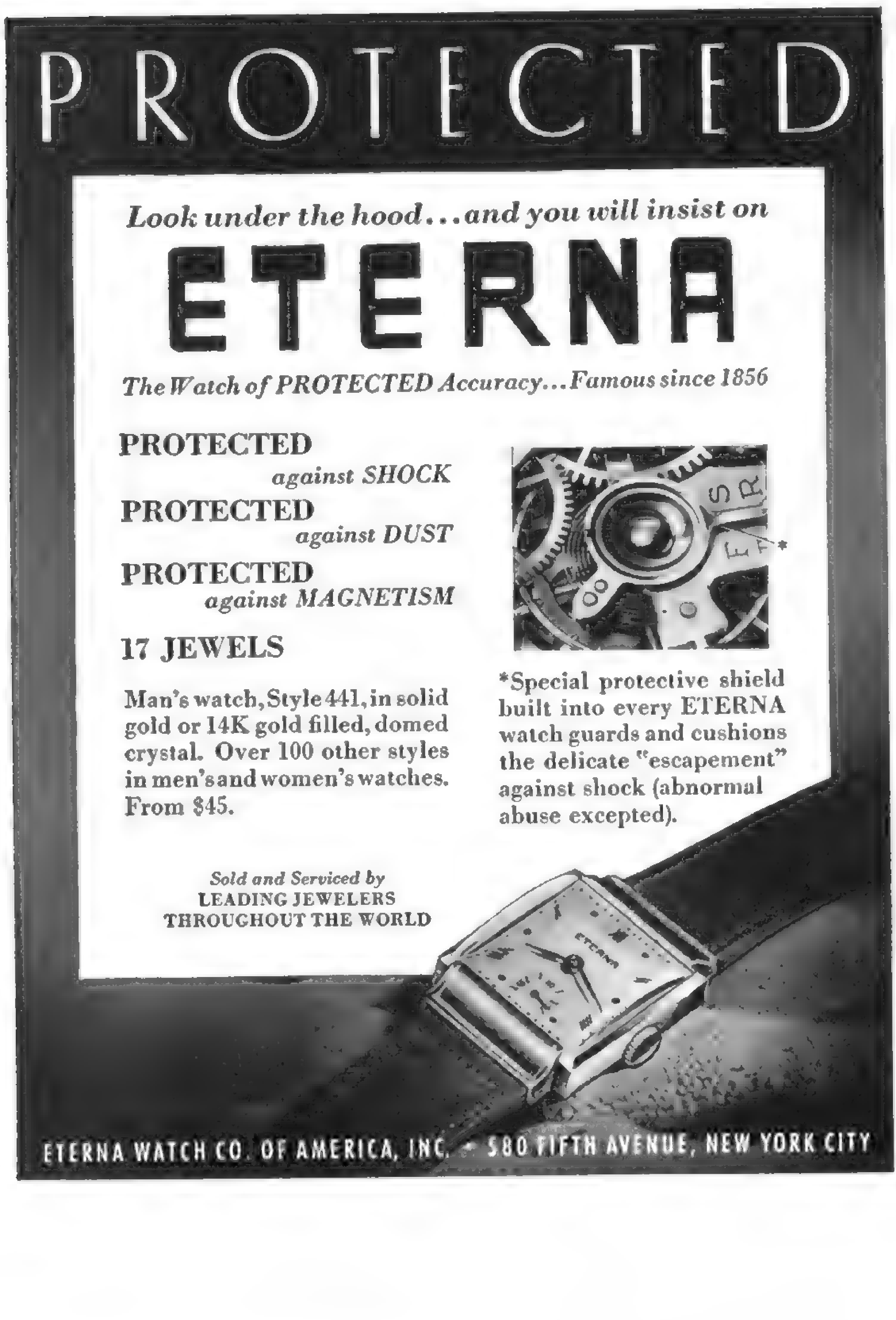
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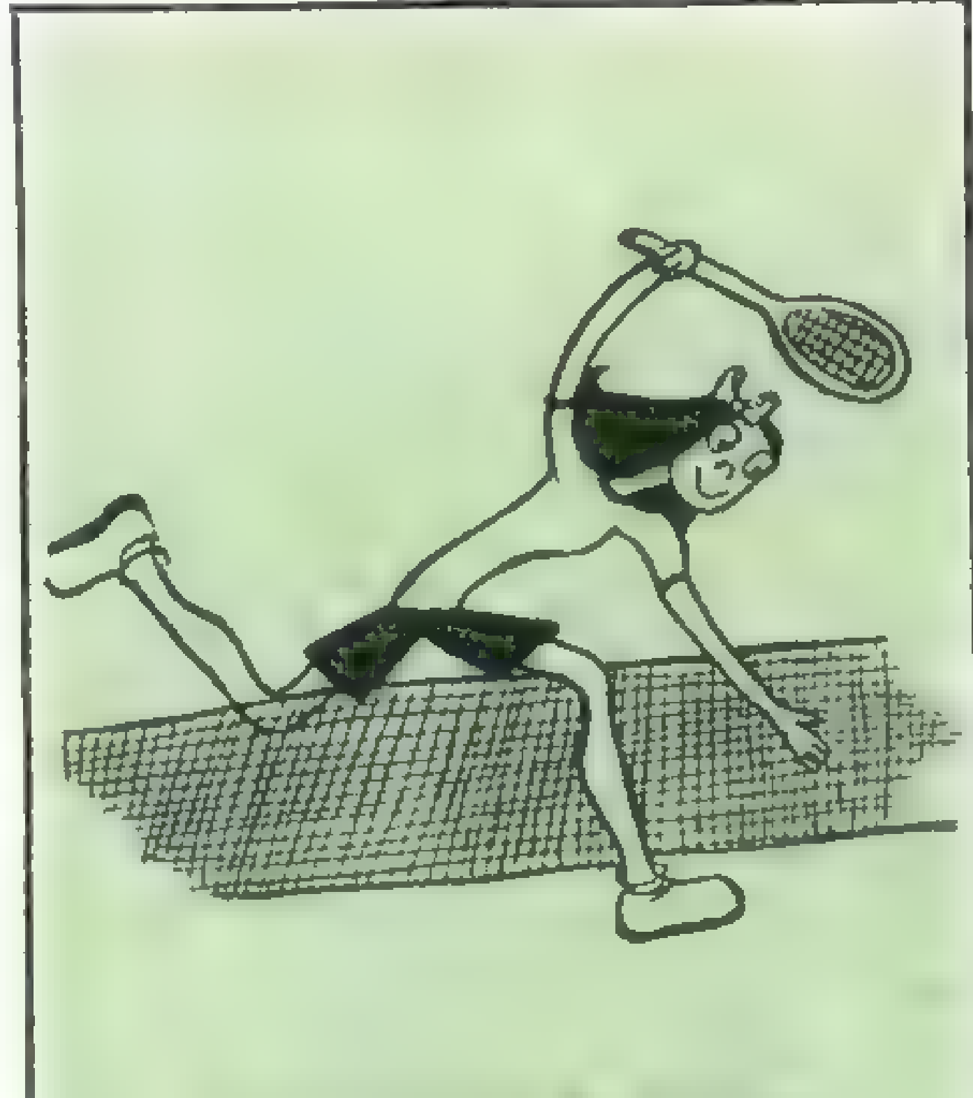
They Do It for Meat

Continued from pages 84-163-165

turned the peculiar traits of his homicidal charges into features of his act. Cats like to jump. He highlights their jumping. They like to bluff and feint. They like to stalk. They like to ponder. Court has made all of those natural characteristics part of the act.

Polar bears like to sit on one spot, preferably a cake of ice, and bow and bow to their right and left. The resourceful Frenchman has seized upon this and made it an artistic feature of the performance, a pedestal being used in place of the cake of ice.

All bears are clowns and thieves, especially the white-bibbed Himalayans. And in the act they are doing the very thing they love to do best—clowning and stealing. In short, every member of this strange company is put to doing and perfecting what it likes to do—things which are primarily a part of its makeup. Court simply teaches them to execute these feats on cue by rewarding them at each progressive step. The bears get sugar and milk; the cats meat.



Adverse Report

We tried some of those Victory tennis balls in competition with the Lucky Stiff Down The Street Who Always Beats Us, but all they brought us was Defeat as usual.

Even the things they did in an effort to kill the Frenchman have become, with few variations, the more important bits of the sensational routine. Every time the golden, spotted killer, Taboo, entered the arena, he went for Court's legs. His purpose was to trip and then to attack the man. Unable to accomplish his purpose, like others before him, the leopard went for the stick in the trainer's hand. Court teased him by moving the stick just beyond reach of the animal's jaws. Taboo twisted and rolled over, trying to grab the stick without getting up on his feet. He soon found out that every time he went for that stick in that fashion, even though he didn't get the stick, he got a hunk of meat which made the effort well worth while. Now Taboo, in spite of his "record," is one of the stars of the act—the "roll-over" leopard. The trick begins exactly as he used to attack Court, but it ends in the cat rolling over and over. The big cats will all roll when they are cubs, but to make them do it at maturity is something else again.

Whenever Bankok, the black leopard, came into the arena, at first, he leaped savagely for Court's face just as Sonja did. Now, Bankok leaps across a span fourteen feet from one pedestal to another while Court stands underneath, his upraised hand charting the course of the jump. Court has turned the black leopard's leaping into a neat trick. How? By not sparing the rod and spoiling the leopard. Every time Bankok attacked Court, he got a thumping from the stick until the beast concluded it didn't exactly pay. Then Court enticed him up the pyramid pedestal by pedestal with meat always held out as a reward. The first jump was nothing more than a step. Then little by little it was increased until the present span, which is the capacity of the animal, was reached. But one can look at that magnificent black body going through the air with the greatest of ease and decide that, like the "man on the flying trapeze," he does not do it for fun; he does it for meat.

A rehearsal of the "panther act" is strictly an informal affair. They are held only to smooth out kinks that might develop from time to time during performances. Ordinarily two shows a day keeps an act running smoothly except for individual instances where an animal might become careless or sloppy in its performance or maybe take too much liberty with the trainer in public—or even a tendency toward too much fighting develops. Then they are brought out in the morning to get straightened out. The informality is set off at the outset by Court making his entrance dressed in plain khaki trousers, a colorful plaid shirt open at the throat and a scarf around his neck, instead of his usual natty white tropical uniform. The tenseness of a regular performance is absent. But an enthusiastic audience of circus employees always gather around the big cage to watch a rehearsal.

The animals come in one by one, all seeming bent on feeling their master out. Some stop in the middle of the arena on the way to their pedestals to roll and play in the shavings. Others deliberately go to the wrong pedestal just to tempt the whip. As each takes its seat, Court goes over and visits with it while waiting for the next one to come in. He spends a lot of time with Puppet, petting her and talking to her as if she were an ordinary house cat. And she answers him back word for word.

Meat is dispensed freely in a rehearsal to those performers for whose benefit it is being staged. The others sit on their pedestals and watch and try in their various ways to beguile a stray piece of meat in their direction. Sonja spends nearly the entire rehearsal period sitting on his haunches, his paws pumping up and down, begging—hoping for his cue. Because a cue at rehearsal invariably means a piece of meat. Champion wonders whether he is going to be called for a ride on his master's neck, and is all ready. Court must be careful or else Taboo will be at his feet rolling over just for the hell of it and a hunk of meat. Poor Negus, discouraged at not having been summoned for his see-saw stint, takes matters in his own hands, gets off his pedestal where he has been sitting more patiently than he has ever done in a performance, and solemnly walks across the arena to where the see-saw ought to be and waits. At rehearsal, everyone seems to have a good time—and Court is no exception.

Nor is Court's training philosophy confined to his animals alone. He is as exacting with himself and his staff as he is with his animals. They must be expert and stay expert in the use of the whip and the stick. Those are the only instruments used in either the training or the working of these animals. A chair can be used only in the case of the big cats that don't leave the ground when they attack. It wouldn't be effective with the panthers. They would go under it or over it. On the other hand, ropes could not be used on the lions and tigers. They are much too big and strong to be controlled by ropes as is done in the case of leopards. But the chair, to Court, is an old-fashioned and clumsy method of working animals. And the pistol is cruel. The constant firing of a blank charge in an animal's face eventually blinds it. Court uses neither the chair nor the pistol.

The mesh panama straw hat is worn with a Sandune Shetland jacket and brown flannel slacks.

His corps of assistants rehearse themselves in the big cage, often without any of the animals being present, for footwork perfection and split-second timing. The animals get to anticipate their cues by the props and the music and may already be in motion if the trainer is slow in setting a prop in place. Confusion is the result. If the floor of the arena were covered with snow instead of shavings, it would be seen that in performance after performance, the trainer's footsteps would fall in the same tracks.

He must study the exact path each animal takes in going through its routine and he carefully rehearses himself to avoid getting in the animal's way. If he should, the animal will stop, become confused and the trick is spoiled. Every movement of the trainer in the big cage must follow the movement of the animals.

Jungle actors and actresses of the Court Company know their parts so well, they will carry a strange trainer through one performance on their own—provided that is, he stands still and keeps out of their way. In the next performance, however, they will take advantage of his inability to direct them and the act will go to pieces. If an animal makes a mistake in a performance, and it cannot be corrected immediately, unless corrected by an intervening rehearsal, it will make the very same mistake in the next performance.

Court knows each one of his seventy-five animals by name. To the onlooker, a lion is a lion, a tiger a tiger, a bear a bear and a leopard a leopard. But to Court each is an individual personality that he knows intimately. And no matter where they are—how they might be shifted around, he can instantly identify each by name.

"I study each animal individually and then I go at them as though I were carrying a bunch of keys," explains the master trainer. "Each animal is different and will respond to the right key if I can find it. No two are alike—either animals or keys."

Strangely, the key to peace and harmony in one Court group is the oldest, thinnest and least impressive actor in the whole troupe: Suzette, a leopard that plays a mere "bit" part. All that is expected of her is to lie down with the others in the "lay down" trick. But Suzette consistently refuses. To make her do it, Court has to use the lasso and drag her down into place. "She is not good to look at and I think she is—what you say 'whacky' in the head, but if I take her out of the act, I must lose two good leopards as well!"

Why? Because, for some reason, this old leopard's presence during a performance maintains an armistice between two leopards that hate each other. Whenever Court has removed Suzette for a performance, the act has threatened to go to pieces in a knock-down-drag-out battle precipitated by the enemy leopards.

There is the affair of Button

Continued on page 168

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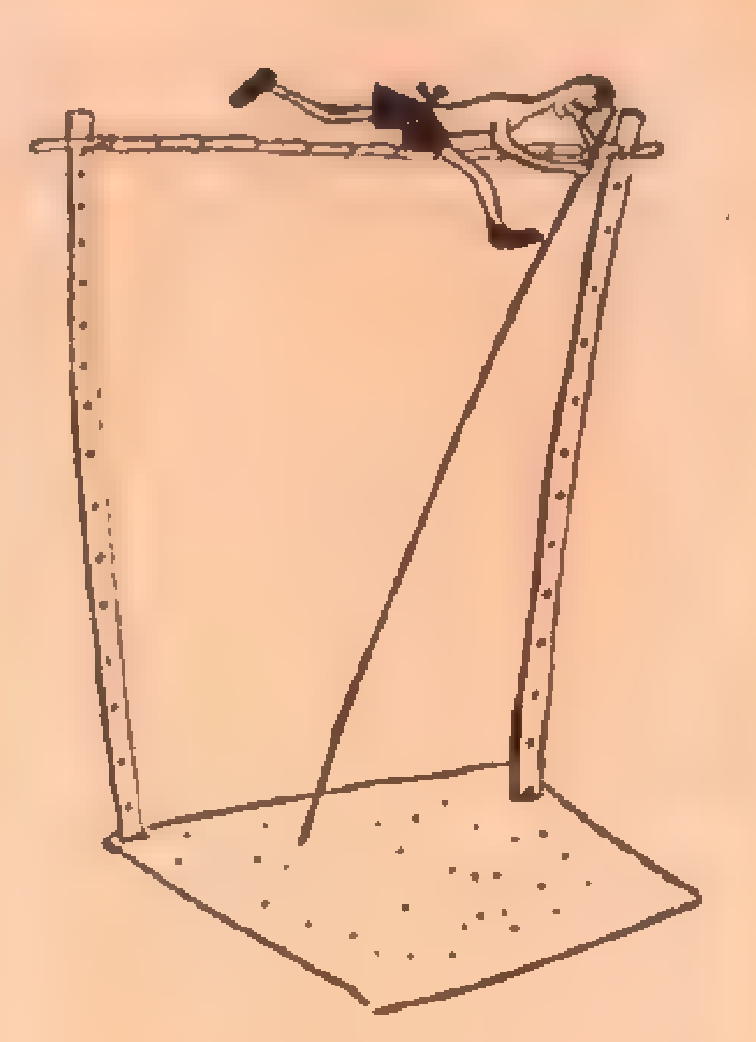
They Do It for Meat

Continued from pages 84-163-165-167

and Bombay which poses an intriguing sociological problem and which hangs like a cloud over the troupe of the first cage as a constant threat to the peace and morale. Bombay is the magnificent Bengal tiger starring in that cage. He is the son of Rajah, mentioned before, but so far has displayed none of his father's murderous temperament. Button is one of the supporting cast of black-maned Abyssinian lions.



Dim Dolly, on hearing that Warmerdam is constantly jumping fifteen feet, says he must be awfully nervous.

Theirs is purely a platonic romance, but it is so deep and fraught with such violence, it must be reckoned with in the working and handling of that mixed group.

Bombay has a solo part, the climax of the act, after all the other animals have been discharged to their dens. Button insists on waiting back in the runway for the tiger to come through. But if another lion should ever come through between him and the tiger, there would be murder in the runway. To prevent just such a tragedy, every lion is discharged to his den ahead of Button. In the menagerie, Bombay's den must at all times be placed where the lion cannot see him, otherwise the lion will work himself to such a jealous savagery that he will kill not only the other lions but the trainer the minute he gets a chance. After each performance, where the lion has had an opportunity to be near the tiger, it is necessary to keep him by himself, sometimes for as long as three hours, until it is safe to place him with the group again. To remove Button from the act would not only be removing a dependable performer but Bombay would then refuse to work.

On account of the tiger's amazing fondness for lions, which is much more than just a mere toleration born of training, Bombay has been mated to Lady, a lioness, in a legitimate romance which Button is unaware of.

Then there is Hero. This lion is devoted to Court. He will follow the man around like a faithful dog, fawning over him and licking his hand and face. At the mere sound of Court's voice Hero goes into an ecstasy of emotion, rolling and purring like a playful kitten. Court had been separated for over a year from this group one time and, on rejoining, happened to be talking with one of his men in back of the wagon cages which were covered over with a heavy canvas tarpaulin preparatory to traveling. Hero suddenly recognized his master's voice and set up such a roar and commotion the start had to be delayed while the canvas was raised so the lion could shower the man with affection.

If Court works the group of which Hero is a member, the lion comes off his pedestal and insists on standing at Court's side during the entire performance. Court has to get severe with him and continually drive him back.

Booby is a totally different character and a totally different problem. The very appearance of Court anywhere around his cage and this lion goes into a fierce, hateful tantrum. Strangers can pass his cage in safety. He is quiet and dignified and pays no attention to anyone. But let Court come around and all the jungle fury packed in that tawny hide breaks loose. Inwardly Court treats it as a joke. Outwardly he accepts this fellow on the lion's own basis of friendship. They glare and snarl at each other through the bars, each trying to outdo the other in viciousness. If Court passes the arena during a performance, Booby almost breaks up the act trying to get at Court and slash him through the bars.

But work time in the big cage is a different story. Confronted by Court's stern ringing voice shouting "Booby!" and a cracking whip as he makes his entrance, the lion becomes the actor, every inch of him. All semblance of his true disposition has been left back in his "dressing room."

The same fierce individualism applies to the small cats as is the case with Muneca and Macao, two black leopards, the meanest and most vicious of the entire troupe and the hardest to work. Yet they were born in captivity and practically raised by hand.

Bankok and Neguta, the other two black leopards in this group, the first the star of the jump trick and the second the one that does the bottle walking stint, were captured in traps at an adult age. Still they took kindly to training and are among the most valuable of the menage.

The real disposition of animals often is not interpreted correctly by the spectator. It is hard for the person in the grandstand to tell which beasts the trainer trusts least. Often a raging giant of the African veldt, allowing for the endemic certainty that at one time or another he will be a problem child, is good-natured in the main and enjoys acting the part of the villain. Next to him may be an apparently placid, well-mannered animal which never kicks up enough fuss to be noticed by the spectator but which is the private bugaboo of the trainer. Court knows from experience that this beast will be at his throat every time it figures the odds may be in its favor.

But Court has never let an animal show him up. When he has been attacked and stands torn and bleeding, he fights as savagely as the cats themselves. "Never retreat in the big cage! C'est fatale!" he holds.

The result is that there is no "contempt of Court" in the tall steel-barred arena. The master trainer of all time has fought it out and bested every single beast, be it large or small, that ever decided the time was ripe to test his metal.

Nor is there any contempt of Court outside the tall steel-barred arena especially if one or more of the big cats is on the loose. But here the scene changes abruptly and the Frenchman's problem becomes complicated. Now he must handle people for the benefit of his jungle charges.

Ten lions and two tigers got loose one night while Court's circus was playing a city in Northern France. An excited crowd headed by the Mayor rushed madly up to Court.

"What are you going to do about this?" demanded the excited Mayor.

"Me!" replied Court looking over the crowd. "I go to bed!"

"You what?" bellowed the Mayor.

"I go to bed!" repeated Court, turning away. "You've got guns. And guns mean shooting! And I don't like to see people killed!"

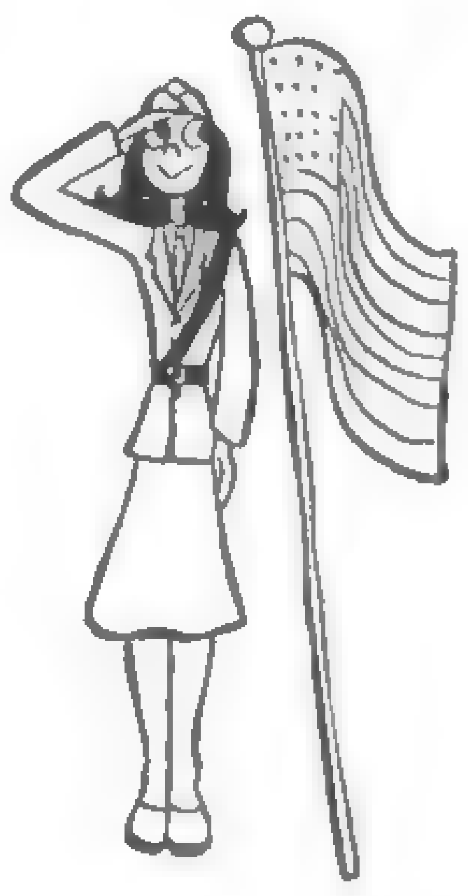
"Well, what do you suggest?" asked His Infuriated Honor sarcastically.

"*You* all go to bed. Leave the lights in the town on. And I'll get the lions!" Court rounded them all up, too. And without a single casualty.

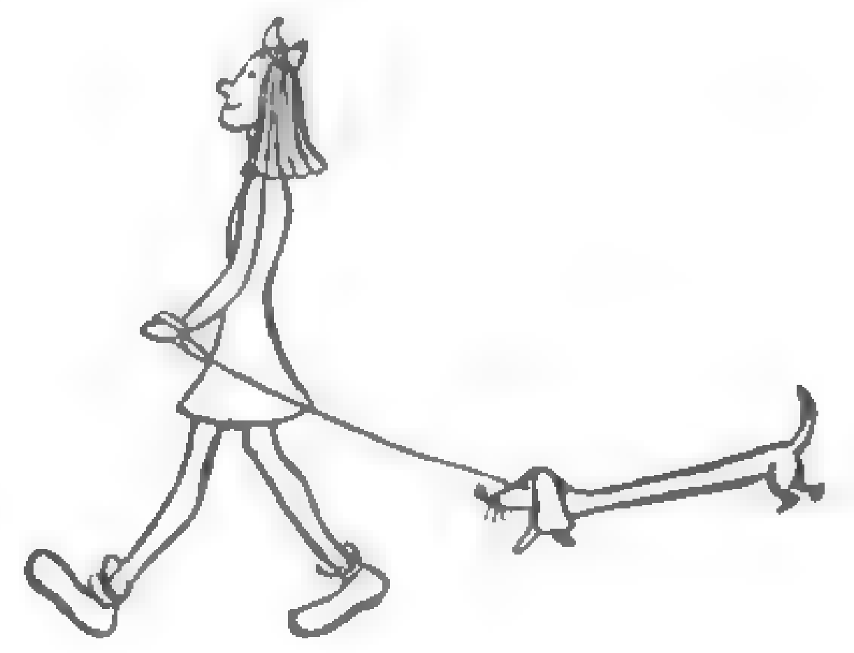
The last night of the circus at Madison Square Garden was not dissimilar except no lions got away. The animals were going through their routine for the last time. The steel-barred runway ran directly through the stage door, across the sidewalk and up into the parked wagon cages. A curious crowd had formed on each side of the runway. One of New York's finest barged through the crowd and wanged his "billy" on the steel bars of the runway. "Hey! You can't block up the sidewalk like this!" he blustered. "Get this thing away from here and let these people through!"

"All right!" agreed Court with his most affable smile. "We'll break it here—and hope the leopards jump from the stage door to the wagon!"

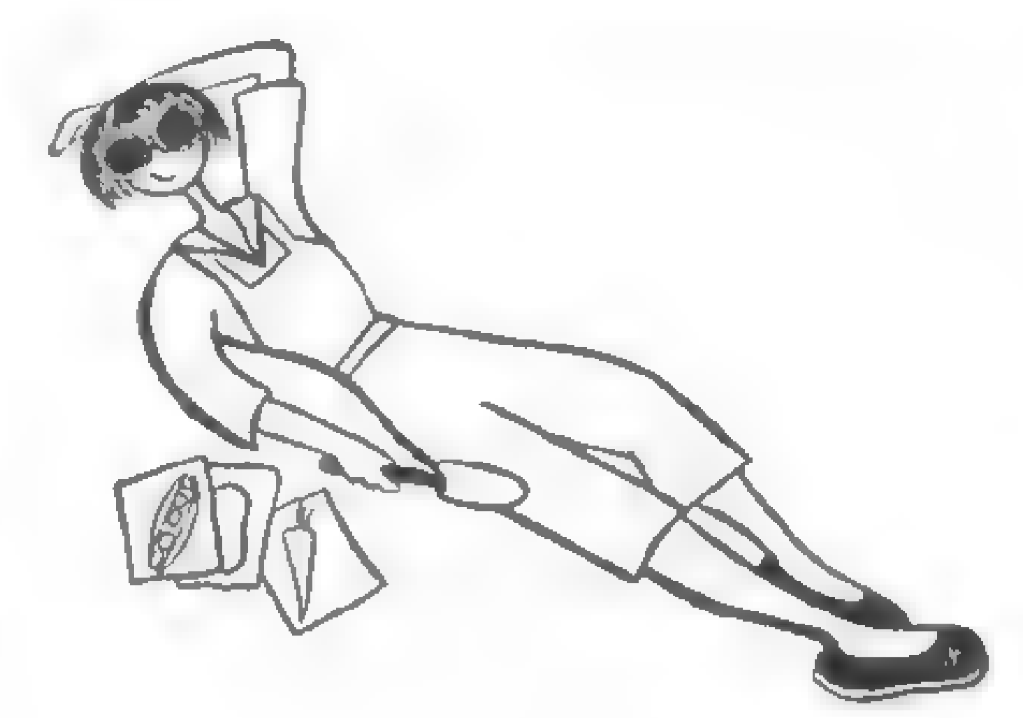
At that instant the first leopard came running through on his way to the wagon. The cop looked at the animal and then at the little Frenchman. He pushed back his cap—mopped his brow. "Aw, you circus guys!" he muttered as he turned away. "You get away with moider!" ⌗



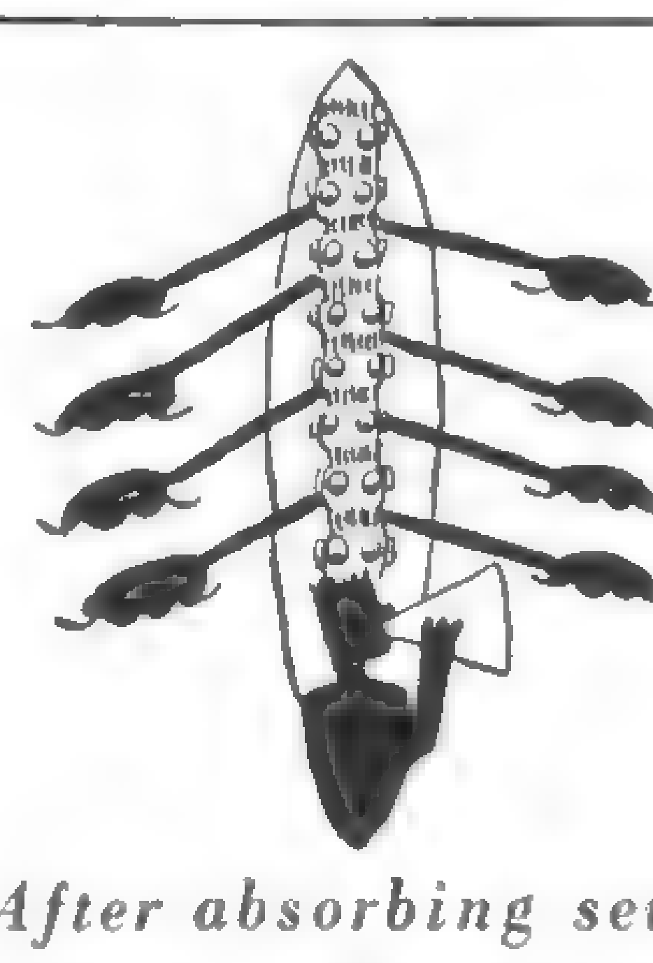
A much-needed job in Washington is CWVU—Coordinator of Women's Volunteer Uniforms.



With the gas and tire shortages, and bicycles and other means of transportation none too plentiful, America must be prepared to win this war in a walk.



One out of ten amateur gardeners (we estimate) is now putting up surplus vegetables for the winter. The other nine will have to be content as usual with putting up excuses.



After absorbing seven straight wallopings from Harvard, Yale will probably abandon crew for the duration. Who says nobody benefits from war?

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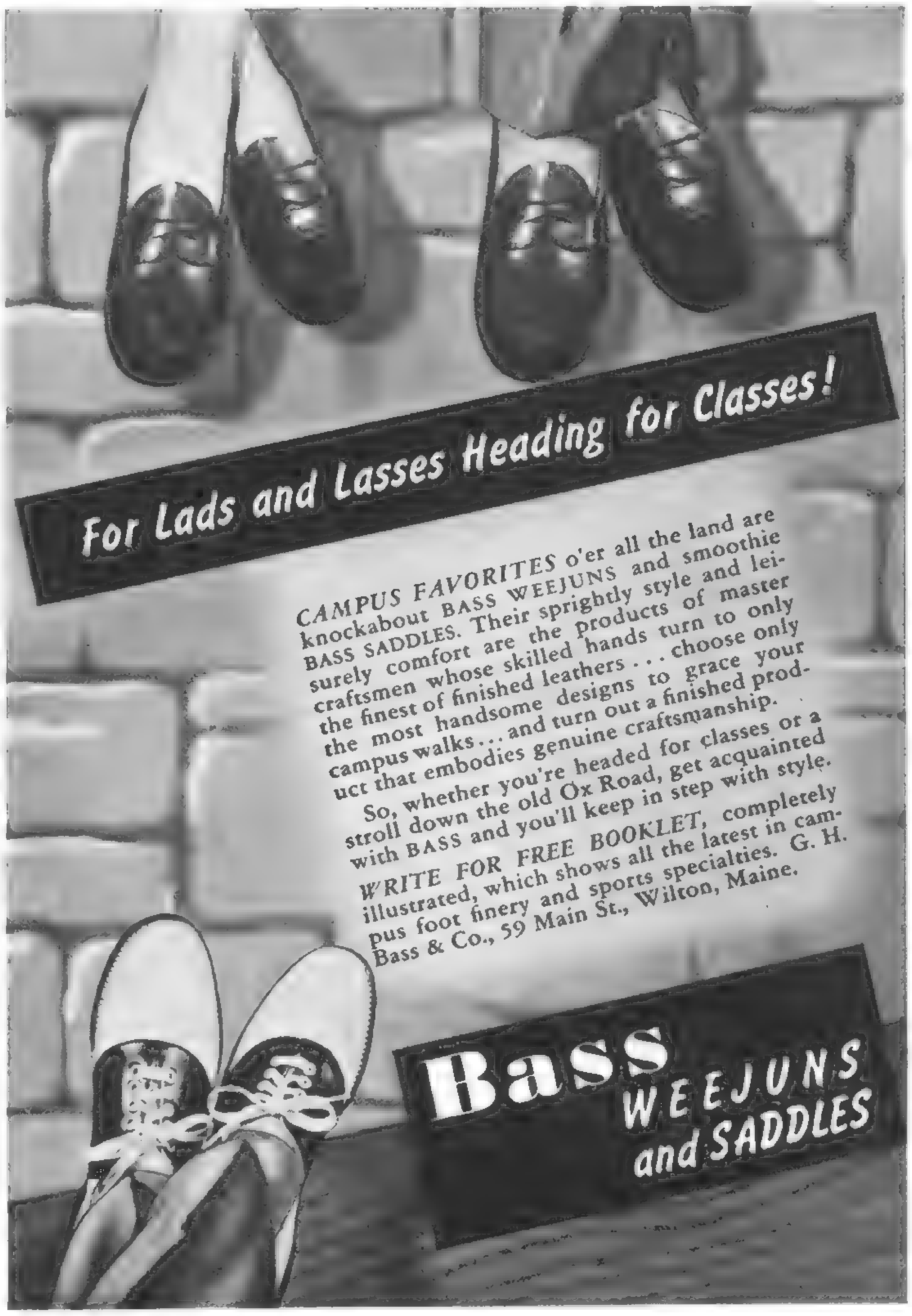
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Lifeboats That Really Save Lives

Continued from page 33

an emphatic thumbs-down on hardtack last year.

"Shipwreck survivors," they said, "after a few days and especially with limited water, lack the strength to masticate the old style sea biscuit."

A panel of nutrition experts was set to work bringing specifications for emergency lifeboat grub up to date. On their recommendation every American and British lifeboat was allotted new type rations a few months ago.

Instead of hardtack, lifeboat supplies of 1942 include a new type of softer, more nutritive, vitamin-fortified biscuit, forty eight to the pound, and packed in air and moisture-proof containers. Even a toothless sailor could munch it.

A pemmican ration for lifeboat use was also developed. This compressed form of pounded sugars, fats, and meat, first invented by American Indians and later improved by Arctic explorers, keeps indefinitely. A single ounce swallowed slowly with water will satisfy the eater almost as much as the average seven course meal!

Chocolate has always been recognized as a concentrated, high-energy food especially when made with "invert" sugar. Chocolate squares, five to the ounce, in waterproof packages and of a special non-thirst producing type, make up the third item on a lifeboat bill of fare. The last course consists of milk-powder tablets to be placed on the tongue and allowed to dissolve slowly. Each self-opening one-pound tin consists of twenty packets of nine wrapped tablets each. They add essential nutrients to the diet and make unnecessary the clumsy, hard to ration, thirst-producing condensed milk cans formerly supplied.

Fourteen ounces of each of the four items must be provided for every person the lifeboat is certified to carry. The daily ration is determined by the officer commanding the lifeboat, who supervises the issuing of provisions and guards against pilferage and waste. Rationing is carried out with the possibility of being adrift for an extended period.

Happily the era of thirty, sixty, and ninety-day lifeboat voyages has become a part of the maritime Middle Ages. The use of aircraft for speedy locating gives the shipwrecked sailor hardly enough time to grow a respectably unkempt beard before he is rescued.

Lifeboats of today even carry equipment to cope with leaks caused by machine-gun bullet holes. A sack of soft wood plugs, 3 inches long and tapering from ¼ inch to ¾ inch in diameter, is kept handy with a hammer to drive them home. Recently a freighter's lifeboat limped into an East Coast port bristling with plugged bullet holes in her air and water tanks and along one side.

Why not invent a portable distilling apparatus to render sea water fit to drink?

Dozens of suggestions along these lines have been submitted by patriotic inventors but so far none has been completely satisfactory. The fuel for distillation, plus the mechanism itself, takes up more space than the amount of water which can be produced. Devices using the heat of the sun work too slowly.

Others work in a laboratory but do not perform satisfactorily in a pitching sea. A practical salt-water still for lifeboat use has yet to be demonstrated.

Hawaiian prints in beach shorts have good acceptance.

Where inventive genius has done wonders is in the improvement of davits—the apparatus by which lifeboats are lowered to the water. Keeping a lifeboat afloat in a nasty sea calls for superlative knowledge of small boat handling, but getting it there from the sloping deck of a sinking ship is a thousand times harder. Under new safety rules American vessels carry their lifeboats in the outboard position permanently ready for split second lowering when at sea. Tarpaulins are removed and halliards and disengaging apparatus made ready for instant use. Moreover American Liberty Ships carry sufficient lifeboats on both port and starboard sides so that either set will accommodate the entire crew. Even if the vessel has a pronounced list during sinking at least half the lifeboats will hang free over the water.

Most new ships, however, are being constructed with improved davits which permit lifeboats to be launched regardless of the list of the ship. "Skates," which cradle the lifeboat during its de-

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scent, permit it to travel on rollers down the inclined side of the vessel and drop free as soon as the water is reached. The British have likewise developed an improved davit with extensible arms which permit launchings except when the vessel is listing heavily. Oddly enough, although Japanese ships have hopelessly inadequate lifeboat launching apparatus the standard treatise on lifeboat davits used by naval architects was written by a Japanese, U. Yanaga.

The equipment stowed in a modern lifeboat would be enough to set up housekeeping on a desert island. There are bailers, buckets and a hand-operated bilge pump; a magnetic non-freezing, liquid, compass in a suitable box; at least twelve red distress flares in a watertight metal case; a sailmaker's kit containing everything needed to make repairs in canvas. . . . Nothing is loose. Every item is lashed into place and must be cut free with one of the knives or hatchets in either end of the boat, held by strong lanyards.

We've barely begun to inventory lifeboat equipment. In addition to oars, spare engine parts and a supply of fuel in the larger auxiliary-powered types, all lifeboats carry at least one mast and a complete suit of sails. A four-cylinder engine and twenty gallons of gasoline will push a small lifeboat 150 sea miles—enough to ride out a storm, overtake a passing ship on the horizon, or reach well-traveled sea lanes where rescue will be certain. With all sails set, fair winds, and a good helmsman, however, a lifeboat can make a two thousand mile jaunt without difficulty and sail into port under its own power.

Lifeboats also carry oil lamps with spare wicks and extra fuel so that the steersman can see his compass at night; complete first-aid kits as well as a gallon of massage oil and a manual of treatment are aboard; a set of pilot charts of the waters generally navigated is stored in a chart tube; there are electric pocket torches with extra batteries, matches in waterproof containers, signal flags, at least six woolen blankets in oilskin covers, a drogue or sea anchor together with its perforated oil bag and a supply of storm oil used in riding out breakers which might swamp the lifeboat. All this gear is a mariner's assurance of a better than even break if and when the "abandon ship" order comes.

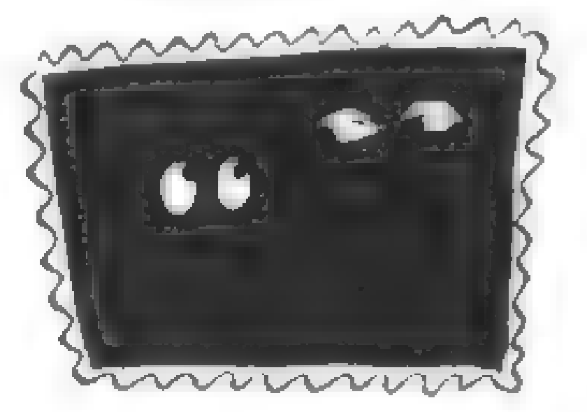
Tankers, with inflammable cargoes, posed special problems for maritime safety experts. Their lifeboats are metallic and equipped with asbestos shields to protect the crew in a sea of burning oil.

In peace time more than one sailor owed his life to the calcium self-igniting water lights which were attached to life rings and released by the touch of a button at the first cry of "Man overboard." Nowadays these same lights can be agents of destruction when they set the sea around a sinking tanker afire. Electric ones have been installed instead.

Other regulations to promote safety at sea include an order that lifeboat sails be either red or chrome yellow for increased visibility from the air or at sea. Moreover old-fashioned cork-slab life-vests have been deemed inadequate as protection against exposure. Instead all ocean and coastwise cargo and tanker vessels are provided with life saving coveralls for every person aboard. Based on a type of suit first used in the Norwegian merchant marine, the new American life saving suit is flexible, virtually waterproof, and remains warm even if the wearer gets a complete ducking. The rubberized garment is seamless up to the neck and has boots attached. Snug wristlets make the garment watertight, and a kapok life vest, worn under-

Continued on page 172

No, Dolly, a lady with a double chin isn't said to possess a second front.



Epitaph

He met her in a brown-out, made a pass at her in a dim-out, and now he's in a black-out.

Bananas are another commodity that is becoming scarce. Comic strip characters may be reduced to slipping on apple peels.

One of the problems, when it comes time to treat with the aggressors after the war, is what to do about the New York Yankees.

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Lifeboats That Really Save Lives

Continued from pages 33-171

neath, keeps the wearer floating upright. It makes an unbeatable cold-weather combination which sailors do not mind wearing continuously when at sea, at least in northern latitudes.

As the toll of sinkings mounts, the search for even safer lifeboats continues. Marine safety experts have had the satisfaction of seeing lifeboat mortality rate halved in a single year. But improvements are still being made. Instead of air-filled buoyancy chambers, lifeboat tanks are now stuffed with kapok fiber. They can be riddled with bullets and still keep the boat from sinking. The Liberty Ship lifeboats nearing completion in nine different plants are being made with an improved underwater contour which means greater stability. From a testing center comes word of an experimental semi-liquid lifeboat ration which may be even more nutritive than the present improved one. Nothing's too good for the men who sail our ships.

Anyone who contemplates an ocean voyage even in peacetime may suddenly find himself a lifeboat occupant. The suggestions which follow may actually save your life:

If there are several lifeboats and the weather is calm, the boats should spread out during the daytime until they are several miles apart so that rescue vessels have a better chance to observe them.

The officer in charge of the lifeboat should check the provisions and equipment as soon as possible after abandoning ship to determine its condition and the quantity that may be serviceable. He should consider all circumstances and prepare to ration water and provisions to the best advantage, bearing in mind the possibility of being adrift for an extended period of time. The rationing should begin with the first issuance of food or water. The provisions and water breakers should be shifted to the after end of the boat, stowed, and guarded to prevent pilferage. Extreme care should be exercised when issuing drinking water to account for every drop without wastage.

The emergency rations will better serve their purpose if taken several times a day in small quantities rather than if taken seldom and in larger quantities.

Drink your water ration slowly after your solid food, savoring each sip. Keep the water in your mouth for a minute or more before swallowing. Never drink sea water. Your body won't be able to eliminate the salt. Heavy rain in calm weather will afford an opportunity to replenish the water supply. Be sure that the canvas or other cloth used for catching rain water is free of salt before putting the water into breakers. The *Robin Moor* survivors broached an air tank to hold the rainwater collected.

Biscuits are best used with small amounts of the other foods. Eat slowly and chew thoroughly.

Pemmican should be eaten with biscuit and may be dissolved in water. Empty pemmican tins should be used for drinking cups to get the last speck of nourishment.

Milk tablets must be allowed to dissolve slowly on the tongue. They may also be dissolved in water.

Care of feet is an important matter since much sitting with dangling legs impedes circulation. To combat this condition, massage them frequently with the oil and keep them dry. Work with a partner and rub each other's feet well with oil to combat frostbite.

The officer in command of each lifeboat should get his company settled down without delay. In any but the finest weather, all must sit low in the boat. To maintain morale, the commander must set watches and assign each person a regular job. He must also arrange a routine for meals at which fair distribution is vital. In cold weather, exercise at the oars is valuable if not too prolonged.

In rough seas, it is essential that the boat be kept head-on to the waves. For this purpose, the sea anchor will be of great assistance, but a strong man, or two men, must also work the steering oar constantly to steady the boat. Night and day a helmsman must be on duty, for one moment of laxity is all that may be needed to sweep the lifeboat broadside on and swamp her.

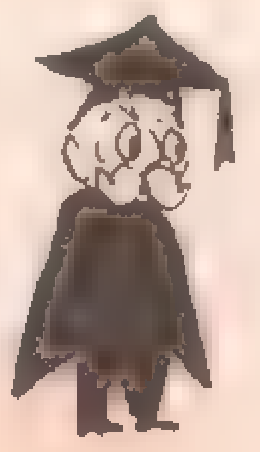
This advice was collected in seamen's clubs and waterfront saloons from men who have been many days adrift in lifeboats—and survived! ⧺

The regimental striped lisle sport shirt of red and green stripes against yellow is worn with Sandune slacks by Mr. Joel Farrell.

Whose Land Is This

Continued from page 37

"Harley Staggs lived there," Uncle Uglybird said. "He wasn't exactly a preacher. He was an exhorter; that was almost a preacher in them days. When the people shook with fear back in the churchhouse—when they heard the sermons of fire and damnation—the exhorter went back atter 'em and hepped 'em to the altar where they prayed fer fergiveness of their sins. Harley Staggs was a stout man. He was a cordwood chopper; used an ax all his life. It wasn't no trouble fer him to pack a big man up the aisle on his shoulder! He'd take 'em right to the altar, I'm tellin ye."



The average citizen these days feels just like a big-time football coach. He'd love to be invited to the Sugar Bowl.

"Don't remember Harley Staggs," Pa said. "Have heard o' 'm 's all. But I do remember that sweet-rusty-coat apple tree. Et many an apple off'n it. It's dead now—old stump still standin and a bluebird builds her nest there every spring."

"Right out there's where they had the big double-log churchhouse," Uncle Uglybird pointed with his oak slab. "That's where I's headin fer when I run into you here. I wanted to go back out there to see that old place where I come when I's a boy and brought Winnie Sperry to church. Watt Lumpkin was tryin to spark 'er then. But he couldn't beat my time until I started drinkin and carvartin and carryin on with the rest of the boys. Toted a pistol and shot at the snakes sunnin on the rocks around this ridge. You know how we ust to do, Mick. That was Sunday sport—ride your horse around this ridge fast as he could go and let your pistol loose at a snake sunnin on a rock or a lizard scalin the bark of one of the tall pines!"

"Have done it a manya time, Uglybird," Pa said, spitting ambeer on the wilted woodgrass. "Every young buck wanted the fastest hoss, the best pistol and the purtiest gal!"

"That's right, Mick," Uncle Uglybird laughed like the slow moving wind in the brush, briars, and sprouts.

Uncle Uglybird walked in front; Pa and I followed him along the dusty path toward my tobacco barn.

"Right there was a house," he pointed. "Right where your barn is. Stabletons lived there. Old Hanis Stableton was a great eater. Not many invited him to dinner—a little skinny man but he could eat three chickens at a mess besides the other grub he put away. He was a great church member—took in all the basket dinners and the foot washins and he tried to keep peace around the old churchhouse here when us young fellars fell out and fit over the yard. He would stand back and say: 'Fair play boys is all I ast. Don't use your gats. No knifin, now fellars! Fight fair!' I can hear 'im yet!"

"And right here stood the double-log cabin," Pa said. "It was here when I come to this country fifty years ago. Hezzy Smith lived here!"

"That's right, Mick," Uncle Uglybird said, pointing with his slab toward the pile of chimney rocks. "I've et many a good mess of coon there. Ust to coon hunt with Hezzy's boys—Alf, Jim and Tom. Had a dog we called Sooner. Old Sooner put the coons up the trees!"

"No more coons here now," Pa said.

"Here's the place where the churchhouse ust to be," Uncle Uglybird said. "We're standin on the exact spot."

Now we stood in silence while Pa and Uncle Uglybird looked at land where there wasn't a trace of a house. Uncle Uglybird took his oak-slab and hunted among the smart weeds and the ragweeds for a foundation rock. But he could not find a rock. Clumps of shoe-makes stood here; they were smelly in the wind. The slow wind moved their wilted pods of leaves. Sawbriar clusters had vined among their pithy stems.

"All gone," Uncle Uglybird said. "All gone now. But I'll tell you this was the meetin place for all of us in the spring when they had the big protracted meetins and the footwashins. We come here and brought our gals. I brought Winnie Sperry then. I think every man here that wasn't a saved man carried a gat. I've seen hosses tied all along this ridge. I've seen this road filled with surreys, buggies, joltwagons and hug-me-tights. People come from all over this country to this church. I've seen Harley Staggs go up the aisle many a night with a big broad-shouldered wood chopper squirmin on his shoulder who was under 'conviction' but afraid to confess his sins."

"No water here," I said. "What did they do about washing one another's feet?"

"Took their lanterns and pine torches and went down to that sulphur spring under the hill in the beech grove," Uncle Uglybird said. "There was a path worn over the hill to that spring in them days slick as the path to a groundhog hole."

Then Uncle Uglybird looked at the sprouts and weeds again. He couldn't hear the sighing wind for he was too deaf to hear it but he saw the wilted pods of shoemake

Continued on page 174

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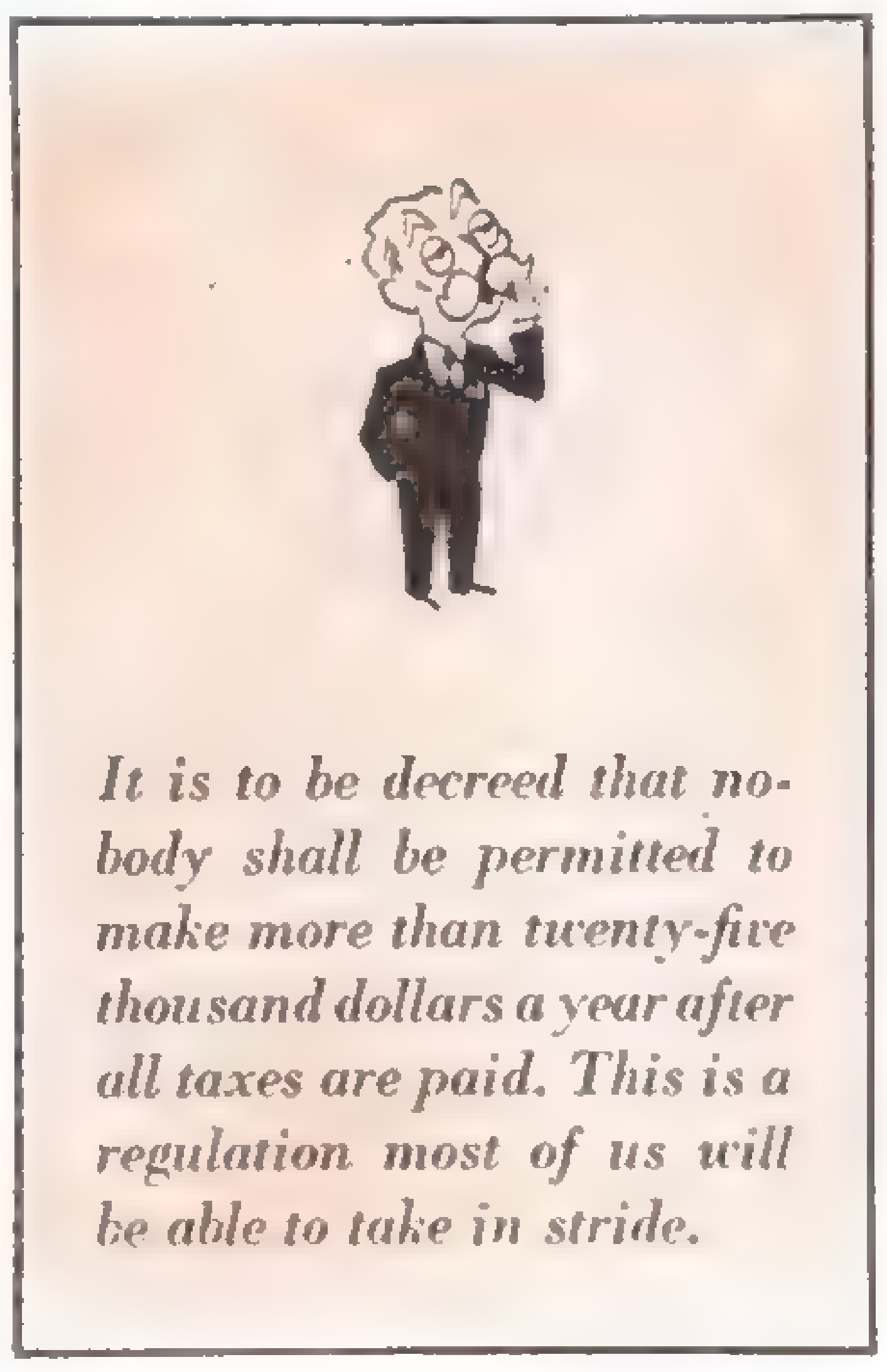
Whose Land Is This

Continued from pages 37-173

leaves move in the wind and he felt the wind against his wrinkled face and his thin lips.

"We didn't know we had a good thing here when we had this churchhouse," he spoke loudly for he was so deaf he could hardly hear his own voice. "That churchhouse may 've been standin' yet if the damned fool boys hadn't put hay in the door and fired it one night when church was goin on. People come out'n the winders like bees out'n a hive. Never heard sich screamin in all my life. Burnt it to a pile of ashes. Talk about tough people then; we had 'im. Fight you at the drop of a hat. Loved a fight. Fight you any way you wanted to fight. Fight with knives, guns, rocks, clubs, or fists. The women even fit. All worked in the cornfields and they were stout as men. Men chopped cordwood; you know men get good muscles when they chop wood the whole year around."



It is to be decreed that nobody shall be permitted to make more than twenty-five thousand dollars a year after all taxes are paid. This is a regulation most of us will be able to take in stride.

Now we walked away from the place where the Six Hickories churchhouse used to be. We walked around the high ridge, looking down on the timber tops as we walked along. When we reached the highest point on the ridge, we stopped.

"Now I can show you," Uncle Uglybird said, leaning on his oak-slab and pointing with his hand. "On that hill where you have corn yander, was a house. You know where that rockpile is."

"Yes, it's a pill to plow around," Pa said.

"There was a house there," he said. "Tim Hammertight lived there. He was a wood chopper. Had twelve youngins. All mean as stripped-tailed snakes. I ust to fight with 'em. I know what I'm talkin about. Atter the fire, they went to Oklahoma. Right below them where that spring is under that oaktree was another house. It was a little two-room logshack. Ensor Pennington lived there. He had ten youngins; they were allus fightin the Hammertight youngins. Got the old people into it. Right over on this pint where you see that clump of walnut trees was another house. Flem Spry lived there. He and his wife Lizzie lived alone. They didn't have no youngins. They went to the Six Hickories church—tithed—and behaved themselves. But above the spring under that oak tree was the old Leathers house. Bill Leathers lived there. Had nine youngins and they were first on the side of the Hammertight youngins; then they were with the Pennington youngins fightin the Hammertights. There was a big orchard on that hill over there. But the big fire run over crabgrass under the trees and killed 'em all. I was almost burnt to death in that big fire—down there tryin to hep get the furniture out'n Flem Spry's house."

"I didn't know there was ever a house there," I said.

"But it was there, young man," Uncle Uglybird said. "You wouldn't believe me if I'd tell you there was a house right over on the bank from where your Pa lives now. When you cleared that land didn't you find an old road that went up the bank?"

"Yes we did," Pa said.

"That road went to a house there," Uncle Uglybird said. "Eif Morton lived there. He had so many youngins I don't remember their names. Guess there were sixteen youngins in that family. You know we lived in a double-log cabin right below where you live Mick—right where your garden is! I ust to throw rocks at the Morton youngins across that hollow half the day then I'd make friends with 'em and we'd play marbles in the atternoon. We had the best time together. There wasn't much to do but fight in them days. We loved to hunt and fight. I was born in that house—right where your garden is! And where that cedar stands in your pasturefield, Uncle Charlie Skinner lived there and raised and brought up twelve youngins. Pap raised nine!"

"I thought I bought a wilderness when I bought this land," I said. "It was sold to me for land that had never been plowed; land where the timber had never been cut!"

Uncle Uglybird laughed like the ridge wind in and out among the oak leaves.

"Land that had never been plowed," he laughed. "Timber that had never been cut. I've plowed over half of it myself! I've cradled wheat right down there where your giant oak trees stand! I've used a cradle many a day down there. Believe it or not, this old man you see chewin his home-grown burley and usin this lightnin oak-splinter fer a cane was one of the best cradlers in these parts in his young days. He led the pack of men in the wheat field. And young man, cradlin is work. Ast the old men about it! We had one of the old-time threshin machines where the hosses pulled a long sweep around and around like a cane mill and threshed the wheat! It set right back out there in front of the Six Hickories Church House where your barn is today!"

"I didn't know that hill was ever in wheat," Pa said. "I wouldn't a thought that land had ever been plowed!"

"The last man I cradled with in that field," Uncle Uglybird said, "was Finnis Jason. He lived over the hill yander," he pointed with his slab, "in that patch of persimmon sprouts. There was a house there. He's the man that pizened his wife when he fell in love with Ensor Pennington's wife. Give her enough rat pizen to kill twenty-five wimmen so the Doctor said atter they got suspicy and dug her up at Plum Grove."

Now the sun was high above us in the sky. I saw Pa step on his shadow. Then Pa pulled his watch from his overall pocket.

"My turnip says it's twelve," Pa said. "It's right with the sun. Time we's gettin to dinner!"

Then Pa put his watch in his pocket. He turned to Uncle Uglybird and yelled, "It's dinner time, Uglybird. Go home with us to dinner!"

"Can't do it," he said. "Must get home. Effie's got dinner waitin'."

"Better go home with us," Pa yelled.

"Nope, I'll be gettin home to dinner," he said. "I want to go past that persimmon grove where Finnis Jason ust to live and look the old place over. I ust to take Mollie to church at Six Hickories before she married Finnis. I want to go there to look around awhile and to think! Just want to see a little more of the old place that I have a deed fer in my heart!"

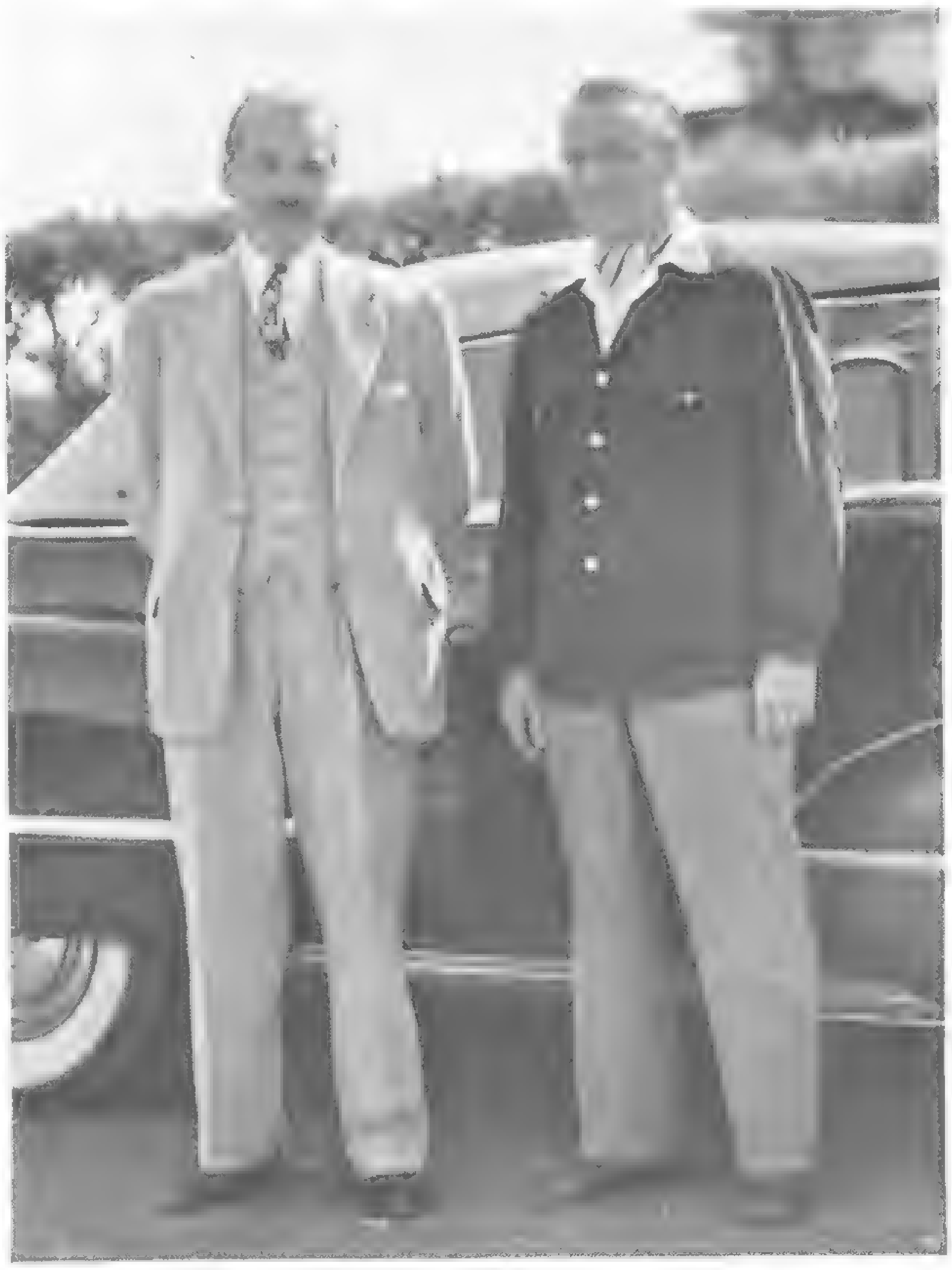
"Here take another chaw of this burley before you go," Pa said as he pulled the twist from his pocket and cut a piece with his pocket knife big as a hen's egg. Then Pa bit himself a chew from the twist.

"That's real terbacker," Uncle Uglybird said, putting the tobacco behind his lean beardy jaw. "Thank you, Mick."

We watched him as he walked out the dusty ridgepath, toward the persimmon grove.

Owns this land that I bought and paid money for, I thought. Has a deed for it recorded in his heart.

I followed Pa down the fingerridge that left the backbone ridge. As we walked the foxpath under the tall oak trees, I thought about how Uncle Uglybird used to swing a cradle and let the stalwart wheat fall from the cradle fingers where the big oak trees grew now. I wondered if he had stepped where one of the big trees stood. I wondered if the Pennington, Hammertight, and the Leathers children had played here, if they had fought here, and wherever they were, if they were still alive in the West, if they remembered these hills where there was once a civilization, the Churchhouse at Six Hickories, when exhorter Harley Staggs carried the sin-struck wood choppers squirming on his back to the altar. I wondered if they remembered the dreams, joys, happiness, fight, work—and all that go to make a civilization—now covered over with brush, briars and leaves on the earth. I wondered if they had deeds for my farm recorded in their hearts. #



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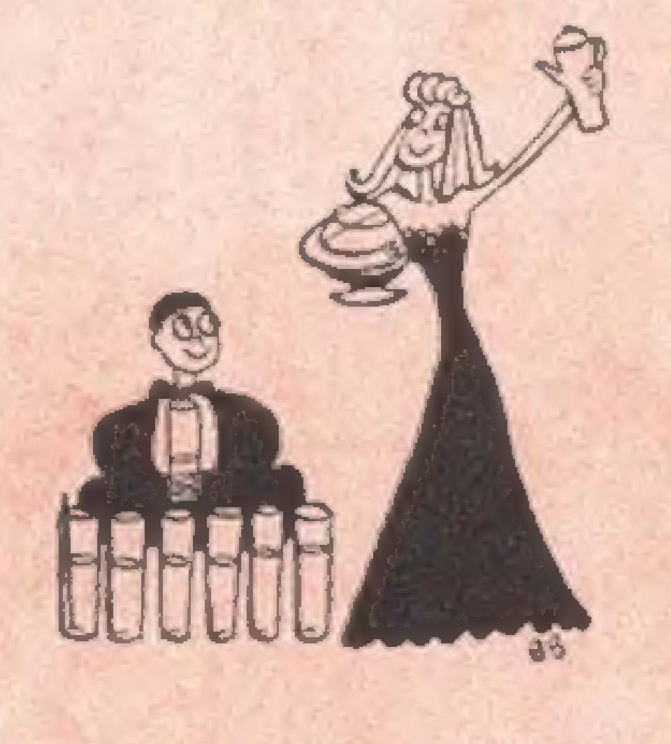
The Maize Craze

Continued from page 77

from the beginning; *its* job was to convert the mash's starch into sugar, otherwise no dice. The guiding principle arrived at was that corn's representation should be anywhere from sixty to seventy-five per cent, with an organized minority of other grains, and that snoopers seeking further information, especially as regards the make-up of any of Kentucky's celebrated brands, should be invited to go jump in the Ohio River or tributary thereof.



We can name you several much-abused hosts and hostesses who are solidly in favor of the forty-hour week-end.

There's no caginess in regard to the special groundwork that was done, some half a billion years ago, by sundry trillions of small shell-forming creatures, the Blue-grass region being in that era a cozy sea bottom. Overcrowded, these squatters organized a collective building project, since known as Limestone, which, with an abundance of underground caves (from Mammoth size down), trickle tunnels, crystal springs, and "pennyrile"-rimmed rills, provides water of a pure and particular type for distilleries to draw upon, to the inestimable benefit of bourbon. As veranda scientists explain it, Kentucky is now enjoying a geologic pay-off in the form of a Julepian Era or Mint-and-Ice Age.

But what about the Ooze Era of Prohibition and its mountaineer moonshine that tasted like shoeshine? Since that likker was a cawn product and genuine Kentucky water went into its making, wouldn't you have to classify it as bourbon—of a homespun sort?

Too homespun. In the first place, except for a touch of malt, it was all corn, as against bourbon's carefully figured composite of flavor ingredients. And the primitive distilling procedure was so sketchy as to make slight distinction between the *good* part of the run—namely, the *middle* part—and the *beginning* and *end*, both of which extremes should be shunted off as unfit for the human interior unless redeemed by subsequent rectification. (N.B.—Competent, properly equipped whiskey makers are mighty fussy in their run-testing, offing the "head" and letting in the good till it turns "tail," which is promptly nipped.) Also the customer had to do his own aging, if any, because the white-muleteer himself wasn't in a position to lay up tiers of barrels for the future; his was strictly a jug business, regulated not by continuous Government supervision and taxation but by occasional confiscation and incarceration. Effect on gullet was perhaps best described by a visiting Hawaiian who said it reminded him of the molten lava that Mauna Loa used to make, fumes and all.

Driven high and shy by Repeal, these moon-kissed hooch industrialists have had nothing but the feud trade to depend on, and that's been steadily depleted by demises. The legalized renaissance of bourbon they simply can't buck. For who in his right mind would subject his entrails to the devastations of hill-billy fire-juice when he could obtain authentic whiskey of the same type as that which, charioted in covered wagons, had won the West all the way to the Pacific Ocean, establishing Kentucky as the busiest, most widely admired source of supply on this entire continent?

Kentuckians *keep* it good by never contenting themselves with hearsay. Indeed, even those who have ceased to be residents still check and check. For example, stage-and-radio's Tom Powers, born in Owensboro and raised in Louisville, confesses that he has lived North for quite a number of years, yet his mint-test technique doesn't show the least sign of rust; no Mohammedan prayer-rugging toward Mecca out-rituals him. He isn't trying to imagine a Paradise of eating and drinking, he hails from one.

To be exact, the Powers home had a lawn edged with flowerbeds, but what Powers, Sr., was most attached to was the round bed of mint located right in front of the doorstep.

Family members could always tell when Father had arrived home from his bank, because there'd be a sound of ice-crushing emanating from the pantry. And when the maid came forth with the tray of frosted silver beakers, young Tom trailed after her to collect his reward—the "sugar-water" dividend that remained in Father's drink. Sister gleaned similarly from Mother. In theory these dividends were merely melted ice, but there was a wonderful fragrance of fine bourbon lurking in them. "And, that," says friend Tom, "is how I was initiated, at the age of three-and-a-half."

Advanced scholarship is sterlingly active at Louisville's Pendennis Club, rallying place of the Brahmins of Bourbondom. Here quality talks quality with a *savoir-swig* which is terrific and the minutiae of flavor are mediated upon with a serenity fit to make a bum out of Buddha. Every so often, though, these philosophers are assailed by an ethical problem. Is it right, they ponder, to

Continued on page 178

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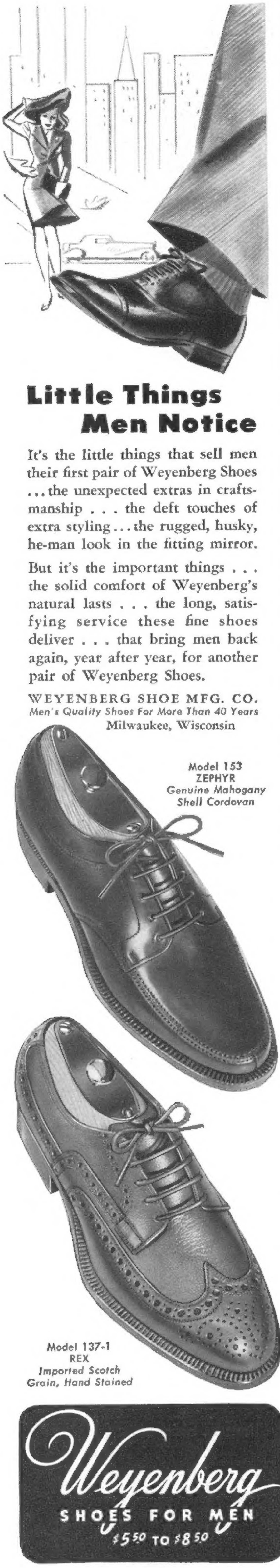
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The Maize Craze

Continued from pages 77-177

let heavenly whiskey go out into a world of heathen? Suppose that a bottle of it should get into the hands of some ignoramus, some kick-seeking cluck who would toss it into his gaping maw without ever taking inventory of its glories. The very possibility is so disturbing, it calls for another beaker of botany.

Much as I honor these gentlemen's anxiety, I'd like to assure them that the surrounding darkness of ignorance isn't *all* black. Here and there you'll find a twinkle and a tinkle. And whether it's some hermit counting his jiggers, or a lush hotel resplendent with eighteen bartenders, the wayfarer gets his bourbon guerdon. And think of our great West, credentialed with Rocky Mountain goatees which only the brash would call spurious.

It is claimed that a razor blade can be sharpened by drawing it through a cork. Boy, send us up a blade-sharpener, complete with container, and a bottle of Seltzer.

Indeed, though remoteness may seem a handicap, it hasn't discouraged the dogged. The only distance that matters is how far to the nearest bottle. (Never further than the other end of a telephone.) So, my friends, let us not attempt to maltreat the spirit of man by telling him that because his feet have never bent a blade of bluegrass, nor his eyes beheld Man o' War either at Churchill Downs or in sultanesque retirement, nor his lips learned that the Derby is not the "Darby," his hand should therefore be denied a mixing spoon. No, let's manhandle some mint. And here's how we go at it:

Old Kentucky Homework

Collect silver beakers (or glasses) from refrigerator where you have foresightedly put them for chilling. They're 14-ouncers.

In the bottom of each, syrupize a scant teaspoon of sugar with a teaspoon or two of water. Now the mint: three or four fresh leaves, stems omitted. Mangle with silver spoon, crushing against sides of beaker as well as bottom. Handholds barred—use napkin. Leaves are now ousted if you are a follower of Irvin S. Cobb; others can't bear to throw them away.

Fill with finely crushed ice—dry, not watery. Pour onto it two jiggers of bourbon—superfinest ever. Stir like forty madmen till ice tide has dropped an inch or so and the outside of beaker sports a handsome frost. Replenish ice and add a bit more bourbon, just to be sure. Decorate with mint sprigs by careful pokes into crannies. Saucer underneath, or individual silver tray, as frost guardian.

Tap with straw pipelines or, scorning them, daniel-boone your way into the fragrant forest as sipper, nipper, and nuzzler—pausing every quarter-hour for station identification.

"You cad!" cries Colonel Beaverbriar, owner of Whinny Gables and last-ditch defender of mint. Asserting that no gentleman ever lays hand on little green leaves except in kindness, he opens a case of well-oiled dueling pistols, with invitation to choose.

As luck would have it, my flintlock technique needs brushing up. Be it known therefore that any and all juleps heretofore mentioned are retracted and declared null and void, not to say ruffianly. There is only one julep, the Enlightened Julep of Gentlefolk—unsquashed, incomparable. And Kentucky's Knobs (those curious hills that edge the Bluegrass) are Nature's naïve attempts to build likewise.

Delicate but not frail, the Enlightened calls for 1 half-dozen leaves which, summoned out of bed and sent fluttering to the bottom of the silver well, are allowed to bathe there in sugar water, or previously prepared syrup, without pesterment. (Some constructive thinkers give them sly pinches before tossing in, but that's not the Enlightened, that's the Sub Rosa. And there's also the Tweakem. And the Twistem.) Now the fine-chopped ice to fill, the first charge of bourbon (1 jigger minimum), and the stirring and frosting. Then the ice and bourbon reenforcements. Finally the shrubbery and straws—the latter clipped close so that the suction commander doesn't have to put in a long distance call to get a whiff of mint.

A ripe, juicy fresh peach has a trick of getting into a julep, with loud cheers by some and Bronx sneers by others, for here we are ensnarled in the emotional meshes of the Fruit Question: Does bourbon need berries, orchard goods, grove trove and field salad to provide flavor and entertainment, and if so, to what extent?

You and I know all the answers, of course. But the *facts* were still virgin territory until a couple of weeks ago, when a group called the Socrates Circle, duly assembled upstairs over the chop house, directed the glare of their intellects upon a Bourbon Old Fashioned to see what made it click.

First they omitted the pineapple stick, which is optional anyhow, so the drink was still good. Miss Cherry's departure involved no tears either. And then the half-slice of orange, and the lemon twist—still bravely borne. Bitters and sugar had seemed pretty basic, yet nobody suffered bodily collapse when they were skipped. Then the ice. All that remained was the bourbon, telling its big story of Kentucky kernels.

Decision was reached by acclamation that no further ground be yielded. Not a drop. #

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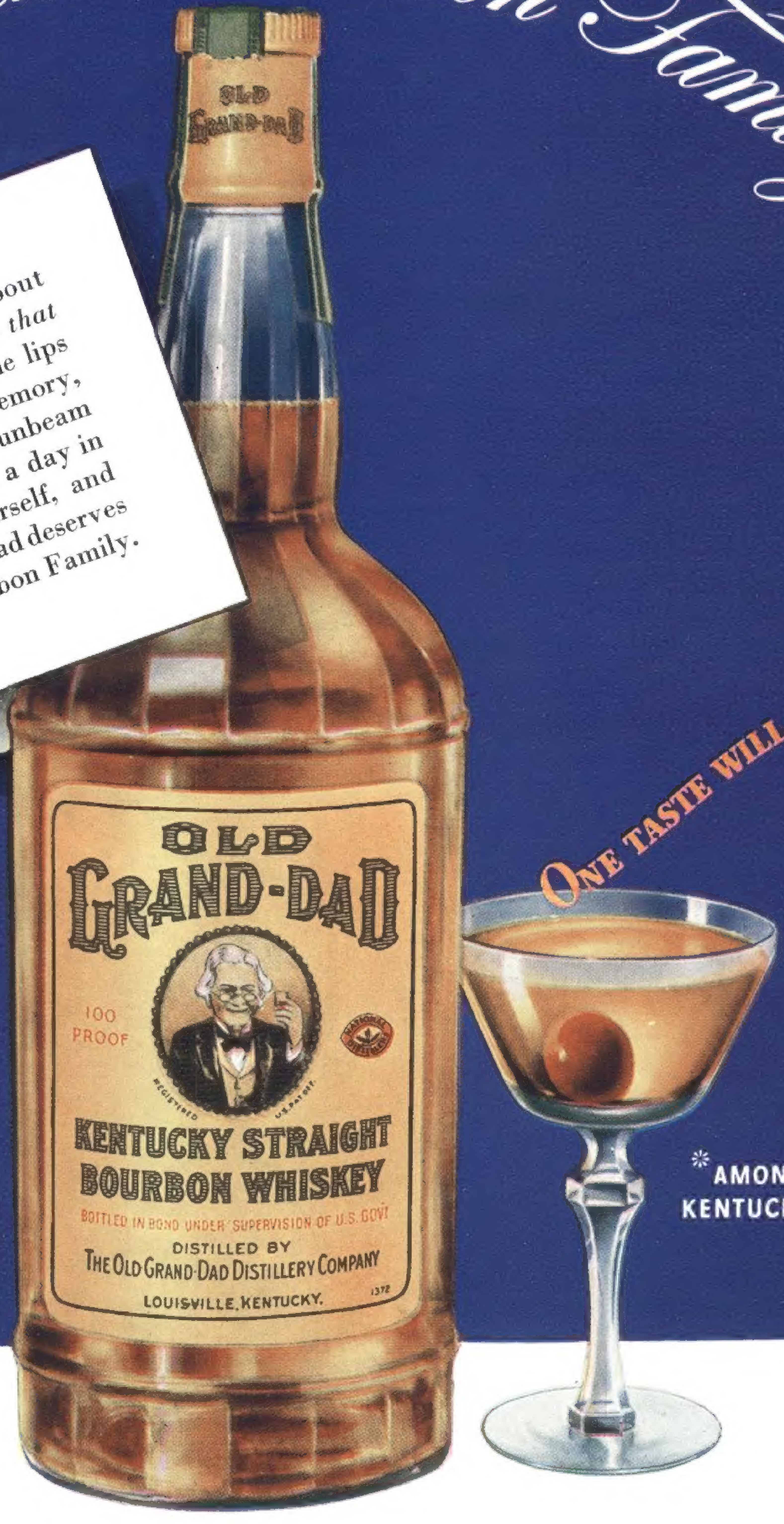
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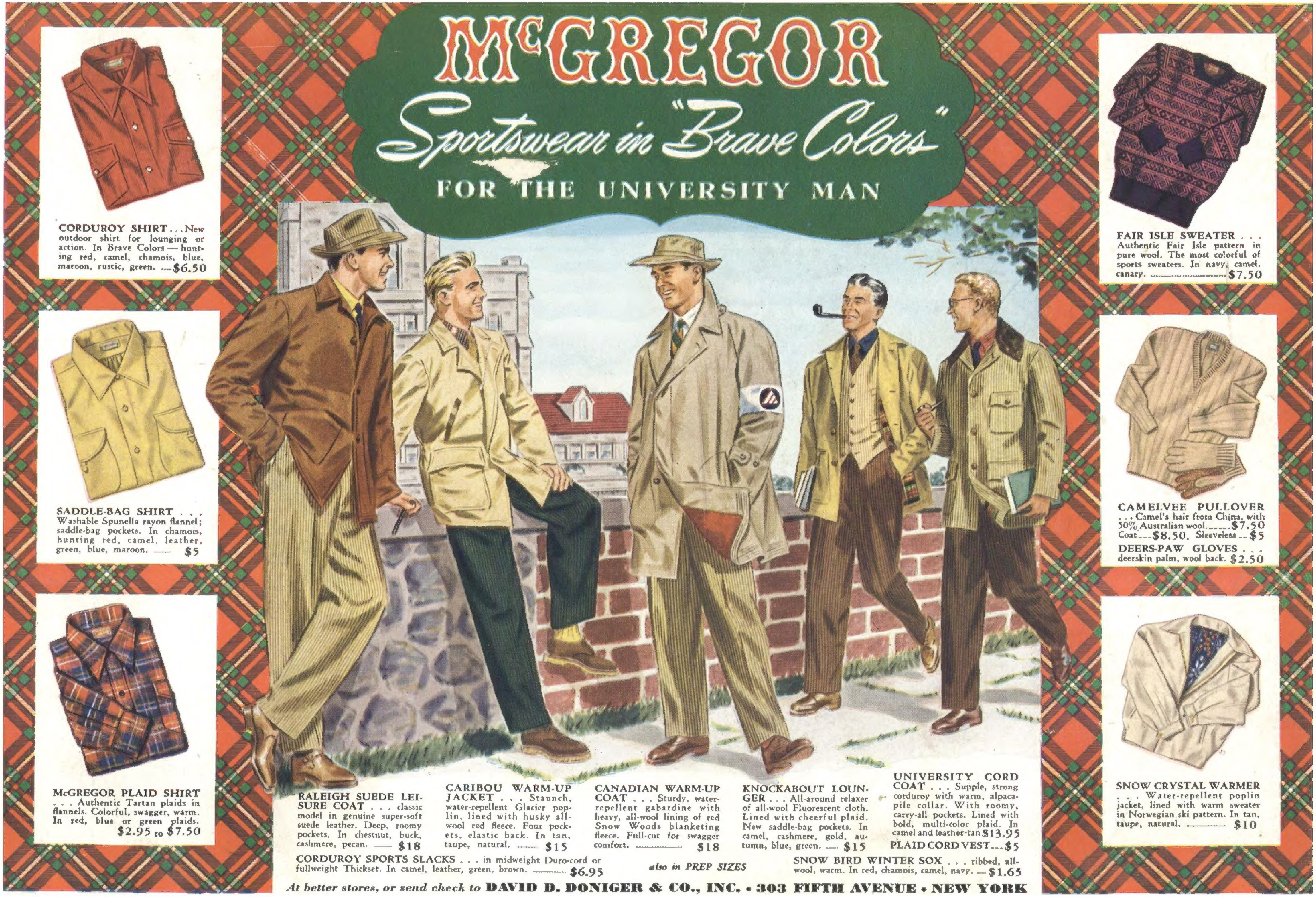

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